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CHANGE OF ADDRESS: With service adjustment requests send latest mailing labels, including those from duplicate copies to Post Subscription Service, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19105. Allow six weeks for change of address.

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About this issue

DAVID L. GOODRICH, who has previously followed beauty contestants for *The Post* (See WILL THE REAL MISS RHEINGOLD STAND OUT? Nov. 16, 1963), kept a close eye on Miss Kansas, Debbie Bryant, for three solid months, but often found himself under scrutiny by the chaperones that are assigned to Miss America contestants (See photo)....Two weeks before the deadline for his article on the New York Democrats, contributing writer RICHARD ARMSTRONG had an appendectomy, and *The Post*'s Bard Lindeman came to his rescue to complete the interviews. Armstrong, still in bed, wrote the article in longhand. . . . Shortly after the above-mentioned articles went to press the *Saturday Evening Post* staff was grieved to learn of the death of photographer VYTAS VALAITIS, whose work illustrates both articles. Mr. Valaitis, 34, died October 4 following a motorcycle accident in New York City, as he was preparing to cover Pope Paul VI's visit. He was a talented and highly respected photographer.

Debbie, chaperone and Goodrich.

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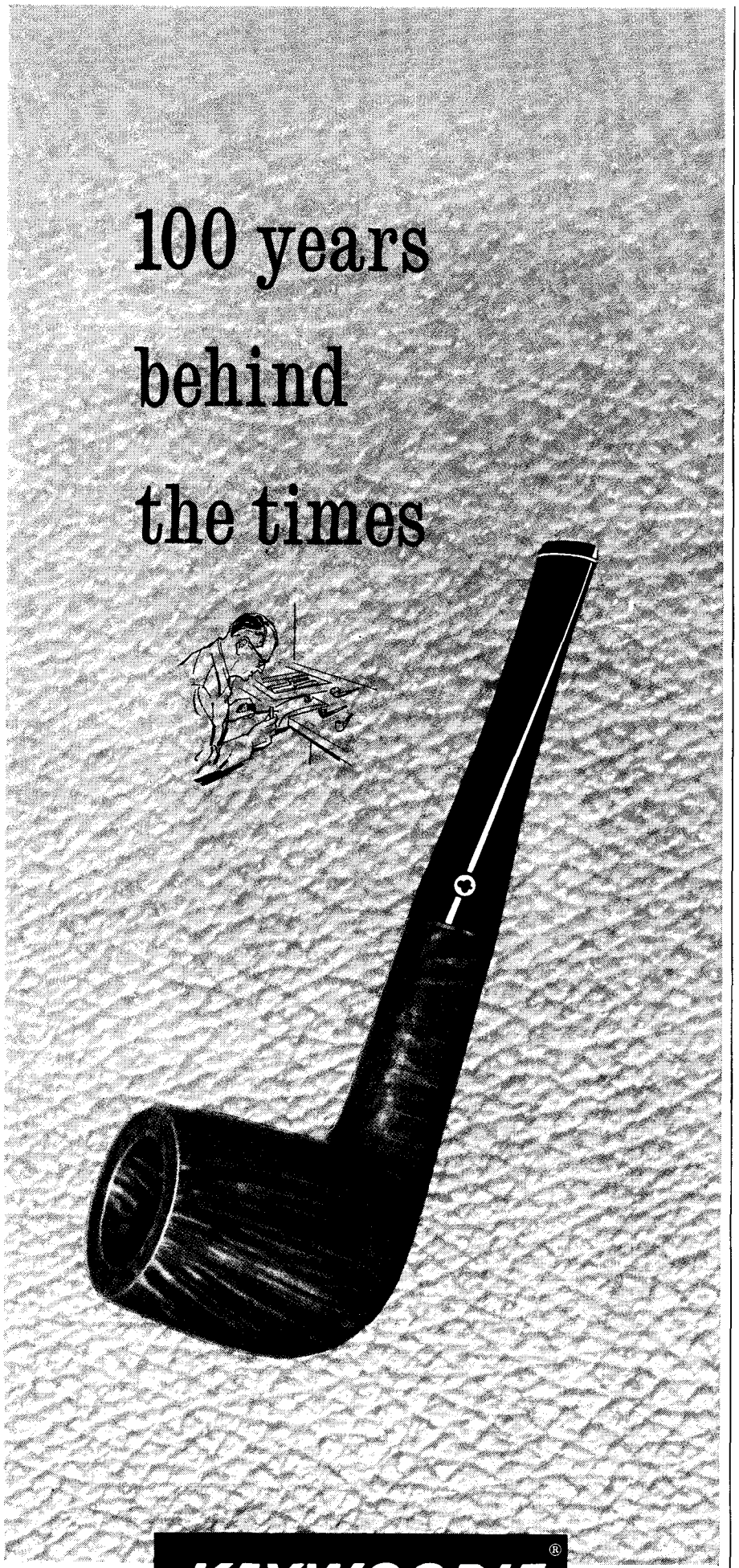

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Letters

The New York Times

Congratulations on the superb article by Roger Kahn in the October 9 issue [THE HOUSE OF ADOLPH OCHS]. I think *The New York Times* itself might tip its hat to this particular journalistic endeavor.

NAN STUART SMITH
New York, N.Y.

● Not only was Lester Markel—Sunday editor for 41 years—photographed in a broken chair, even the word-portrait *The Post* gave him was unsteady, unfit, unfair. Mr. Markel is not an ogre. He is complex, demanding and a perfectionist, as an editor should be. (Many journalists consider him the hardest teacher they have ever had and are grateful.) If he was indeed forced to become Associate Editor for the "greater good of the *Times*," as the article states—and it's hard for any man of his drive willingly to take a step toward retirement—this was no more than a mere milestone in a whole life devoted to the "greater good of the *Times*." As for the day he took Marilyn Monroe on a tour of the *Times*, his pleasure was shared by Miss Monroe and by hundreds of staffers who were almost as amazed to see Mr. Markel strolling instead of working as they were to see Miss Monroe.

Fortunately, Mr. Markel has, in addition to great intelligence, news sense and sense of perspective, a dry humor even about himself. I hope these qualities will help him realize that his enemies are fewer, and less well-informed about the subject, than his many admirers.

MARYBETH WESTON
Former Sunday Times *staffer*
Scarsdale, N.Y.

● News-staff gossip aside, Mr. Kahn's account gets across a vivid impression of the integrity and thoroughness of news coverage that, from the sinking of the *Titanic* to current events in Vietnam, has made *The New York Times* so great. You have done your readers a fine journalistic service in publishing THE HOUSE OF ADOLPH OCHS.

ALFRED D. STEDMAN
St. Paul, Minn.

● Mr. Kahn has done a splendid research job and an excellent piece of writing. The photographer, David Attie, is also to be commended for the highly imaginative picture layout accompanying the article.

ANNA K. MOLSTER
Washington, D.C.

Liz Taylor

I feel disappointment and a slight anger when I read that Elizabeth Taylor is to play a frump in the movie version of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf* [ALL FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE by C. Robert Jennings, October 9]. I suppose that I, like many of those who make up her public, look upon her as a beautiful work of nature. There are so few natural wonders left in this world—why can't they be preserved? So we are to be given another "real" movie. Maybe some will enjoy it. I prefer my memories of Elizabeth's beauty in earlier days.

LYNN NIELSEN
Seattle, Wash.

● Regarding your cover photograph of the swarthy Elizabeth Taylor: Shades of the lovely little girl who gave such rich promise in *National Velvet* so many, many years ago!

DOROTHEA MANNERO
Ojai, Calif.

The wrath of grapes

Bill Conklin's DON'T UPSET THE APRICOT [September 25] upset me most delightfully, because I think that at last I have found the source of a phrase I once read about things being "all up in a heaval." Was this also Janet? If so, I thank her heartily, for it has become for me a treasured description of any situation too chaotic for other words! The only other phrase equal to it is, I think, Jane Ace's classic remark about something looking "like the wrath of grapes." Lhude sing cuccu!

HELEN S. WEST
Philadelphia, Pa.

Children's hour

A rousing cheer for Nigel Balchin [CHILDREN ARE A WASTE OF TIME, October 9]. It is about time that an intelligent person spoke out against the fanatically child-oriented society of present-day America. We owe our children nothing more than strict controls to prevent them from destroying themselves by their own ignorance, until they become civilized adults capable of making intelligent decisions on their own.

I might add that I am not an embittered spinster, but a reasonably contented young wife and mother, and although I love my child, I do not intend to devote my life to him and his eventual brothers and sisters to the point where I must renege on my primary duty to my husband and to myself.

CAROL A. ALLBRITTON
Federal Way, Wash.

● True, we parents "work our heads off" to raise children who may or may not become something exceptional in our society. We devote most of our adult life to this task, but is this not what parents are supposed to do?

When man and woman marry, they are in love, but how can this love mean anything until they, *together*, share in the fruit of their love, which is child.

If one agrees with Mr. Balchin, he should not have children. He will never know what he has missed. But as long as time itself, woman was meant to bear children; man was meant to care for wife and family. This is first—he will also be able to contribute to the world if it is his destiny.

ELEANOR ALLIS
Newton, Mass.

● I'm a teen-ager and have baby-sat for at least four years. I find children to be talented, amusing and a great joy to their parents and everyone connected with them. I disagree with everything Mr. Balchin says, and so does my father!

LAUREN MOREO
Throggs Neck, N.Y.

● I suggest that on his bookshelf, alongside *A High Wind in Jamaica* and *Lord of the Flies*, Mr. Balchin place *Summerhill: A Radical Approach to Child Rearing* by A. S. Neill. It does have an advantage over the first two: *Summerhill* is fact!

JOHN KASS
Plymouth, Mich.

● If every woman had to devote all of her time to feeding a male ego like the one reflected in Mr. Balchin's article, to the exclusion of fulfilling her natural maternal instincts, the population-explosion experts would have nothing to worry about.

MRS. RICHARD WALLACE
Westerville, Ohio

● Mr. Balchin is a man who truly cares about his family. Only a father, in the truest sense, could gripe about these many aspects of raising children. He has been deeply involved and has been very sensitive to the needs of his brood. Those who are indifferent are mute on the subject.

GLADYS PARSONS
Salt Lake City, Utah

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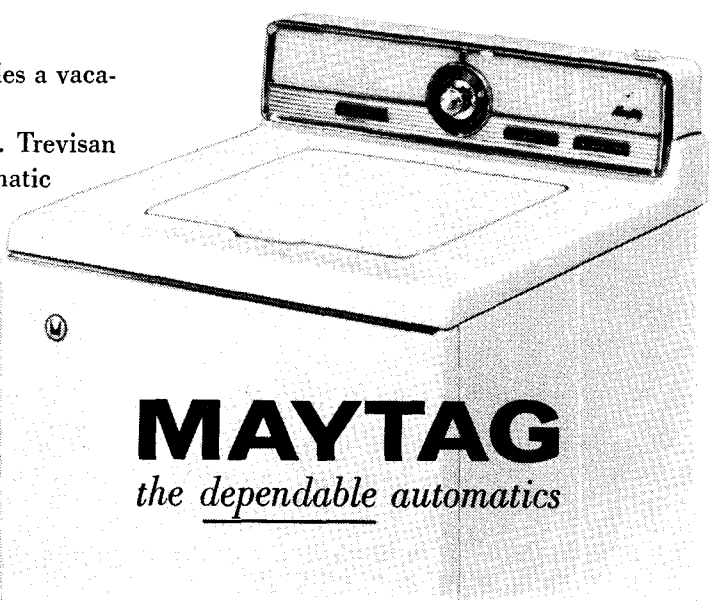

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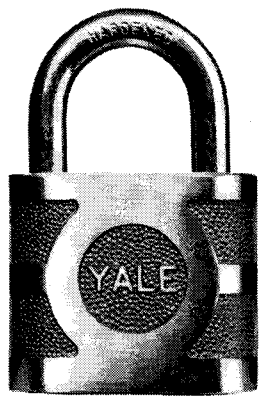

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Letters

The death of Jerry A. Rose, a former Southeast Asia correspondent for THE POST, *was jarring and saddening news to the many who liked him and admired his talent. The most fitting tribute, we believe, is the following letter by a fellow correspondent who covered the Vietnamese war.*

Jerry A. Rose (1933–1965)

SAIGON, September 20, 1965

A variety of weapons are used in the war in South Vietnam. For most Americans here the weapons are bullets, bombs and napalm. For others, the prime weapons are brains, good will, dedication, and—most of all—understanding. These qualities in the long run probably will achieve more than high explosives.

Jerry Rose, who died here September 16, had these qualities. It is a tragedy when any young man of 31 dies leaving a young widow and two children. But Jerry was an exceptional man.

The last six years of Jerry's life, right up to the plane crash in which he died, were linked to the destiny of Vietnam. In the end, he died not as a correspondent but in the service of the Vietnamese and American governments, on leave of absence from the profession of journalism. He was a civilian soldier.

Jerry, who was raised in Gloversville, N.Y., came first to South Vietnam as a professor at the University of Hué. He later drifted from the academic world to become a free-lance writer and journalist. It wasn't long before his incisive articles from Vietnam were attracting attention.

Jerry never followed the journalistic herd that gets its news from official briefings and handouts. He liked to work alone and fight his battles alone. He was constantly in the field, generally under fire and in danger.

In 1962 he married Kay Peterson, a pretty American secretary at the U.S. Embassy here. The couple moved to Hong Kong, but Jerry continued to cover stories in Vietnam and elsewhere in Southeast Asia.

In January, 1963, Jerry found himself in the jungles of Vietnam's High Plateau when the U.S. Army Special Forces outpost at Plei Mrong was overrun. Jerry narrowly missed death or capture by the Viet Cong. It was just by luck that he was on a patrol in the jungle when the camp itself was hit. He didn't know it at the time, but at that moment his first child was being born in Hong Kong. Jerry not only survived but wrote a graphic article for *The Saturday Evening Post* [I'M HIT! I'M HIT! Mar. 23, 1963] which was the first of its kind to bring home to the American people the hell of a Special Forces outpost at war.

In 1961, Grant Wolfkill, a cameraman for National Broadcasting Company, was in a helicopter shot down over Laos. Wolfkill, along with the helicopter crew, was held prisoner of the Communist Pathet Lao guerrillas for 15 months. After Wolfkill was released, he teamed up with his old friend, Jerry Rose, to write a book on Wolfkill's ordeal [*Reported to be Alive*, Simon and Schuster]. Jerry had several other important writing projects in the works.

But early this year he felt compelled to do more about Vietnam than just observe and write. Jerry's friends in the new government, especially Premier Phan Huy Quat, asked him to serve them as an official adviser, and the U.S. aid mission offered to pay his salary if he would accept. He did.

Jerry went to work with his usual vigor and disregard for personal safety. His specialty was psychological warfare, a field in which the Free World has generally lost ground disastrously to the Communists in Vietnam. Just before he died, Jerry was investigating the problem of distributing American aid to refugees driven out of the jungles by American bombing. He was most worried about the psychological problems involved. The final entry in the notebook found on his scorched body read: "Question of 'brotherly love'—Why not frank admission that there are political motives in aid, but that is not the whole motive. And you are free to reject it or accept it."

Jerry often had premonitions of disaster, but he kept at his job here. A few days before his death he had dinner with me and seemed deeply depressed. He missed his wife and two children in Hong Kong, and he was not sure his advisory job was really accomplishing anything. "Sometimes I think I'm just not going to make it," he said. "I get to thinking that if I just make it through this year maybe I'll pack up the whole family and we'll all leave Asia and never come back."

I identified Jerry's body at the U.S. Air Force morgue in Saigon two days after the crash. He had $341 with him when he died, which was lucky. It costs $300 to get yourself shipped out of Vietnam when you die. As a contract employee of the U.S. Government and an unpaid adviser to the Vietnamese government, Jerry had no official status of any kind here. That meant that no government was obliged to pay a cent of any kind of restitution to Jerry's family.

I understand the Vietnamese government is planning to award Jerry a posthumous decoration for service to the nation, which is better than nothing, I guess. It takes all kinds of heroes to make a war.

Malcolm W. Browne
American Broadcasting Co.

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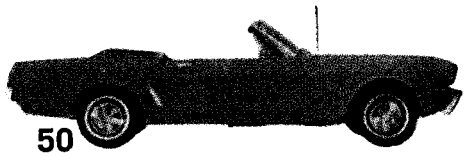

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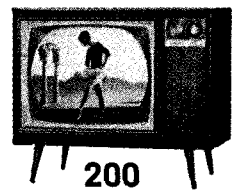

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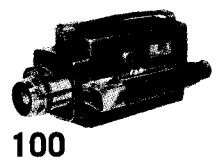

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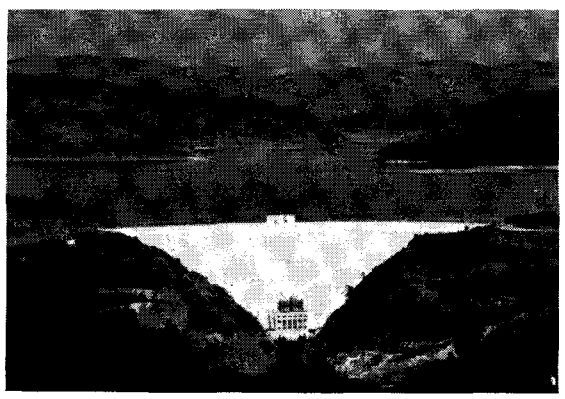
Once water meant gold in the High Sierras. Now it means life . . . for Greater Oakland.

With the completion of Camanche Reservoir in May, 1964, the waters of the Mokelumne River began to spread . . . across the old Indian burial grounds . . . up the main street of the town of Camanche . . . over the gold-producing sites of Lancha Plana and Poverty Bar.

Today, Camanche lies under 50 feet of clear, blue water. No more gold flows from Lancha Plana and Poverty Bar. Instead, a far more precious flow provides Greater Oakland with sweet, life-giving water.

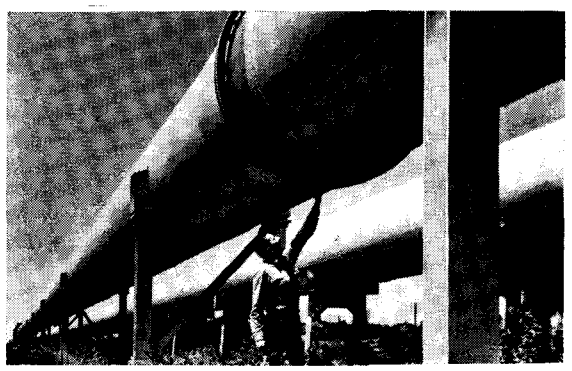
It all started with Dr. George C. Pardee, way back at the turn of the century. Even then, he foresaw the turbulent, explosive growth that could leave the sprawling young towns of his beloved Bay area high and dry—unless water, lots of water, could be brought in from the Sierra foothills . . . over 90 miles away!

Not everyone shared his vision. But Dr. Pardee kept fighting—pleading, organizing. And then came the break.



In 1923 voters of the newly formed East Bay Municipal Utility District approved a $39,000,000 bond issue. This built Pardee Dam high in the Sierras on the Mokelumne River, and a mighty 94-mile-long aqueduct to the East Bay.

For the time, Oakland and the East Bay's water problems were solved. But by 1945, the area's population had grown to more than 600,000. And Dr. Pardee's successors could foresee an eventual population of nearly 3,000,000. They made their plans without delay.



In 1949 a second 94-mile aqueduct from Pardee Reservoir to the East Bay was built. Rights to additional water on the Mokelumne were obtained.

Then, in 1958, East Bay voters approved a $252,000,000 water development program—the cost to be defrayed with operating revenues and general obligation bonds. No increase in property taxes or water rates required!

In the seven years that have followed, two huge dams have been built, a third Mokelumne aqueduct, two new filter plants, dozens of local storage reservoirs and pumping plants, and hundreds of miles of water mains. The program is nearing completion.

Just in time, too. For the thriving East Bay area's water demands are growing fast. More than 1,000,000 people now live in the area—an increase of 67% since 1945. In the last ten years alone, 512 major new businesses have been added to the economy.

But for decades to come, East Bay, its people, and its industries need fear no thirst. New water facilities can handle projected needs of 340,000,000 gallons a day—over three times the amount used at the end of World War II.

Camanche Reservoir, the biggest project of all, will also provide badly needed flood control and irrigation water for the rich farmlands along the lower Mokelumne. In addition, its vast watershed lands will provide northern California with one of the finest water playgrounds in the West.

The East Bay, however, is one of the few bright spots in a gloomy national picture. The facts are shocking. Shortages exist even where rainfall is abundant. In many areas resources are often shamefully polluted. Yet, by 1980, our nation will require twice the water we use today.

Will there be a water crisis where you live? Or will you, like Dr. Pardee and those he inspired, do something about it before it happens?

For information about our nationwide water problem—what needs to be done, and how you can help—write for "It's Time We Face America's Water Problem" to Dept. P-55, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A.

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LET'S SPOIL THE WILDERNESS

By Robert Wernick

The author inspects some of the wilder reaches of the Missouri River, at Eagle Creek, Mont. A new edition of his World War II novel, 'The Freebooters,' has just been published. He lives near San Francisco.

A rancher in the hills north of San Francisco saw two bald eagles, one day last spring, killing his lambs. He did what King Agamemnon, or King David, or any other sheepman mentioned favorably in our history books would have done. He killed the eagles. But this is 20th-century America, and there is a law against harming any feather on a bald eagle. The rancher was arrested, and for days he was subjected to vile abuse in the press. Right-thinking people rained down such vituperation that you would have thought he had been caught molesting little girls or sending parcels to the Viet Cong. For right-thinking people he was guilty of a gruesome crime. What crime? He was spoiling the wilderness.

The trumpeting voice of the wilderness lover is heard at great distances these days. He is apt to be a perfectly decent person, if hysterical. And the causes which excite him so are generally worthy. Who can really find a harsh word for him as he strives to save Lake Erie from the sewers of Cleveland, save the redwoods from the California highway engineers, save the giant rhinoceros from the Somali tribesmen who kill those noble beasts to powder their horns into what they fondly imagine is a wonder-working aphrodisiac?

Worthy causes, indeed, but why do those who espouse them have to be so shrill and intolerant and sanctimonious? What right do they have to insinuate that anyone who does not share their passion for the whooping crane is a Philistine and a slob? From the gibberish they talk, you would think the only way to save the bald eagle is to dethrone human reason.

I would like to ask what seems to me an eminently reasonable question: *Why shouldn't we spoil the wilderness?*

Have these people ever stopped to think what the wilderness is? It is precisely what man has been fighting against since he began his painful, awkward climb to civilization. It is the dark, the formless, the terrible, the old chaos which our fathers pushed back, which surrounds us yet, which will engulf us all in the end. It is held at bay by constant vigilance, and when the vigilance slackens it swoops down for a melodramatic revenge, as when the jungle took over Chichen Itza in Yucatán or lizards took over Jamshid's courtyard in Persia. It lurks in our own hearts, where it breeds wars and oppressions and crimes. Spoil it! Don't you wish we could?

Of course, when the propagandists talk about unspoiled wilderness, they don't mean anything of that sort. What they mean by wilderness is a kind of grandiose picnic ground, in the Temperate Zone, where the going is rough enough to be challenging but not literally murderous, where hearty folk like Supreme Court Justice Douglas and Interior Secretary Udall can hike and hobble through spectacular scenery, with a helicopter hovering in the dirty old civilized background in case a real emergency comes up.

Well, the judge and the Secretary and their compeers are all estimable people, and there is no reason why they should not be able to satisfy their urge for primitive living. We ought to recognize, however, that other people have equally strong and often equally legitimate urges to build roads, dig mines, plow up virgin land, erect cities. Such people used to be called pioneers; now they are apt to be called louts. At all events, we are faced with sets of conflicting drives, and it is up to us to make a rational choice among them.

The trouble is, it is difficult to make a rational choice when one of the parties insists on wrapping all its discourse in a vile metaphysical fog.

One cannot talk of eagles, for instance, without being told by the wilderness folk that man, vile man, has no right to destroy one of God's beautiful creatures; that the bald eagle, besides being the symbol of the United States of America, represents all the will to be free and wide-ranging quest which made life worth living for our forefathers; and finally, that killing eagles upsets the balance of nature.

These aren't arguments; they are 100 percent nonsense. The most savage nature lover thinks nothing of vindictively squashing one of God's beautiful creatures when the creature happens to be an anopheles mosquito. And yet the mosquito in every respect but size is just as awe-inspiring, just as beautiful, just as free as any eagle. The individual eagle you see stretching his great wings as he searches for a fish or a lamb to eat is quite unaware that he is a symbol of anything. And quite rightly too: The eagle on our Great Seal is a perfectly mythical creature, and could go on being a symbol even if all eagles in the land were exterminated. The British, after all, have got on quite well without Acts of Parliament to protect lions and unicorns.

As for the balance of nature, this is simply an arty phrase to denote the status quo, whatever exists in a certain place at a certain time. In truth, the status quo is always changing. On our Great Plains, for example, the balance of nature consisted for centuries of immense herds of bison browsing thunderously on buffalo grass. In the late 18th century the balance consisted of Indians, who had acquired Spanish horses, slaughtering bison. Nowadays it consists of strip-farming, beauty shops, filling stations, beer cans, etc.

Naturally some balances are more desirable for interested parties than others. From the point of view of the bison, the balance of 1750 was infinitely preferable to any balance afterward; the Indians might have preferred the balance of 1800. From the point of view of Mother Nature, it doesn't seem to make the slightest difference. In her bloody, blundering way, she has been lurching along for millions of years, wiping out whole species, drowning whole continents, burning, ravaging, destroying. Our rifles and DDT are puny compared to the forces that annihilated dinosaurs and the multicolored world of the trilobites.

The most we can do, it seems to me, is to look after our own interests as best we can, and no more consider the feelings of the eagle and the rhinoceros than they consider ours.

Of course, we make mistakes, and

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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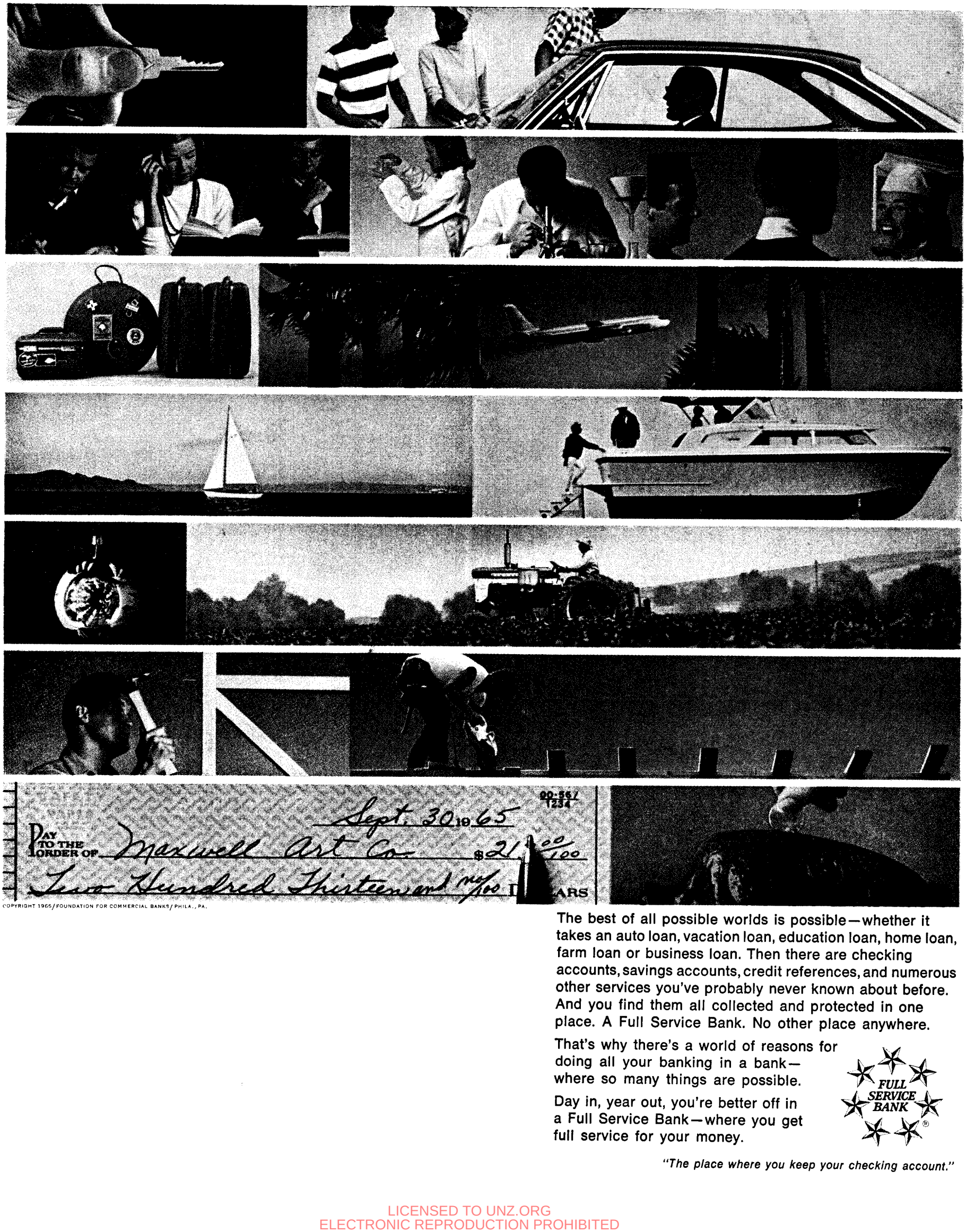

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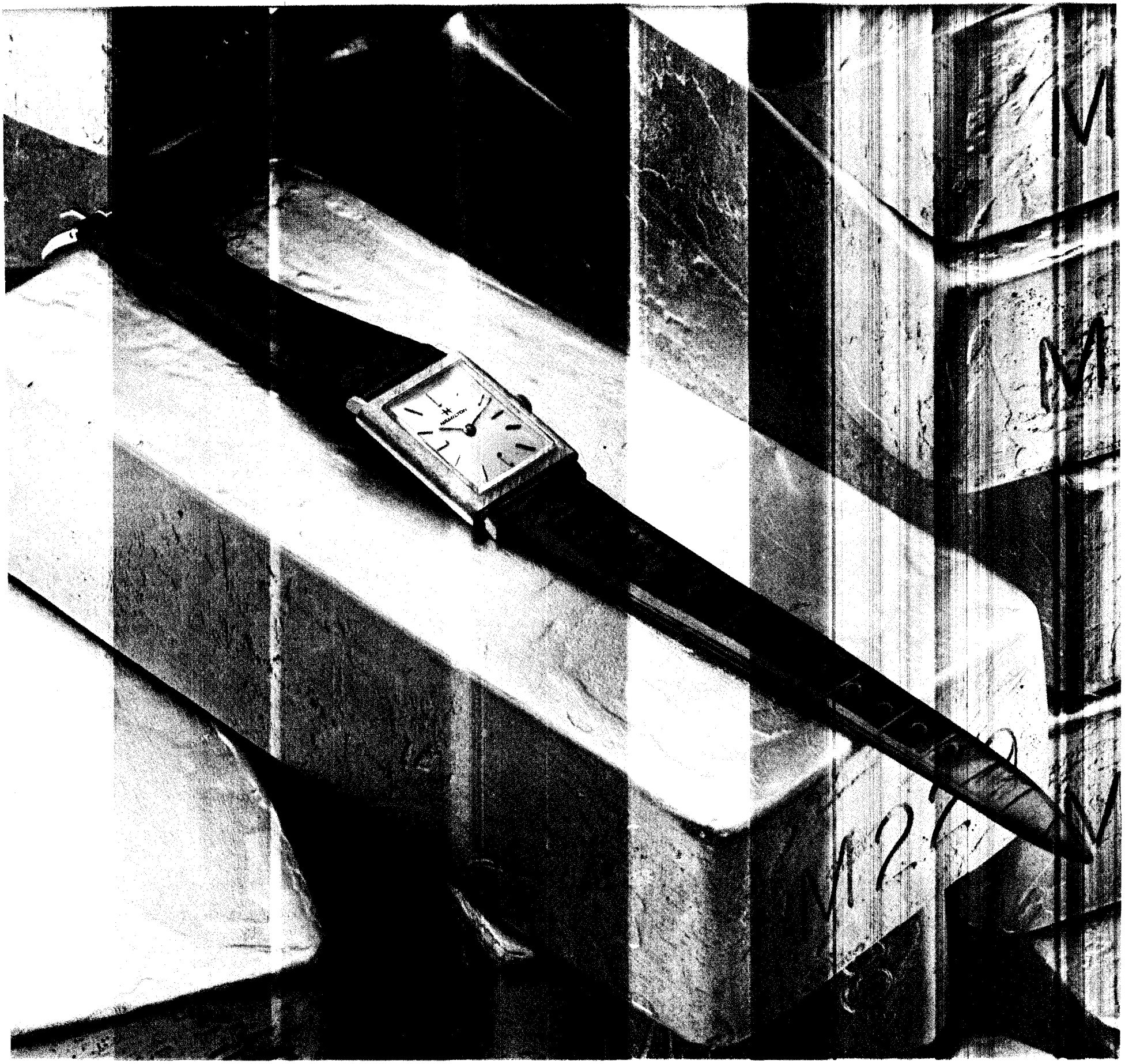

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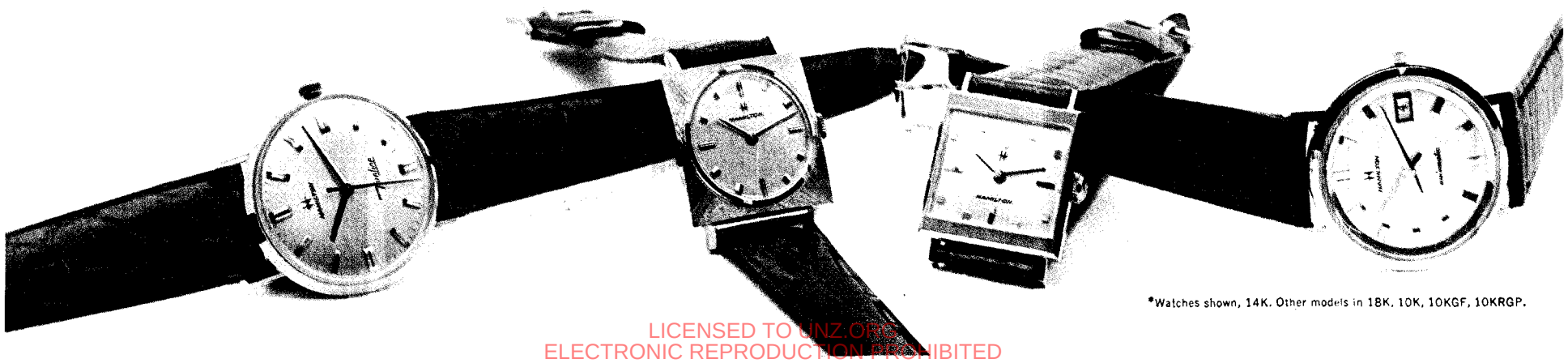

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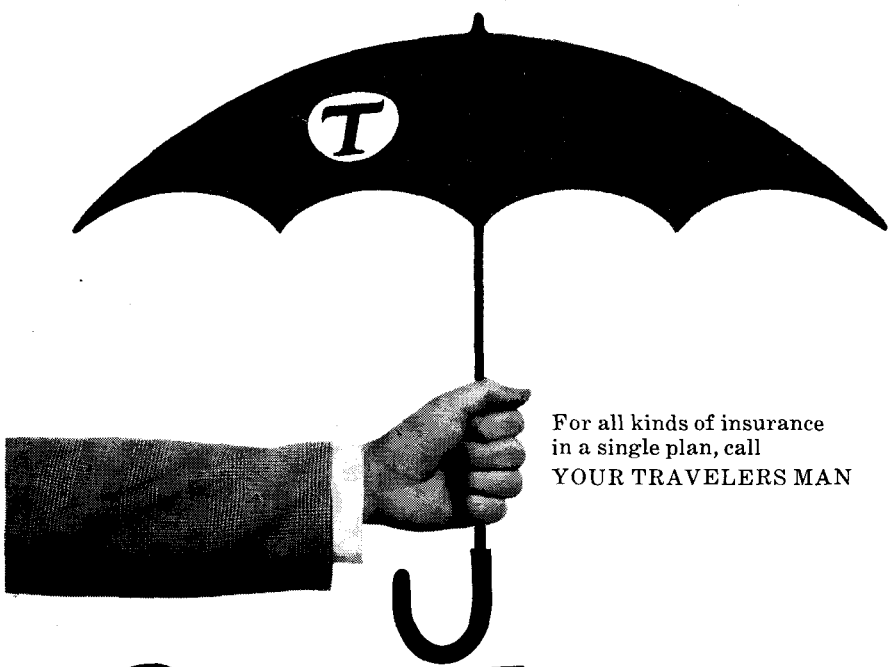

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hurt our own interests, as when ranchers kill off coyotes and are then visited with plagues of jackrabbits. But conservationists can make mistakes too. When they saved the beaver in Montana not long ago, the busy little creatures chewed down so many trees that they caused disastrous floods.

There is actually one legitimate reason for saving the wilderness, and that is that some people enjoy it and feel thrilled and ennobled by it. They have a taste for desolate landscapes and lonely nights under the stars. There is nothing wrong with such a taste. Everyone, everywhere, in whatever culture or society, needs something to help transcend the daily round of work and grief and boredom. Some find such transcendence by driving at illegal speeds on freeways, some by chomping on sacred mushrooms. An exultant thrashing through the wilderness may be a rich human experience—not quite so rich perhaps as reading the book of Isaiah or visiting the Parthenon, but certainly more varied, and more deeply satisfying than sniffing glue.

However, let us not lose sight of the fact that the wilderness taste is definitely a minority taste. Tamed and sanitized as modern wilderness areas are apt to be, with their almost total lack of large predatory animals and hostile Indians, they are still much too sharp of fang and claw for the vast majority of people—people who have worked hard for their comforts and don't see why they should give them up for a mosquito-clouded view and an icy dip in a mountain stream.

Wilderness lovers are a phenomenon of modern time; they are not tolerated in primitive cultures; the Bible doesn't have a good word to say for Ishmael. They breed in highly developed civilizations, where men have become bored with excessive cultivation and refinement. They affect old rumpled clothes, unshaved jaws, salty language; they spit and sweat and boast of their friendship with aborigines. But this is all veneer: Underneath, they are decadents, aristocrats, snobs.

I find something quite appealing about this particular form of snobbery. Compared to folk-song snobs, foreign-movie snobs and plain old social snobs, wilderness snobs present a fine manly appearance, and I wish them all joy as they follow the spoor of the wolverine and unroll their sleeping bags under the giant ponderosa.

But I urge them to avoid the great vice of their kind, which is megalomania. A man who has been infected with the wilderness lust is not satisfied with one stretch of forest, or one uncluttered mountainside. He wants hundreds of square miles of thicket and coulee and beaver dam and white water; and he wants them all for himself.

In the full euphoria which attends this fever, all ordinary human connections are apt to be broken. You struggle, slipping angrily through chalky rock and prickly pear, to the top of a ridge, and before you are miles of sagebrush flats, with white streaks of alkali, dry lakes, purple rocks, an immensity of desolation. Your heart fills with delight and then you catch sight of a rickety service station at a forsaken crossroads, and all the beauty drains out of the scene. A single beer can will spoil a square mile of woods; and as for the lovers' initials and fraternity Greek letters painted on rocks, it takes but one such pitiful imprint of humanity to spoil a mountain.

This is very wrongheaded, though it must be admitted that there is something grandiose about the wilderness lover in full flight. No one who reads it can forget the passage in which John Muir, the great American naturalist, describes how, at the height of a tempest in the high Sierras, he lashed himself to the trunk of a giant pine and for hours heaved and swung with the great tree, while the wind howled and whole forested mountainsides quivered to its blasts. The scene has a splendid absurdity about it.

I am reliably informed that it is impossible to duplicate Muir's experience in present-day California. There is not a high tree left in the state from which you can't see the lights of cars stabbing through the night on some freeway or other. And of course that spoils everything. For the particular sensation, the *frisson*, that John Muir was after, was not simply a physical one—you could get the same by lashing yourself to the mast on the Empire State Building. It was the exultant triumphant feeling of riding the blasts, of soaring over a vast stretch of pure convulsed nature, and doing it alone, without another human soul in reach of sight or sound.

I am sure that in losing opportunities for this sensation, Californians have suffered a great loss. It is, however, a loss which I am afraid we will have to put up with. The population of California, as of the world, is growing; this population is becoming more affluent and more mobile, and as it expands and covers the land with its detritus of motels and soda bottles, there are just not enough square miles left to satisfy the wilderness lovers.

I suggest to these worthy people that they bow gracefully to the inevitable and model their conduct on that of the kings of England. William the Conqueror and his descendants were great wilderness lovers, and they turned half of England into royal forests where, through the brambles and under giant oaks, they could ride for giddy days chasing the red stag and the wild boar; and any Saxon hind who came sneaking in looking for firewood or a rabbit had his ears, or worse, chopped off.

Grudgingly over the centuries the kings gave up this demi-paradise to the uncouth people of England, who insisted on parceling it out into grubby farms and grimy factories. The loss was irreparable, but the royal huntsmen prudently swallowed their grief, and sought a replica of their old pleasures on safaris in East Africa.

Just so our modern wilderness lovers may soon have to abandon the whole North American continent to the suburbanite hordes. Barring a nuclear war, which would bring back the wilderness with a vengeance, they will have to spread their wings a little, and indulge their special tastes in Spitzbergen and the mountains of New Guinea. And if the tides of civilization lap eventually over these too, there will soon be available excursion rockets to Mars and Alpha Centauri. And there should be enough unspoiled wilderness out there for anybody's taste.

Robert Wernick

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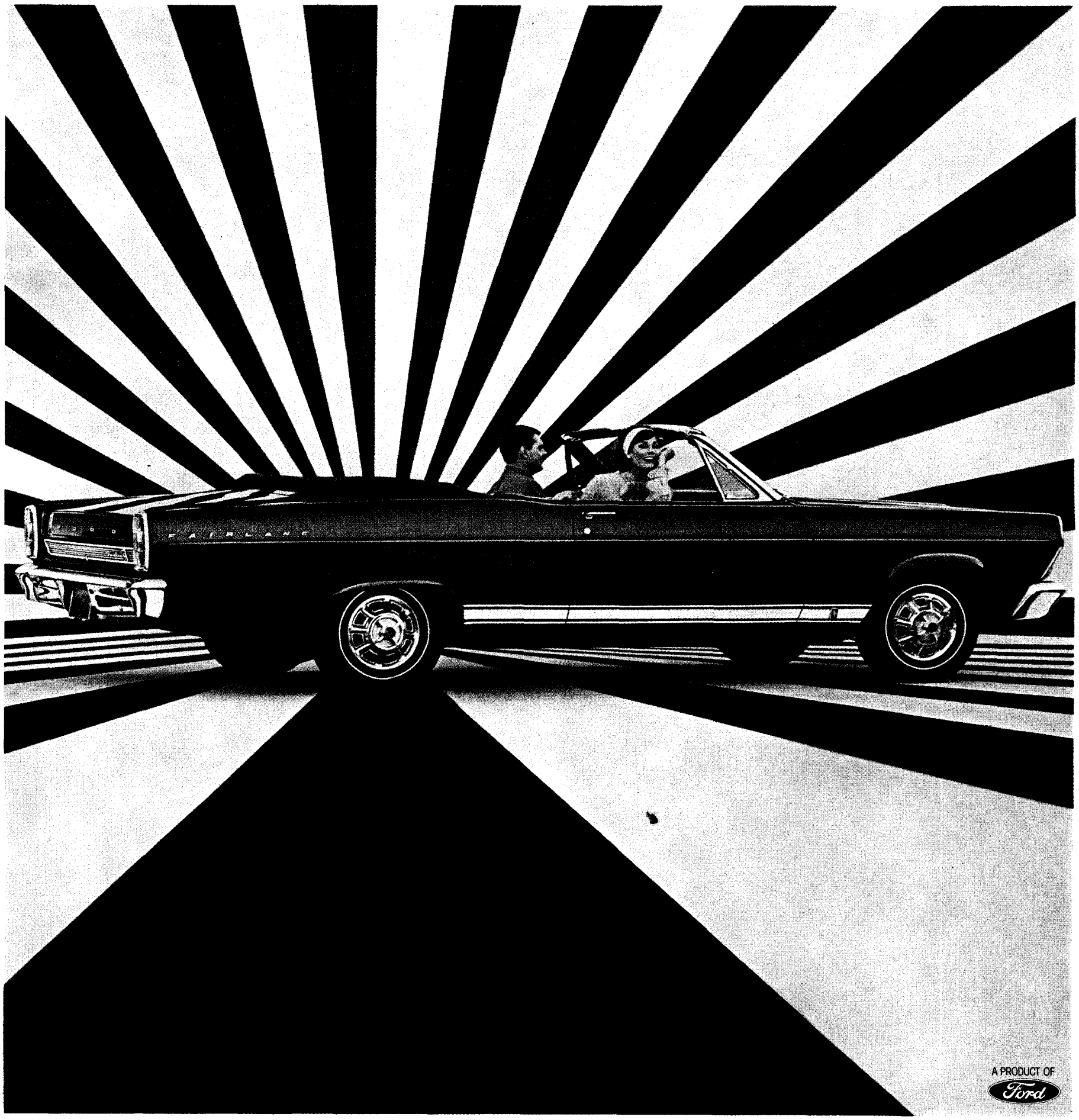

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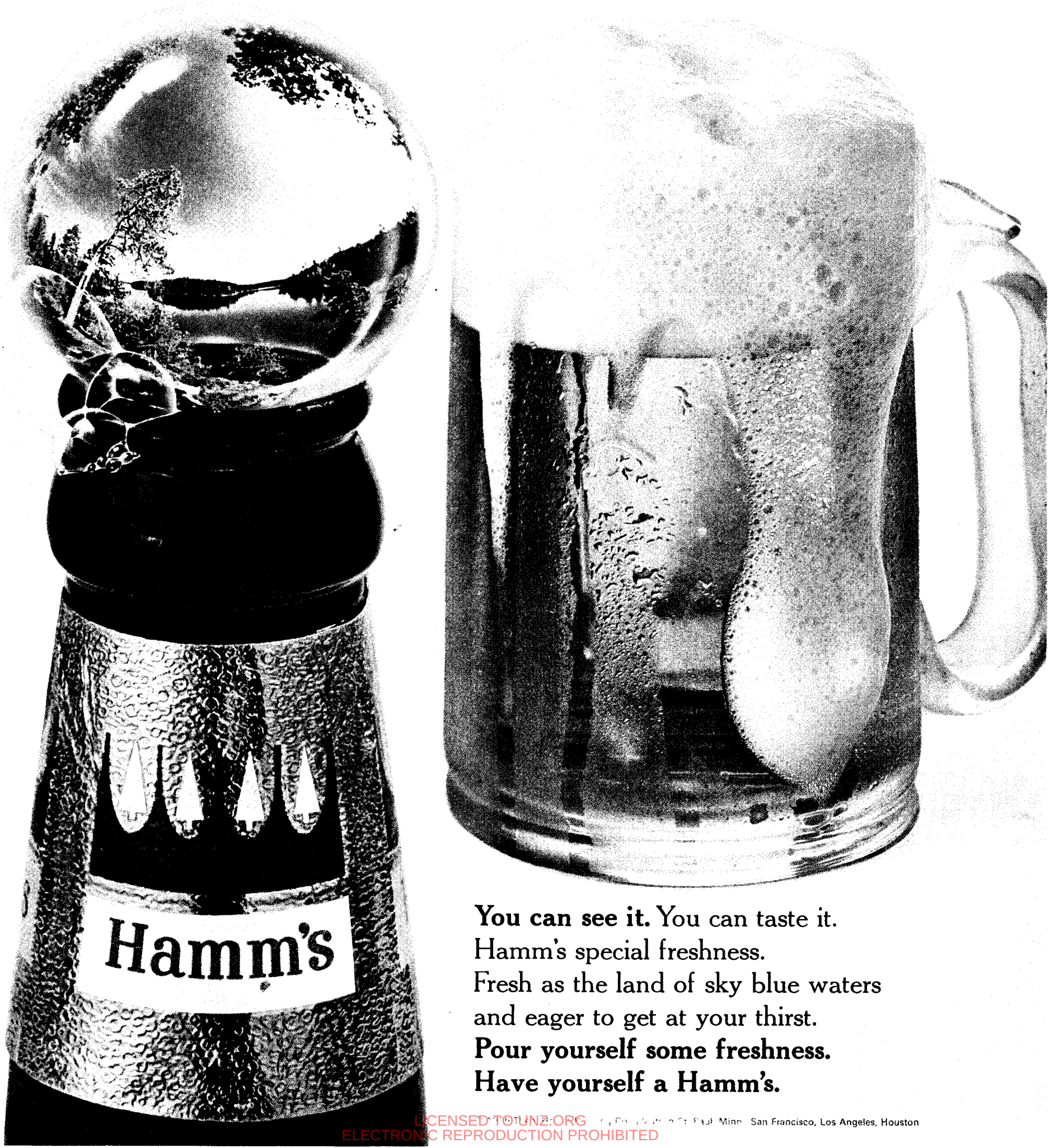

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All I ask from you is this. Let me send you — at my risk — one of the most fascinating books you have ever read. When this book arrives, set aside a few moments each day from the following weekend. Glance through just one chapter. **And get ready for one of the most thrilling weekends of accomplishment in your entire life!**

The Very First Hour After You Pick Up This Book, You Will Perform A Feat Of Mind Power That Will Astound Your Friends!

What you are going to do in that very first hour you receive the book, is this. Turn to page 144. Read three short pages—no more! And then, put down the book. Review in your own mind the one simple secret I've shown you — **how to feed facts into your mind so that they stay there — permanently — as long as you wish!**

Then put this simple trick to work for you — that very same hour!

Call in your family or friends. Ask them to make a list of any TWELVE facts, names or objects they wish, as fast as they wish. Have them write down the list so they won't forget it! **But, as they give you each fact, YOU are going to perform a simple mental trick on that fact, that will burn it into your mind, IN PERFECT ORDER, as long as you wish!**

And then — INSTANTLY AND AUTOMATICALLY — you are going to repeat that list backwards and forwards, in perfect order exactly as if you were reading that list in your friend's hand! And you are going to have one of the most exciting moments of your life, as you watch the expression on those people's faces as you reel off those facts as though they were flashing on a screen on the inside of your memory!

Thrilling? Yes! **But also one of the most profitable secrets you will ever learn.** For that list of twelve facts can just as easily be an appointment schedule — with each appointment flashing automatically into your mind at just the right time and place that you need it! Or a shopping list—or the outline of a speech — or a sales presentation — or the highlights of an important article — or a list of things that have to be done in perfect order!

Any one of them — they flash into **your** mind automatically, as though you pressed a button! **And this astonishing mental gift — which will serve you every day for the rest of your life — is yours from the very first hour that you pick up this book!**

And yet it's only the beginning!

Which Areas Of Your Mind Do You Want To Strengthen In A Single Weekend? Concentration, Will-Power, Self-Confidence, Habit-Breaking!

Yes! From this moment on, in less than one thrilling hour a day, you begin testing the wonder-working techniques of Automatic Organization on every untrained corner of your mind! You begin breaking through mental barriers—mental limitations that have been blocking you for years!

You begin tapping the buried powers of your own mind . . . powers that you have glimpsed before in brief flashes... now brought to the surface—organized with simple formulas to double their potency — and placed forever at your beck and call, ready to go to work for you at the blink of an eyelash!

For example —

DO YOU WANT TO DEVELOP "RADAR-LIKE CONCENTRATION"?

Then turn to page 85... master one simple exercise and thrill to your ability to absorb huge amounts of information — easily and swiftly — **even in a room filled with half a dozen howling children!**

DO YOU WANT TO DEVELOP "X-RAY EYES" — POWERS OF OBSERVATION THAT AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS?

Then turn to page 136 . . . play three fascinating games . . . and then startle your friends, time and time again, by your ability to spot revealing details — put together hidden pieces of evidence — **that they never even dreamed were there at all!**

DO YOU WANT TO SEE HOW EASY IT IS TO REPLACE BAD HABITS WITH HABITS YOU CAN BE PROUD OF?

Then get ready for the revelation of your life on page 103 . . . that replaces agony with fun . . . **that actually lets your bad habits break themselves without your hardly touching your will power.**

YES! AND DO YOU WANT TO GENERATE ENTHUSIASM . . . FRIENDLINESS . . . PERSONALITY AT AN INSTANT COMMAND?

Then read every word starting on page 165! Learn how to overcome shyness and fear, automatically . . . make anyone like you . . . dissolve opposition with as *little as a single word* . . . earn both trust and respect from everyone you meet — **and keep them — for good!**

Read It For Ten Days— *Entirely At Our Risk!*

And this still is just the beginning!

What Harry Lorayne has described to you on this page is just a small sampling of the information packed into his amazing new book SECRETS OF MIND POWER — *now available only through this* article!

Here at last is a practical, fascinating easy-to-read book on improving the powers of your mind **that really works!** Its author, Harry Lorayne, has been called by experts "the man with the most phenomenal *memory in the world!*" *He has already shown over* 250,000 men and women all over America, how they can **achieve startling improvements in their memories overnight, with just a few minutes work!**

But this fabulous File-Cabinet Memory Technique is only one small part of Harry Lorayne's great new book! Here — *in addition to Memory* — are complete sections on Observation, Concentration, Enthusiasm, Will-Power, Idea-Creating, Personality, Friend-Making, Public-Speaking, Worry-Control, Conquest of Fear, and many more!

Yes, here are dozens of simple techniques that enable you to overcome crippling emotions, and keep your thoughts headed straight for each goal! Showing you how to think clearly and effectively in any situation — make decisions without agonizing delays — learn vital facts and figures at a glance — work at full mental power, all day long, for weeks and even months on end!

Here are tested, and proven "Thought-Stimulators," that streamline your mind — develop your creative imagination — increase your daily output — help you make time for everything you have to do!

Here are "Confidence-Generators," that let you laugh off worries and fears — make your own good luck — keep other people from taking advantage of you — turn bad breaks into opportunities — yes, even sharpen your sense of humor and improve your ability to speak well, whether in private conversation or before a crowd of hundreds!

MEET HARRY LORAYNE

"The human being with the most phenomenal memory in the world." Harry Lorayne has lectured in front of thousands of Americans! Rotarians, Elks, Masons, Chamber of Commerce groups have all called on this amazing man to prove the business and social power of a Powerhouse Mind! Lorayne's mind is so well organized that he can remember the names, faces, addresses and occupations of over *700 different people in a single evening — after meeting each one of them only once!*

Mr. Lorayne's first book "HOW TO DEVELOP A SUPER-POWER MEMORY" has already shown over 250,000 men and women, all over America, how they can achieve startling improvements in their memory, overnight, with just a few minutes work. *But this fabulous File-Cabinet Memory Technique is only one small part of this great new work!* Now Harry Lorayne gives you secrets that powerfully strengthen EVERY AREA of your mind — Concentration, Will-Power Problem-Solving, Idea-Creating, Rapid-Learning, Clear-Thinking, Worry-Control and dozens more! *Secrets that work overnight! Secrets that can change your entire life in a single week — OR EVERY CENT OF YOUR MONEY BACK!*

Read the thrilling details on this page! Try this great work — ENTIRELY AT OUR RISK!

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The price of this fascinating, one-volume Mind-Power Encyclopedia *is* $4.98 — far less than *similar* books that do not do its job as well!

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Watts: the fire next time

LOS ANGELES:

"You damn right there's gonna be another riot," said a light-skinned Negro in dark glasses. "Next time all the depressed people all over the country will be united, and we'll have guns, and we'll get what we want."

"What do you want?"

"The first thing we want is we'll kill every goddam white capitalist—starting with *Mister* Lyndon Johnson."

The words were as suddenly shocking as a pistol shot in a quiet house. The speaker was one of about half a dozen young men sitting on a bench beside a shoeshine store in Watts, the Negro section of Los Angeles. On the back of the bench, carefully printed in capital letters, were the words, I HATE MR. SKINS. The black eyes of the young Negroes on the bench looked at me steadily and without expression, gauging the reaction to what the light-skinned Negro had said.

"Do you agree with this man?" I asked one of them at random.

"Yeah, I agree with him. Next time shootin's gonna come from both sides, and a lotta people gonna get killed. We don't fear dying—that's our speciality." He laughed harshly, baring white teeth.

Andy Jaffe, an Associated Press reporter who had ably covered the riots, had volunteered to act as my guide in Watts. Our purpose was to try to understand, in quiet retrospect, the sources of the wrath that exploded there in the bloody August riots.

Jaffe spotted the young Negroes on the bench. He parked the car on a side street, and we walked up to them, past the burned-out stores which still line the streets of Watts like missing teeth. I asked whether there would be another riot, and got the answer recorded above. There were more such harsh and bitter words, as the little group rapidly swelled into a small crowd of 30 or more young Negroes.

Perhaps, I thought, the violent words were a sort of performance, or private joke—perhaps these young Negroes were amusing themselves by scaring "Whitey." In the crowd there was an intelligent-looking Negro in a clean white shirt and black tie, who had said nothing. I drew him aside to talk.

He was a social worker, he said, with two years of college. Was the way the others had been talking really typical, I asked—or was all that talk just for the benefit of us whites? No, he said quietly, most people in Watts talked that way and thought that way. Well, then, did he also think there would be another riot?

Yes, he said, there would be another riot, only this one would be different. "Next time both sides will have guns. If I see you and you see me, it's just gonna depend on who shoots first." His tone was one of friendly warning, not of threat. It was at this point that I began to sense the depth of the bitterness of the young men of Watts, and the width of the gulf that separates these young men from the secure and comfortable life that most white Americans live.

Jaffe and I talked to a lot of people in Watts—the editor of the local Negro newspaper, a white police officer, a white social worker, local businessmen, juvenile delinquents as well as that crowd of young men around the shoeshine stand. Here is the way the people of Watts talk:

- "My name is George Washington—that's my real name. Well, I'm coming home alone one night from a party and a cop stops me and says, 'What's your name?' and I say, 'George Washington,' and the cop says, 'Oh, yeah, wise guy,' and hits me in the gut."
- "A Negro kills a cop, it's murder. A cop kills a Negro, it's justifiable homicide."
- "These people are dead now, the people the white men killed. Who's gonna make 'em alive?" In Watts the Negroes killed during the rioting are not hoodlums but martyrs.
- "You whites come here and ask questions after the revolt. Why didn't you ask a few questions before the revolt?" The riot is quite often referred to as "The Revolt."
- "The civil-rights law? Just words."
- "Martin Luther King is just a sellout black man—his job is to guide the Negro masses into a trap."
- "What the Negro hates is the awful deceit practiced by the Jews. The whole civil-rights movement is a branch of Zionism." This is the opinion of Mrs. Pat Alexander, editor of the *Herald-Dispatch*, a Negro newspaper with a claimed circulation of 35,000.
- "Why'd the riot start? Some colored people don't like the white people, is why. Now everybody has guns, a lotta people gonna get killed—it's gonna be something terrible." This in a musical, singsong voice, and a tone of gleeful anticipation. The speaker was Juanita, a rather charming juvenile delinquent whom we interviewed at a social-work center.
- A white police officer: "The riot could have been prevented the first night if we'd gotten tough right away—maybe used tear gas. We'd have saved a lot of lives, mostly colored, but we'd have been denounced from hell to breakfast for 'police brutality.' Next time, though, it'll be different. Since Watts, the white people have regressed socially in their attitude on the Negro problem." He smiled a little grimly at this lapse into sociological jargon.
- A big Negro with angry eyes and oddly spatulate finger tips: "You lookin' at my hands, ain't you? They're all bulged up at the end. That's from working, changing tires—that's all I want, man, is work." His voice rose, almost to a scream.
- Miss Margaret Sullivan, a soft-spoken white social worker: "There's no magic solution here—you just have to keep trying. The most important thing, of course, is jobs."
- An unemployed Negro: "We got nothing to do, man, no work, not even a movie theater. We want to be doin' something, makin' things."

Jobs are indeed "the most imporant thing," more important than all the grants-in-aid and poverty programs in the world. But even jobs won't cure the savage bitterness, the total alienation from the world of the white man, of the young men of Watts. In Watts it began to seem to me, for the first time, that the racial problem in this country is wholly insoluble—that it is like some incurable disease, with which both whites and Negroes must learn to live in pain, all the days of our lives.

Stewart Alsop

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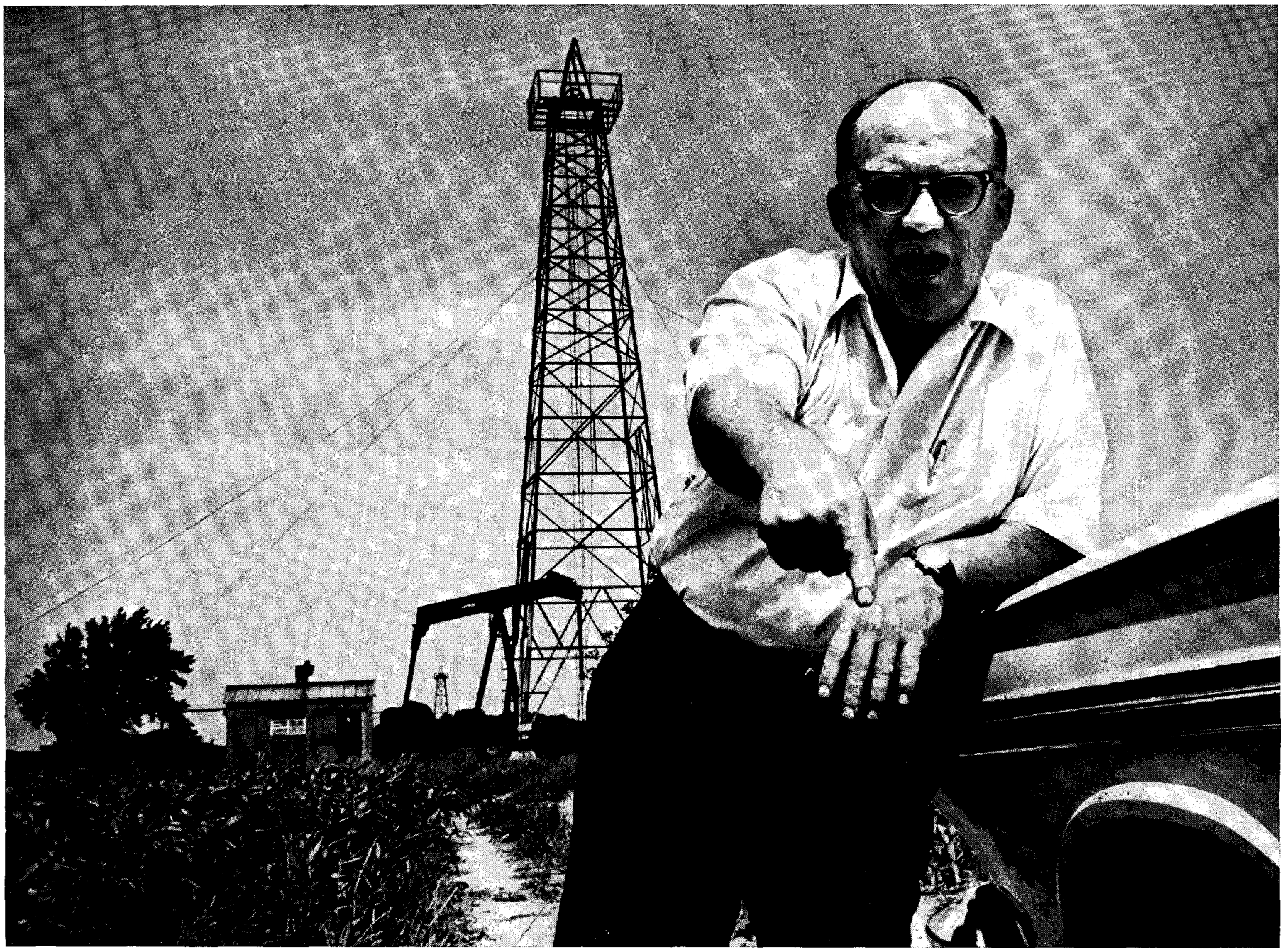
Oil man "Shorty" Merrill, seen here in front of an oil rig near Mt. Pleasant, Michigan



"Life insurance? No thanks. I'd rather invest in oil!"

"How wrong I was. A MONY man showed how a simple plan might help me expand my oil business as well as protect my family!"

MONY man Arlie Osborn talks it over with "Shorty" Merrill

"I was pretty direct when I first met MONY man Arlie Osborn. 'I'd rather invest in my oil business,' I told him. 'Insurance comes a poor second to that!'

"But Arlie saw something I hadn't. He showed me how a simple insurance program could be one of my biggest assets. First of all, I'd be protecting my growing family! And at the same time I could build up hard cash to help in any emergency that might come along... believe me, that can happen in the oil business! Or if I wanted, I could raise loans by using my insurance as collateral.

"Well, I thought, a man would be crazy to pass up an opportunity like that. I signed up!

"And I'll tell you something else! That insurance program Arlie worked out has helped me more than once when the going's got rough!

"Take it from me, every young man should take out insurance... *yesterday* ...specially through a guy like Arlie, and his company— MONY!"

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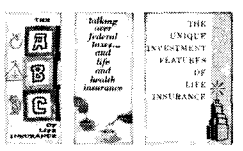

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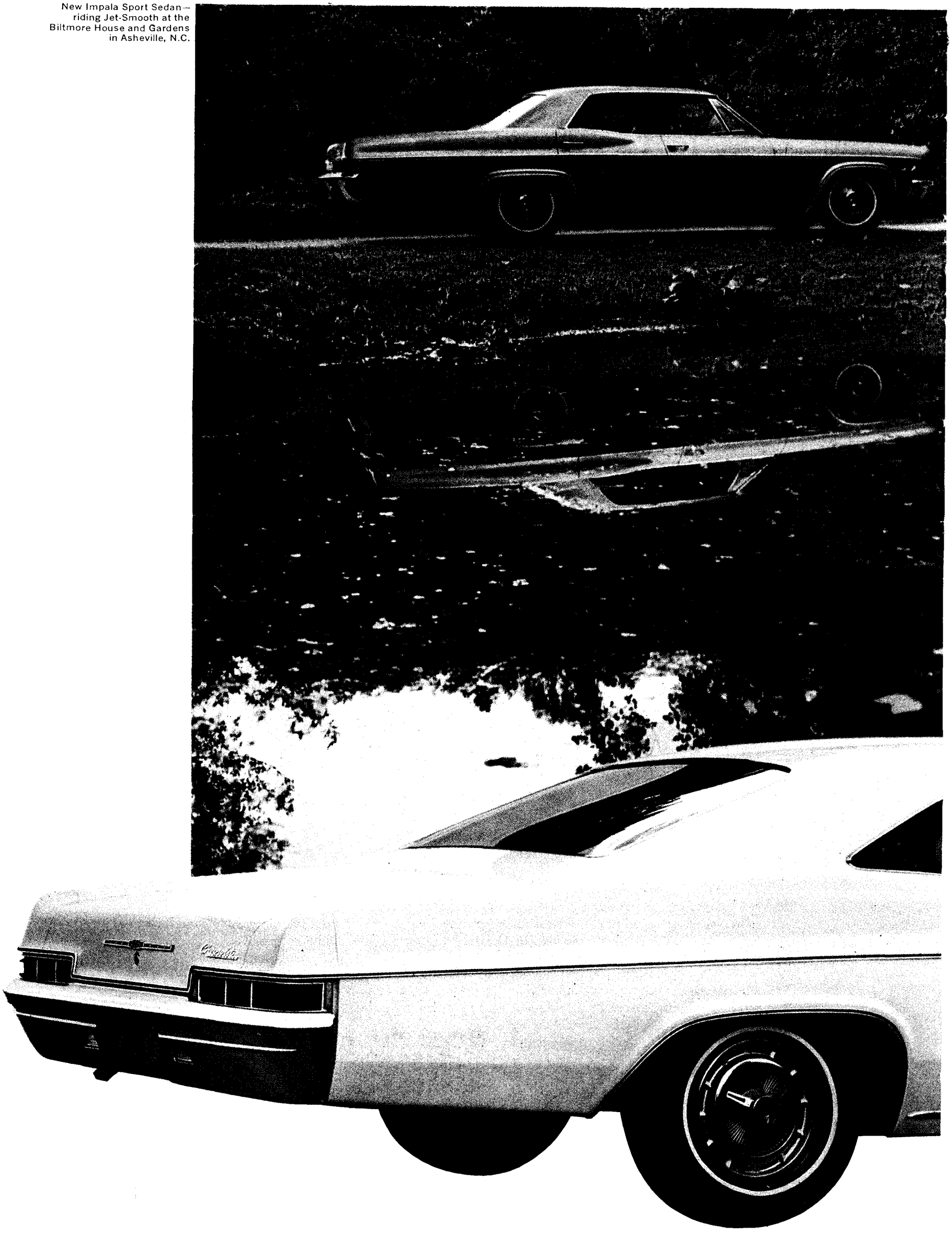

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'66 CHEVROLET IMPALA

Now! Jet-smoother ride (and lots more)

Specially tailored coil springs and shock absorbers for a noticeably Jet-smoother ride. All to go with its Jet-smoother looks and new Turbo-Jet V8 power.

When the road takes a bumpy turn for the worse, you'll be most impressed by what we did to make this '66 Chevrolet Jet-smoother.

We changed the shock absorbers, so they can absorb more shocks. We redesigned the body mounts to isolate noise and vibration even better. And we once again tailored the coil spring at each wheel to compensate for the different weights of each body style—sedan, coupe, convertible, station wagon.

We've made V8 engines available that are smoother and quieter. There's the advanced Turbo-Jet 396 at 325 hp and a 427-cubic-inch version at 390 hp or 425 hp.

All kinds of other new things you can add: Headrests up front. Tilt-telescopic steering wheel. A new kind of automatic air-conditioning system, called Comfortron. And much more.

'66 Impala Super Sport, Impala, Bel Air and Biscayne —Jet-smoother in every way. And a perfectly beautiful year to come into your own.

CHEVROLET

Chevrolet Motor Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan

New Impala Super Sport Coupe—comes with new Strato-bucket seats and center console

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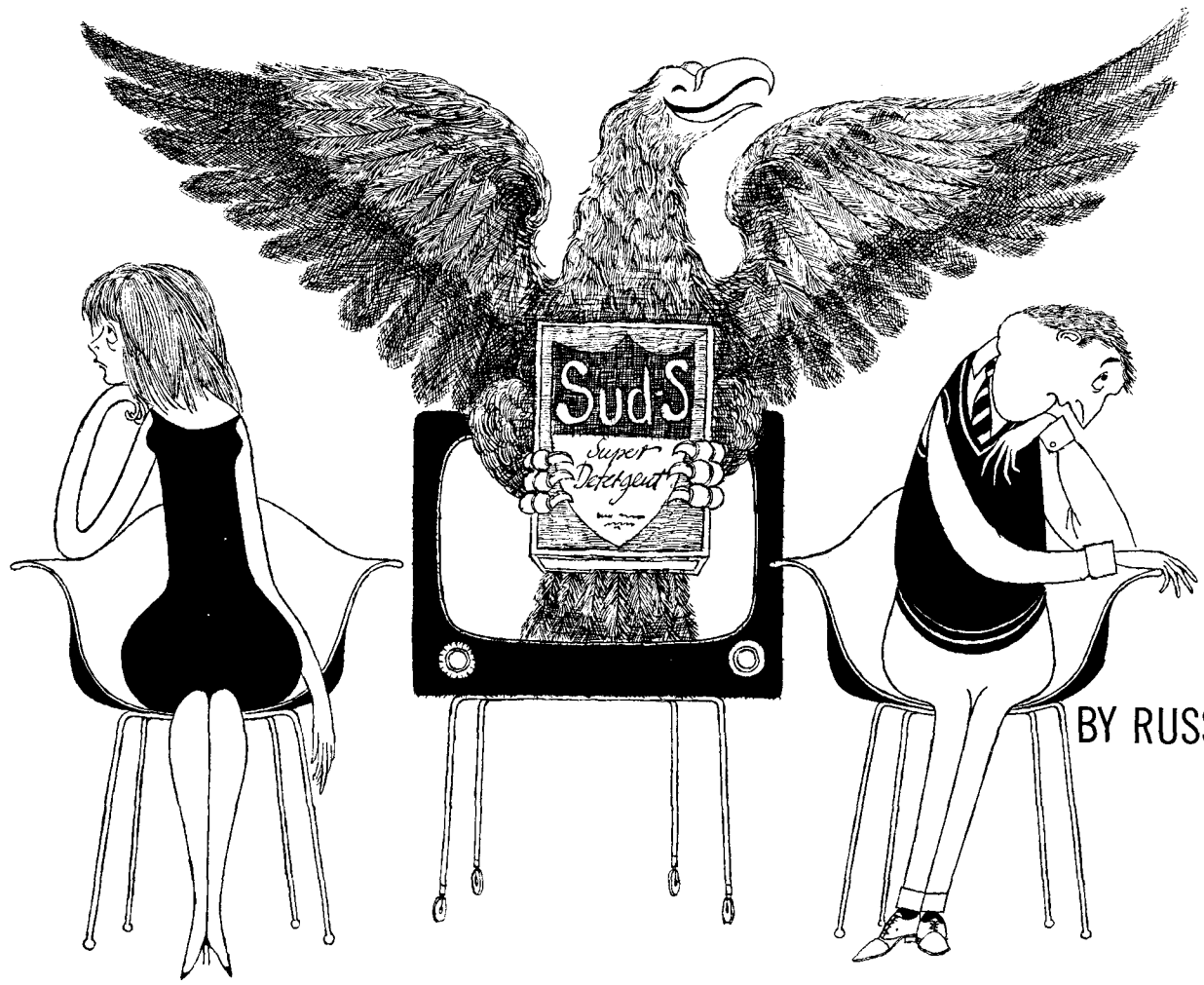
HOW BARRY SOSOSTRIS WILL SAVE TV



BY RUSSELL BAKER

The Human Comedy

Meet Barry Sosostris, the new golden boy of TV's executive suite. This fall, when executive heads began to roll as a result of network failure to produce a single new smasheroo show for the 1965 season, Sosostris escaped the carnage by crying out from the guillotine his daring new idea.

"The way to save television next season," he cried, "is to mine the untapped veins of rich dramatic material in Washington." Sosostris was immediately unbound and taken before a man who is only slightly less powerful than God. "Sosostris," this eminence declared, "I think you've got it!"

So do the other networks. Sosostris already has a dozen Washington shows in production, all of them certain to sell detergents. Opposing nets are racing to catch up. Next season a typical newspaper guide to a typical evening's entertainment will read as follows:

MISTER PRESIDENT—The new adult political-situation drama series that asks the question, "Can a young President who grew up on the wrong side of the tracks and married the daughter of an insane Scottish poet find satisfaction in the world's most important job?"

The President confronts a major family crisis tonight when, after warning his staff that anyone caught writing White House memoirs for publication will be fired, he learns that his wife has signed a $500,000 book contract to write *Spouse in the White House*. A memorable and touching study of the domestic problems of power.

COMMAND CAPERS—Central figure in this zany spoof on military life is General Gimlet, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, whose penchant for getting into trouble is the despair of the Senate Armed Services Committee. Tonight Gimlet is asked to escort the President's wife to the Megaton Ball, and complications come thick and fast when his sweetheart mistakes the First Lady for Gimlet's boyhood flame. Gimlet's solution—disguising himself as a seaman second-class—produces hilarity when the Russian ambassador challenges him to a knot-tying contest with a Soviet bo'sun's mate.

JINXED—The regulars—Bobby Darin as the Secretary of State and Sandra Dee as his wife who has supernatural powers—are joined tonight by guest star Kwame Nkrumah. Bobby is confronted with a world crisis when his wife wiggles her ear and makes Kwame disappear in the middle of his speech to a joint session of Congress. Bobby's singing interludes are pleasant, as always, but Mr. Nkrumah's humorless characterization slows the action.

BILLIONS FOR DEFENSE—This gimmick series about a Secretary of Defense who turns into a werewolf whenever the hot line rings has come up with its best show to date. When Moscow calls to complain that a mad U.S. general has launched SAC bombers across the North Pole, the Secretary is hard pressed to head off a thermonuclear holocaust without exposing his baleful secret to his chauffeur.

CAPITOL HILL—Tonight Congress learns to its dismay that it has inherited a finishing school for 500 rich orphan girls. The girls patch up an old feud between the President and the Speaker of the House over the fudge pan.

TAXBUSTERS—Tense documentary-style melodrama about three brothers sworn to avenge the Treasury's confiscation of their dead mother's estate. Tonight Jesse, Frank and Sheldon trap a crooked tax auditor into approving their purchase of a new yacht as a deductible business expense. Adult entertainment.

WHITE HOUSE ACRES—Clem Kallikak, a destitute Ozark moonshiner, has accidentally been elected President and is living in the White House, which he believes to be his rich Uncle Snuffy's mansion in Memphis. Clem tries to outwit the Secret Service tonight by building a still in the Rose Garden and, in the ensuing gunplay, gets unexpected support from the Premier of the Soviet Union, who has dropped by for a surprise visit. Good clean imbecility for the entire family.

EXECUTIVE HOSPITAL—Intern Bart Badly, hero of this new politico-ether series, learns the ropes about medicine and politics in a hospital admitting only the world's most vital statesmen. Tonight when the President checks in with a shattered consensus, Bart's daring scalpel and irrepressible dimples put him back on his feet in no time. Realistic color scenes of a consensus under surgery not for weak stomachs.

FIRST LADY—The three-a-week night-time serial about a girl reared in a sin-drenched small town who grew up to be a President's wife. In tonight's episode, the First Lady continues last night's heart-to-heart chat in the White House kitchen with her distraught Aunt Katherine, who fears that her husband, Uncle Horace, is refusing to undergo a vitally urgent operation because he believes his surgeon thinks he (Uncle Horace) has been having an affair with the high-school geography teacher, who has been seen coming out of the surgeon's apartment at two A.M.

AGENT 1600—To the world he is only the President of the United States; to a handful of trusted intelligence geniuses he is the dread Agent 1600, whose cold-blooded game of baccarat is the terror of M.I.S.C.H.I.E.F., the international crime syndicate dedicated to stealing the Statue of Liberty for a mysterious art collector who has only 18 months to live. Tonight's episode requires Agent 1600 to eat the annual President's dinner for the Supreme Court without blowing his cover while rounding up a M.I.S.C.H.I.E.F. gang which has kidnaped Congress and demanded the Statue of Liberty as ransom. Plenty of action, but Dean Martin badly cast as Chief Justice. □

Drawing by N. M. BODECKER

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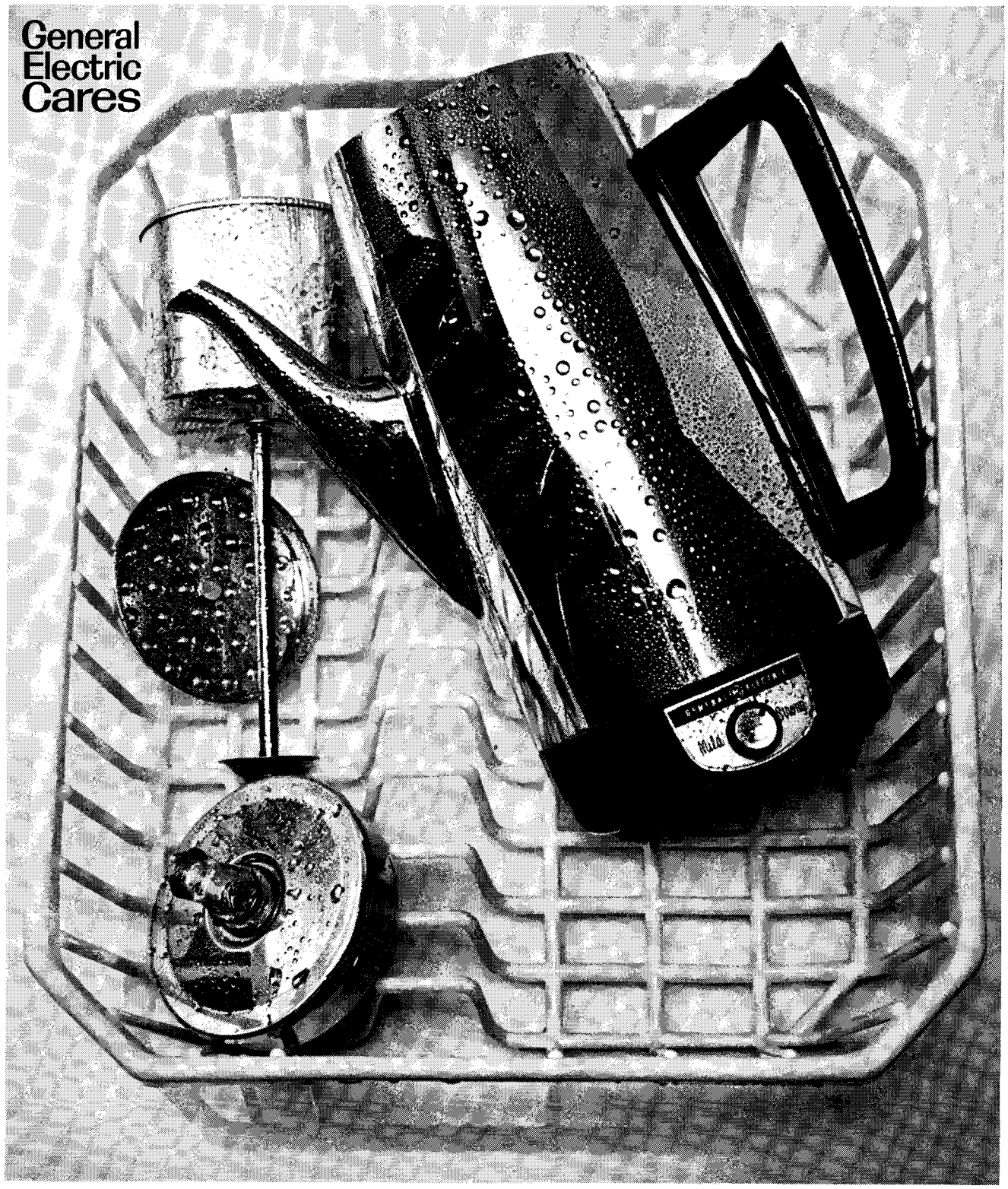

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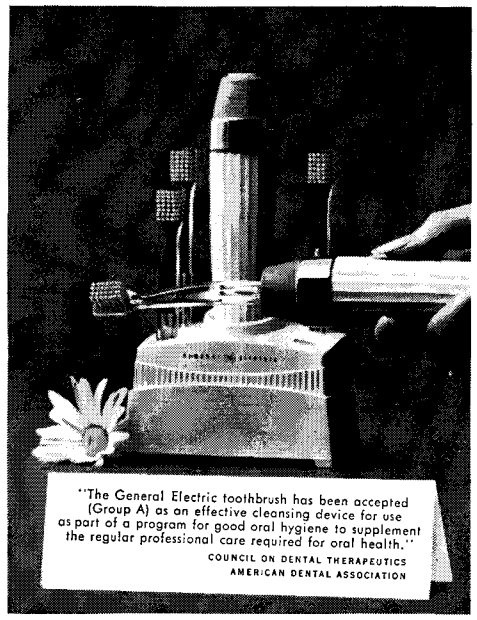
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The new one-of-a-kind car...engineered by Oldsmobile!

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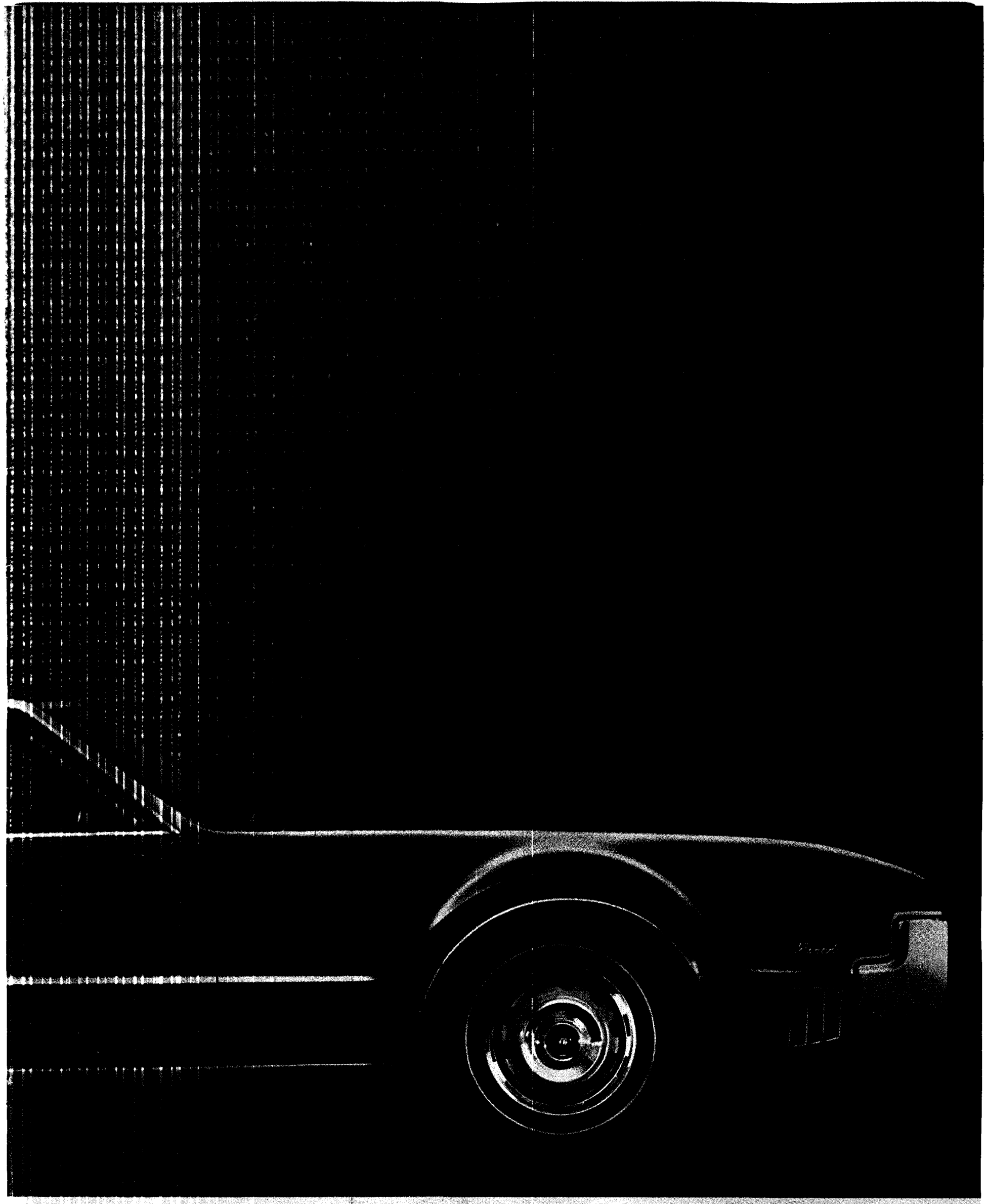

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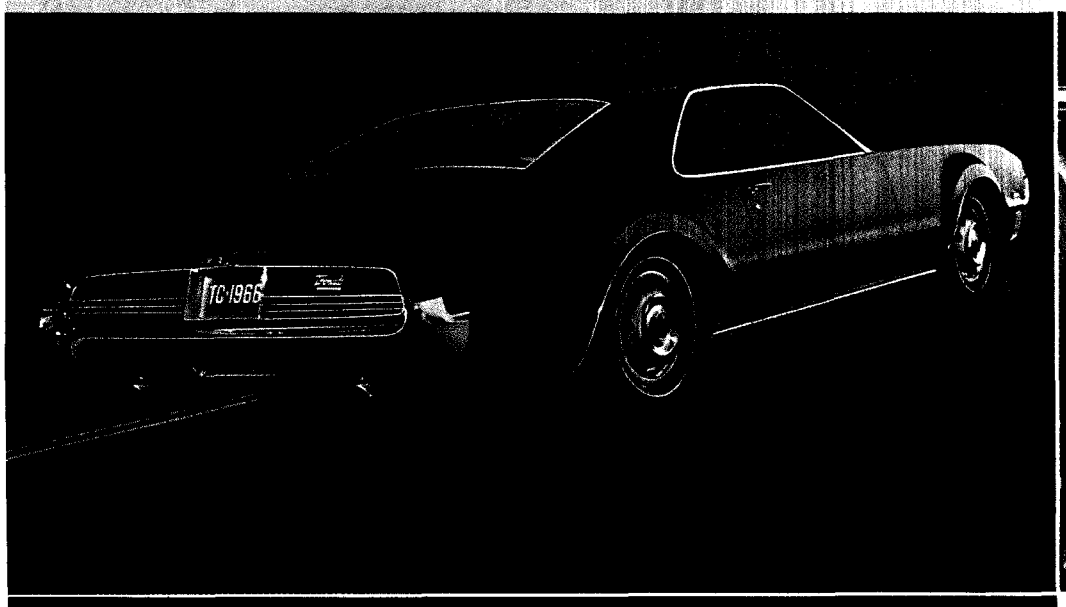

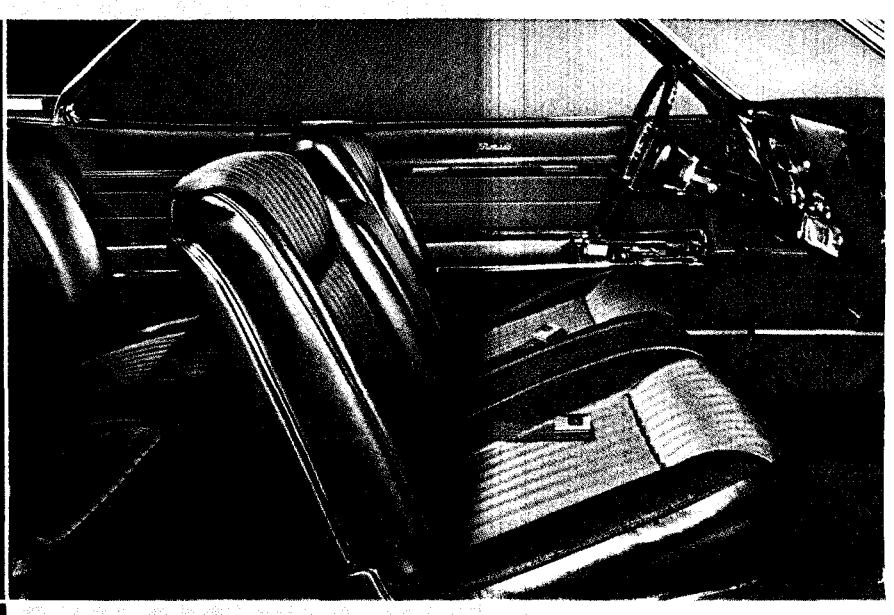

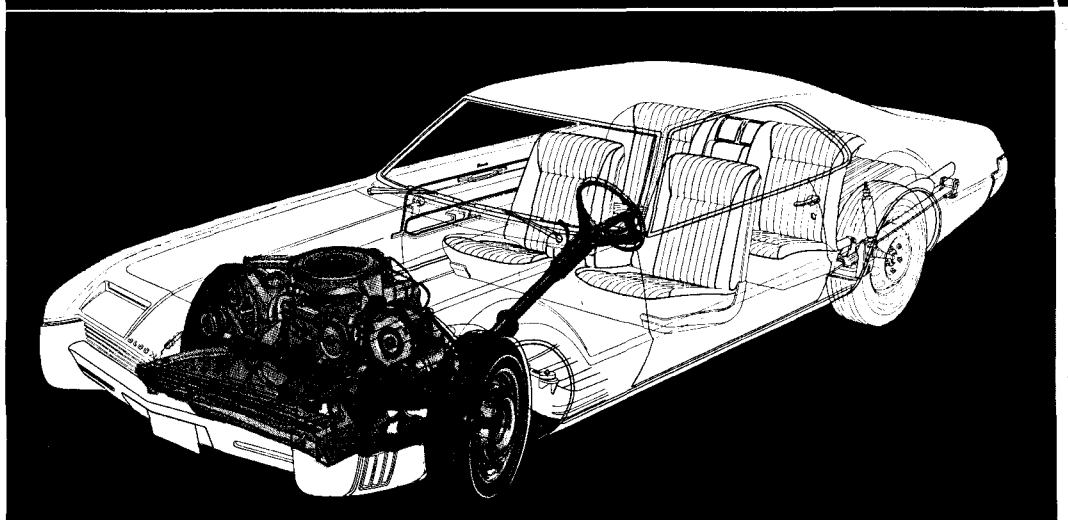

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The Saturday Evening POST

Only in New York are Democrats in such trouble. While they feud, the Republicans may seize the biggest city and a Kennedy's ambitions may be jeopardized.

BOBBY KENNEDY AND THE FIGHT FOR NEW YORK

By Richard Armstrong

"Listen," said a ranking New York City Democrat, "the situation is serious." He stared without much appetite at a plate of cannelloni in one of those checkered-tablecloth places New York politicians seem to frequent. "I don't worry about my liberal friends who are talking John Lindsay for mayor. That's to be expected. But you are hearing Lindsay in places like central Harlem and the south Bronx, and these people shouldn't even know his *name*." He paused, awed by the prospect of defeat on November 2. "If John Lindsay wins it, a lot of important people in this town—people you have heard of—are going to have to get out and start working for a living."

Across the nation, while the Republican Party languishes in impotence and internal dispute, the Democratic Party is enjoying a success not matched even in New Deal days. Yet Republicans can find a perverse satisfaction in the situation in New York. There, as in no other major state, the Democrats are somehow managing to bungle their opportunities and to court failure. In New York City, for example, after 12 uninterrupted years of power, the Democrats hold a three-to-one voting edge over the Republicans. But, such is their disorder, the Democrats are running scared against a 43-year-old congressman named John Vliet Lindsay who has never won elective office outside an area on Manhattan's East Side known both from its shape and its affluence as the "Silk Stocking District."

If the Democrats lose New York

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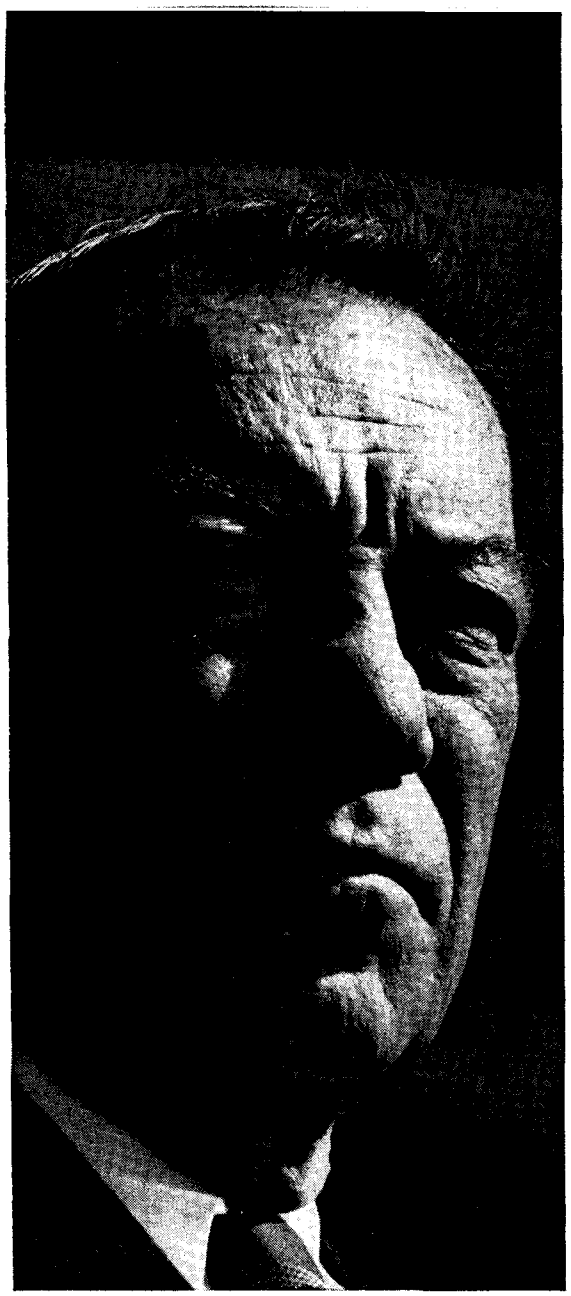
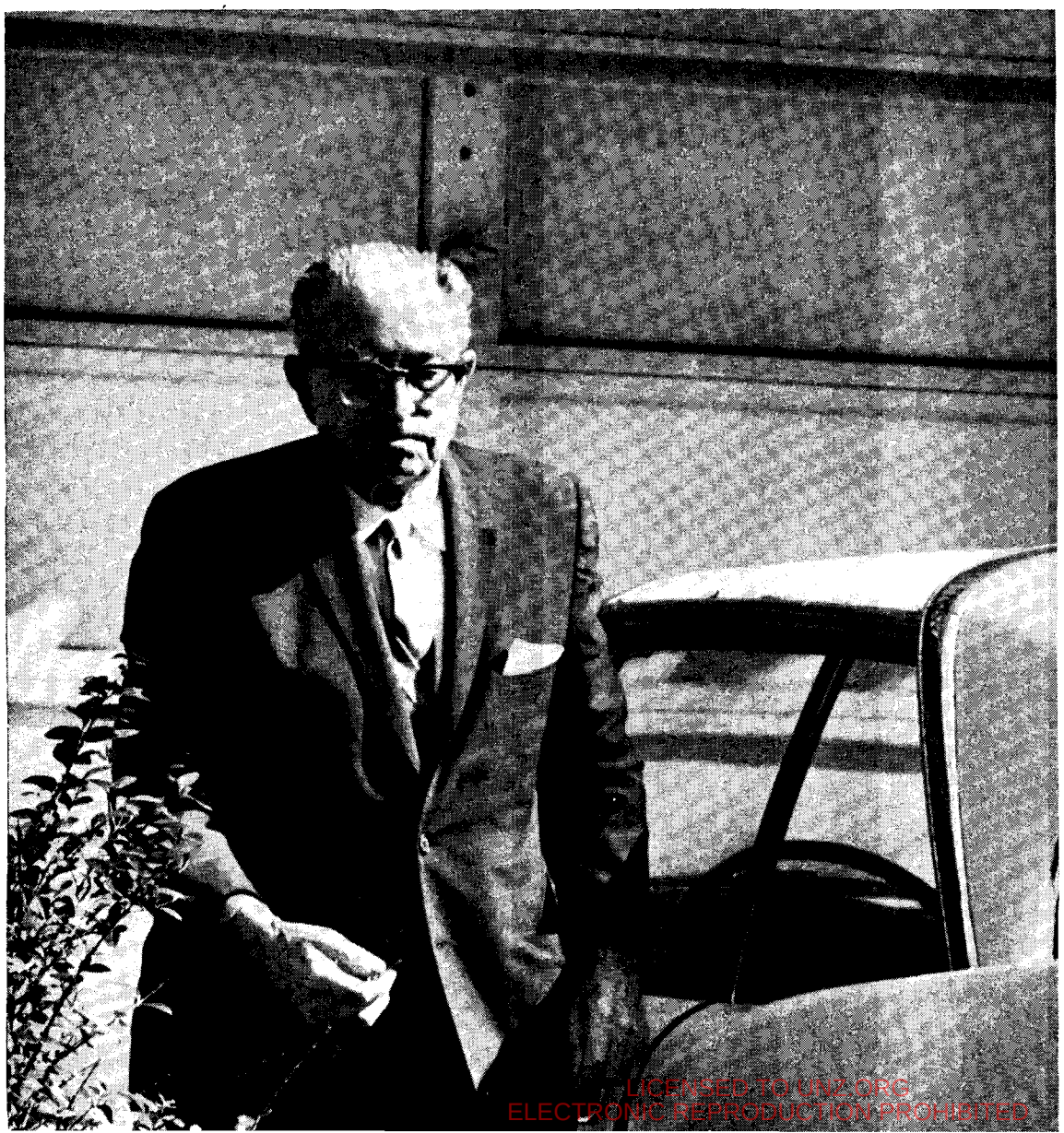


At left, bitter enemies in the struggle for control of the Democratic Party in New York City: Mayor Robert Wagner (far left) lackadaisically backed one man in September's mayoral primary, while Harlem boss Adam Clayton Powell (dark glasses) and aging Bronx boss Buckley (below) backed another. The bosses' man won, and as a result Wagner is considered politically dead.



City, as they themselves are freely predicting, they lose one of the great founts of patronage in all the land. "We're going to clean out the deadwood," Lindsay vows. "Once we close the back door to city hall," says the No. 2 man on the Lindsay ticket, Timothy Costello, "the machine politicians will be dead." And without New York City the Democratic Party in a truly pivotal state will be reduced to a fractured minority, a possibility that appalls Lyndon Johnson and threatens the ambitions of Robert F. Kennedy.

In serving themselves, both men have been of great help to the Democrats in New York. Last fall Kennedy, despite his carpetbagger status and his gratingly alien Massachusetts accent, won the party a U.S. Senate seat, the first important statewide office it had gained in 10 years. And Johnson, with his enchanted presidential coattails, pulled the state's Democrats into control of both houses of the legislature for the first time in living memory. But the Democrats proved allergic to good fortune; they immediately proceeded to disgrace themselves in a raucous and greedy quarrel over the majority leadership, the committee chairmanships and every plum in sight, while on the sidelines Mayor Robert Wagner of New York City and the state Democratic chairman, William McKeon, in effect called each other liars. When the Republican legislators tired of the spectacle, they stepped in to break the deadlock with great satisfaction and smug sighs about "the public trust." Last winter the state Democratic Party was still so faction-ridden that it did not dare hold its annual fund-raising dinner; as a result it is in the hole by $350,000 or more.

To Democrats with a sense of party history, the New York mess is a particular embarrassment. The Democratic Party was founded in New York, during a walk Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr took in 1792 to study botany together along the Hudson River. For more than a century New York remained the great northern counter to southern power in the party, producing presidential candidates great and small, from Horace Greeley and Samuel Tilden to Grover Cleveland and Franklin Roosevelt. New York's impact within the party becomes clear at any national convention when the spokesman for its delegation declares: "Mr. Chairman, New York, the Empire State, casts 179 votes for the next President of the United States. . . ." With a solid New York delegation in his purse, a candidate has 15 percent of the votes he needs for the nomination.

Yet New York's political importance is not fully measured even by its imposing electoral vote. New York has long been the very heart of that "liberal establishment" that so many Republican conservatives talk about with fear and hatred. If, as Sidney Hyman said a few years ago, "The Democrats are a large group of second-class roughnecks, led nationally by a small group of first-class aristocrats," then a primary source of the party aristocracy has traditionally been New York. But the blood lines dating back to New Deal days have begun to run dry.

Today's party crisis is far deeper than the challenge of the bright Republican comer, John Lindsay. It is the end product of a long decline that began at least as long ago as the death of Roosevelt. Since 1945 many a New York Democrat has tried for the mantle of successorship and each has failed. The last of the New York aristocrats,

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Stephen Smith and brother-in-law Bobby Kennedy are striving to dominate the warring party factions. When Bobby proposed Smith for a post, the party leaders laughed.

composing an aging triumvirate of liberal leaders, were Adlai Stevenson at the United Nations, and Eleanor Roosevelt and ex-Governor Lehman in their town houses a few blocks away up the East Side. One by one they died, and their political heirs have not yet appeared.

The New York Democratic Party is, in the meantime, being fought over by a diverse collection of roughnecks and infighters. They are men who acknowledge no higher authority than their own egos, and, as has been said of Latin American generals, their loyalty cannot be bought, only rented. There is Adam Clayton Powell of Harlem, who lately has spent much time elsewhere dodging subpoenas in his continual troubles with courts of law. There is aging Charles Buckley, who still runs the Bronx even though the citizens are now trying to take it away from him; he has made it clear they will have to do it brick by brick. There is Carmine DeSapio, who wears dark glasses even outdoors at midnight and who is an old friend of gangster Frank Costello. And there is Mayor Robert Ferdinand Wagner, who only quite recently noticed the party wreckage all around him and was so appalled by it that he decided just to go off and leave it.

The newest arrival on this curious scene is Robert F. Kennedy, lately of Boston and Hyannis Port. Having been passed over for Vice President, and having seen his brother Ted safely installed as head of the family political properties in Massachusetts, Bobby was a young man in search of new worlds. He came with a flourish of clarions, with plenty of money, with advance men and outriders. He rented a mansion in Glen Cove, Long Island, moved into an apartment in Manhattan, and began announcing his opinion on New York affairs. His next goal is to take over the Democratic Party in New York and whip it into shape for his bid for the presidency in 1972. But he has not yet made much progress. "He's frozen," says a Democrat close to the Kennedy camp. "He thinks that sooner or later he'll be able to pick up the pieces. But Democrats back home just don't behave this way. He doesn't know quite where to begin."

A well-known hallmark of Democrats everywhere is a taste for periodic bloodletting within the party; this seems to refresh and revive them. But in New York it has reached truly torrential proportions.

"The party today is made up of cannibals," one of its scarred veterans, former state chairman Michael Prendergast, complains.

"The party is pulling itself apart," says one of its brightest new faces, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, who ran for New York City Council president on one of the losing slates in the September primary. "Senator Kennedy thinks that what the party needs are a lot of bright people like himself. He may be right, but at the rate we're killing each other off, I don't know where they're going to be coming from."

The party fortunes went from long decline to crisis in four swift stages, each of them like the sudden dip of a fast elevator. First came the Lindsay candidacy, which almost nobody expected because Lindsay is an able, articulate and ambitious young man, and the New York mayor's office is a notorious political graveyard. Next came Mayor Wagner's withdrawal from what promised to be a tough campaign, followed soon after by a Liberal Party endorsement of Lindsay.

The Liberal Party, founded by Jewish labor leaders and still largely controlled by the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, remains a respected good-government voice in New York City, even though it normally swings only about 10 percent of the vote. It had not endorsed a Republican for mayor in more than a decade, and the appearance of Lindsay caused a trauma. The convention this summer was a noisy affair where in the heat of debate the Yiddish accents got so thick that the editor of the I.L.G.W.U. newspaper had to translate for representatives of the daily press. "You people are trying to put the kosher label on this boychik, but you can't do it," shouted Herman Waskow, one of the party's old-line socialists. "Some furriers can take a dog and dye him to look like a mink," a delegate named Sol Lipniak declared. "But the dog still smells like a dog, and I tell you John Lindsay is no mink." But John Lindsay had the I.L.G.W.U. leadership behind him and won in a breeze.

The final drop for the Democrats was the Democratic primary itself. One of the four candidates for mayor was Paul O'Dwyer, younger brother of a New York mayor named William O'Dwyer, who is remembered mainly for marrying a model named Sloan Simpson and for running off to Mexico as U.S. ambassador (Harry Truman appointed him in 1950), thereby avoiding unpleasant questions about his conduct in office. Paul O'Dwyer's principal talent was linguistic; though he has been in this new country since the age of 18, he has somehow managed to preserve a brogue that is pure County Mayo. This is a vote-getting technique that is out of date even in New York, and O'Dwyer ran last. *(continued on page 86)*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VYTAS VALAITIS

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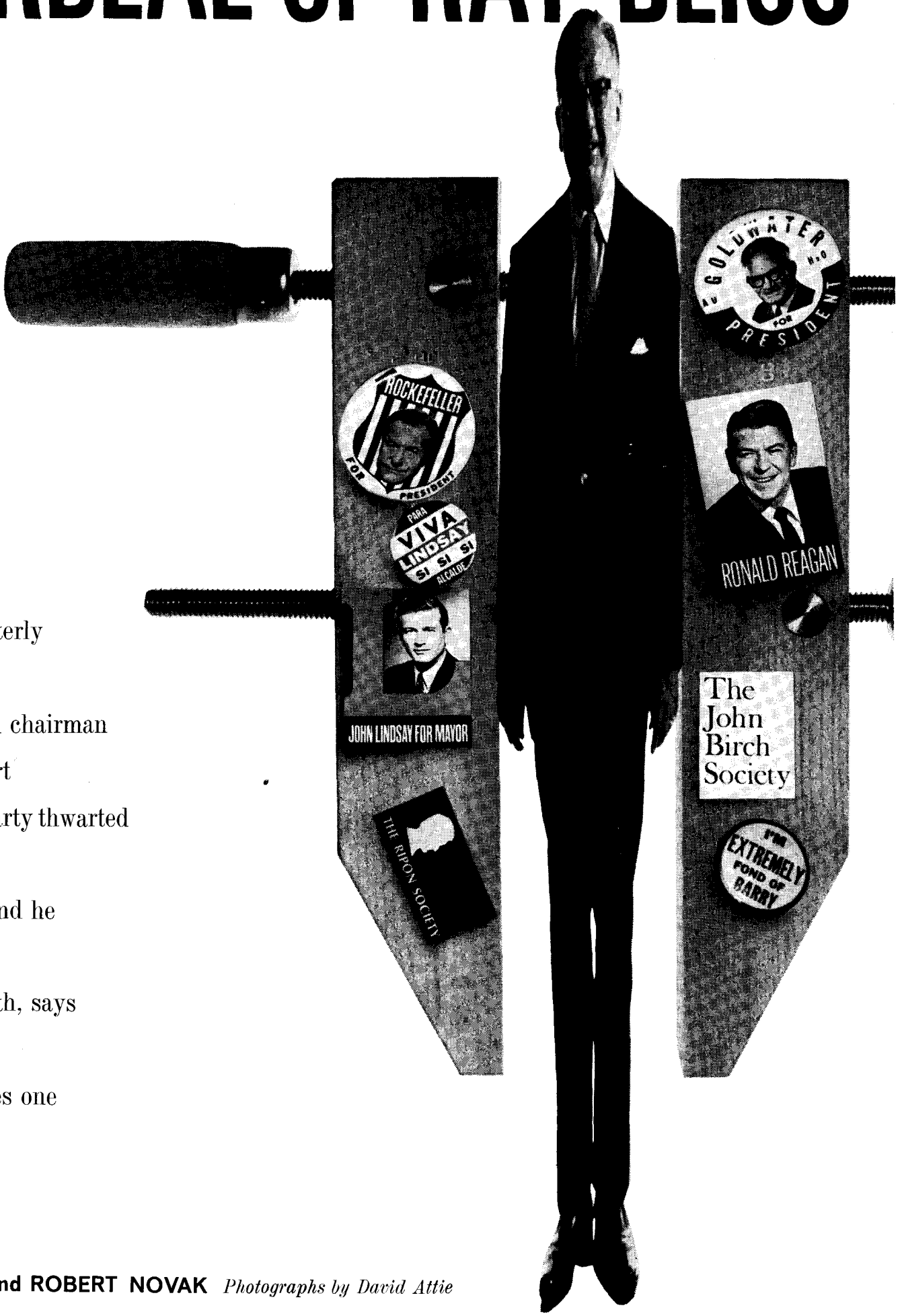
THE ORDEAL OF RAY BLISS



Caught in a tightening squeeze between two bitterly hostile ideologies, the new Republican national chairman has found his every effort to rebuild the battered party thwarted by zealots of either the right wing or the left. And he can never restore the Grand Old Party to health, says a team of noted political observers, until he makes one tough but vital decision.

By ROWLAND EVANS and ROBERT NOVAK *Photographs by David Attie*

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The year since Barry Goldwater's crushing defeat at the polls has been a time of torment for the Grand Old Party. Split wide by civil warfare between two irreconcilable factions, it has all but ceased to exist as a viable entity. Perhaps the most dramatic example of this schism lies in the identity of the only two Republicans to have emerged as fresh personalities of national importance in the past 12 months. One is Congressman John V. Lindsay, who hopes to be elected mayor of New York City next week; the other is Hollywood actor Ronald Reagan, who has already come close to pinning down the 1966 Republican nomination for governor of California.

Significantly the two come from opposite sides of the continent—and opposite ends of the party's ideological spectrum, Lindsay from the left, Reagan the right. But what is most significant about them is that each man's adherents are working and praying not only for their own candidate's victory but also for the other's defeat. Reagan backers want Lindsay to lose so badly that he will be obliterated as a possible presidential candidate in 1968—or ever after. The eastern-seaboard Republicans behind Lindsay feel equally strongly that Reagan's election would be a calamity that must be avoided at all costs.

Lindsay and Reagan—and the men supporting each—represent the two faces of the Republican Party in 1965. Like the two faces of a vise, they are closing in on the man who expected to bring order out of the chaos left by last year's campaign: National Chairman Ray Charles Bliss.

"It's worse, far worse, than I dreamed it would be," he has confided to friends. Although Bliss has earnestly tried to walk the razor-edge of neutrality between the party's liberal and conservative wings in matters of ideology, he has succeeded only in alienating both of them. Two conversations about Bliss this past summer indicate the sort of agony that he—and the Republican Party—have been suffering. The first was an urgent telephone call from a financial supporter of the Goldwater movement to one of the politicians who had fashioned the Arizona senator's convention victory in July, 1964.

Apprehensive that the new chairman was sabotaging the party's right wing, the money man asked, "What are we going to do about Bliss?"

"Wait five months," the politician replied calmly, "and let nature take its course."

"And what if nature doesn't take its course?" the caller persisted.

A pause. "In that case we may have to *help* nature take its course."

The second conversation took place at about the same time, at a meeting of influential Eastern Establishment Republicans from the party's liberal-to-moderate wing. Searle Pinney, the blunt, beefy state chairman from Connecticut, voiced the group's unanimous grievance. "If elected party officials won't set the ideological tone," he asked, meaning Bliss, "who the hell will?"

Pressure on Bliss to "set the ideological tone"—to take sides—has grown month by month since last April 1, when, at 57, he realized his life's ambition by moving to 1625 I Street N.W., in Washington, as Republican national chairman. But ideology simply does not interest Bliss; he has always been primarily a political technician and administrator—and an extremely successful one. Before his investiture on April Fools' Day, he was a party-wide symbol of professionalism and stability. While the Republican leaders in most states are amateurs who come and go with the frequency of

Bliss has tried his best to walk a razor-edge of neutrality between the party's liberal and conservative factions, but has managed only to offend both.

French premiers before De Gaulle, Bliss had been Ohio state chairman for 16 years.

Following his graduation from the University of Akron in 1935 (he had interrupted his education to take a job), Bliss worked in that city as an insurance salesman and amateur politician (county Republican chairman) until 1949. In that year a split and demoralized Ohio Republican Party asked him to be state chairman. Then 41, Bliss said yes—if: if he had an adequate salary (it was $35,000 when he left); if he had a full-time office and staff; and, most important, if he had complete administrative power. These conditions were met, and Bliss quickly united the party's squabbling factions, building a model organization whose victories reached a climax with Richard M. Nixon's surprise capture of Ohio's electoral votes from John F. Kennedy in the 1960 election.

Bliss has not let past triumphs over-inflate his ego. "I don't claim to be a political miracle man, who will effect wondrous measures overnight," he says. And he certainly does not look like one. A chunky, round-faced chain-smoker, with quick, nervous gestures, he could never dominate a smoke-filled room as a Jim Farley or Len Hall would. Terse and sometimes abrupt, he is the antithesis of the political glad-hander; and he occasionally offends sensitive politicians by seeming to snub them. What many of them do not know is that he probably hasn't even seen them. He is completely blind in one eye, as the result of a detached retina caused by an accident many years ago, and the vision in his other eye is weak.

Bliss abhors public appearances. Despite a lifetime in politics, he remains shy and a bit self-conscious. And he is still not quite at ease with words, particularly in front of the press—which helps explain why he barred reporters from all sessions of the National Committee last summer, an unprecedented lockout. One of the least quotable men in political life, Bliss dislikes talking for the record. His prepared statements are more platitudinous than inspirational ("If the Republican Party is to provide the kind of two-party system I believe most Americans want, then the Republican Party first must create in voters the desire to associate themselves with it").

Bliss makes up for his lack of eloquence by single-minded devotion to the job: He is all business. He was an ardent bridge player in his college days, a Sunday golfer after college, and an Ohio State football fan until recently. But in the last few years almost the only interruption of official routine that he has allowed himself came in 1959, when he married his former college sweetheart, brown-haired, attractive Ellen Palmer.

"Politics, if you work the way I do, is a demanding taskmaster," Bliss explains. Staffers at Republican National Headquarters agree. Accustomed to part-time national chairmen who worked a four-hour day, they have been amazed at Bliss's fastidious attention to detail and his habit of staying at his desk far into the night. "Whatever you think about Ray, you have to admit that he's straightened out the office here like it's never been done before," says one staff man.

There are limits, however, to what a national chairman can do. Party structures in America are so fragmented that even state chairmen generally are figureheads—Bliss was an exception. The main functions of the national chairman and National Committee have traditionally been raising money and handling housekeeping arrangements for the party's nominating convention. In recent years, however, the staffs of both parties' national committees have grown larger, and today they also devote considerable amounts of time and effort to public relations and political research.

But the national chairman remains essentially a powerless and shadowy figure who spends his time mouthing political homilies when his party is out of the White House and doing whatever the President orders when his party is in power. An exception was the late Paul Butler, a nervous, highly charged lawyer from South Bend, Ind., who served as Democratic national chairman during most of the Eisenhower Administration. Butler actually promulgated party policy, and the clash of his militantly liberal philosophy with the moderate doctrine of Democratic congressional leaders Sam Rayburn and Lyndon Johnson produced a rewarding harvest of front-page stories.

Every bit as much as Paul Butler did a decade ago, Ray Bliss today wants to enlarge the office of national chairman—but not in Butler's way. Uncomfortable in the world of political theory, he does not seek out imaginative thinkers for his personal staff. Because he himself is essentially an administrator, he instinctively selects other administrators as his deputies. With this philosophy of political management, he made the Ohio Republican Party function like a well-run assembly line turning out pots and pans. And if these were normal times for the party nationally, his conviction that politics can be run according to business rules would make sense. Despite the inherent lack of power in the national chairman's office, Bliss might make the Ohio system work nationally.

But these are not normal times. Although Barry Goldwater and his political entourage promised Bliss their cooperation, they have all but severed relations with him. And when he breakfasted privately with the Republican governors (predominantly liberal-to-moderate) in Minneapolis in July, his reception was cool. Gov. Nelson Rockefeller of New York made it clear that the new organization of governors would strike a distinctly anti-extremist and anti-rightist posture. Bliss quickly and emphatically objected—didn't Rockefeller understand that everything he said about moving the party to the left simply made Bliss's job as national chairman that much harder? After a moment of strained silence, one irritated governor snapped, "Who does Ray think got him his job in the first place?" As he implied, the governors had done so, to a large extent—Nelson Rockefeller among the rest.

To a puzzled Bliss, this is a party gone mad, seemingly intent upon destroying itself over ideological quibbles. What he cannot comprehend is that more and more Republicans on both sides are coming to feel that the G.O.P.'s schism has reached the point of no return—that the party must realign itself either toward the left or toward the right, but cannot remain schizophrenic and survive.

Because he can neither understand nor deal with this mania for fratricide, Bliss is reduced to repeating by rote that he is a technician, quite uninterested in ideology. Ideology, he maintains, is the

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concern of the Republicans in Congress—a view which overlooks the fact that the party's congressional remnant has a pronounced conservative bias, and is therefore not at all representative of the Republicans in urban and suburban areas, who hold whatever future the party might have.

Beyond this, Bliss's phobia about ideological commitment prevents him from making any effort to halt the blatant efforts of the John Birch Society, the Minutemen and other extremists to take over the Republican Party at the precinct level. Perhaps the greatest danger of lunatic-fringe penetration, however, is to the Republican Women's National Federation—in effect, the women's auxiliary of the Republican Party. In 1967, if normal succession is followed, the federation's presidency will fall to the current first vice president, Phyllis Schlafly, author of the notorious right-wing tracts *A Choice Not an Echo* and *The Gravediggers*. Clinging to his dogma of ideological neutrality, the chairman refuses to use his prestige to head off this disaster.

It is a cruel irony that Bliss, who might have had the national chairmanship any time in the last decade almost for the asking, may have come to the job too late. Far more accomplished than his predecessors in the nuts and bolts of political organization, he achieved his political ambition at precisely the moment his special skills had become secondary, and ideological sophistication, his great lack, was in demand.

In the light of what was to follow, it is interesting to recall that Bliss's special administrative talents were precisely what recommended him to conservatives—but not to liberals—as the right man to become national chairman after the 1960 election. At that stage, conservatives were only too willing to settle for an ideological neutral in the chairman's office; the liberals wanted an ally. Twice asked by Barry Goldwater to take the chairmanship, Bliss replied that he would accept only if all factions accepted him. The liberals wouldn't, and Bliss stayed in Ohio.

As late as the spring of 1964, when he was all but assured of the nomination, Goldwater still wanted Bliss as national chairman. But now there was one big proviso: Bliss must endorse the Arizona senator prior to the convention. Foreseeing the November disaster (but unwilling to fight the Goldwater movement openly), Bliss declined—thereby incurring the lasting enmity of the right wing.

Even before the election, Bliss agreed in private talks that Dean Burch, the young Tucson lawyer and political neophyte tapped as national chairman by Goldwater, must be replaced after Goldwater's impending defeat. But it was without his formal consent that Bliss himself became the secret candidate of the party's liberal eastern wing to replace Burch. Bliss himself took no part in the plotting, because his supporters feared that the scheme might fail if Goldwaterites discovered it in time to rally their forces. To conceal their backing of Bliss, the liberals borrowed the techniques of international intrigue. For example, Pennsylvania State Chairman Craig Truax, a leading strategist of Operation Bliss-for-Burch, registered under an assumed name when he checked into a hotel in Columbus—in Bliss's state—to attend one plotting session.

By late December Bliss had a small but decisive edge over Burch in the 136-member National Committee. But Bliss didn't want the chairmanship on those terms. Failing to understand the irreconcilability of the two Republican wings, he still insisted that he would become chairman only as a unity candidate—without opposition. That meant getting Goldwater's approval. And to get it, Bliss had to provide Burch with a way of saving face. After discussions with Goldwater, it was agreed that Bliss would be elected national chairman on January 22 but would not take office until April 1. A stickler for the letter of an agreement, Bliss refused to take over even on an informal basis before that date, thus losing two months he badly needed to start rebuilding on top of the shambles left by the brief Goldwater-Burch reign.

When he finally did take possession, Bliss was appalled at what he found. He inherited from Burch a totally unrealistic spending budget of $4 million for 1965 (compared with $1.6 million in post-election 1961)—but no national finance chairman to raise the money. The party had been without a finance chairman or a serious fund-raising effort since election day.

Burch had rooted experienced staffers out of the National Committee's highly important research division and replaced them with doctrinaire Goldwaterites. In general, administration was so chaotic that there wasn't even an inventory of equipment (including some of the most exotic and sophisticated inter-office communications gear ever purchased by a political party). "Anybody could walk in off the street, swipe a typewriter, and nobody would ever know," says a staff man. "Ray was amazed."

Far more serious for Bliss was the number of new Republican and quasi-Republican organizations that had sprung up outside the dominion of the National Committee when committee fund-raising stalled following the election. These ranged from Republicans for Progress (financed by prominent liberal Republican businessmen and headed by Charles Taft of Cincinnati) to the right-wing American Conservative Union (strongly backed by conservative intellectuals associated with William F. Buckley Jr.'s *National Review*). Moreover, the House and Senate Republican campaign committees, cut off from National Committee financing under Burch, now were running autonomous fund-raising operations. Added to all this, the Republican governors were planning to open their own headquarters in Washington.

"I think Ray's first impulse was to take the next plane back to Ohio," a friend recalls. But Bliss stayed and began picking up the pieces in his methodical, undramatic manner. For example, the first duty given to William Cody Kelly, a well-heeled young Cincinnati aristocrat whom Bliss had brought to Washington as his administrative assistant, was to catalog desks and typewriters.

The Goldwater ideologues were quietly eased out of their strategic posts in research and replaced by Republicans of blander views (some of whom had been purged by Burch a year earlier). And Bliss began the painstaking search for a national finance chairman which culminated in the appointment of Gen. Lucius Clay in June.

Bit by bit, in short, Bliss was trying to transplant the vital elements of the Bliss Ohio system—taut administration, ideological neutrality, centralized control—from High Street in Columbus to I Street in Washington. "Now, the way we did it back in Ohio . . ." became his constant refrain.

But Bliss failed to realize that what works wonders in Ohio may not work at all along the Potomac. He soon found that the cornerstone of his system—centralized control—was impossible to achieve in Washington. For example, he still has not managed to integrate the fund-raising operations of the Senate and House campaign committees into General Clay's national operation. Bliss really has his eye on the congressional campaign committee's new "Boosters Club," which rewards $1,000 contributors with exclusive off-the-record briefings by Richard Nixon and other party big shots. Bliss wanted the Boosters Club, the most successful G.O.P. money ploy in many years, directly under the National Commit-

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An expert political technician and administrator, Ray Bliss displays some of the tools of his trade as he stands beside his desk in the Washington office he took over on April Fools' Day.

tee. So far, however, he has failed to get it there.

Nor has he yet been able to halt the continuing proliferation of splinter organizations that compete with the National Committee for funds. Soon after Bliss's arrival on I Street, right-wing Republicans announced the formation of the Americans for Conservative Education, the United Republicans of America and—most menacing of all—Barry Goldwater's Free Society Association. Remembering Goldwater's pledge of cooperation, Bliss was horror-struck that the party's titular leader would sponsor still another offshoot to compete with the regular party for contributions (at $1,000 a head for sustaining members).

Bliss also ran into staff problems of a kind he had never dreamed of in Ohio. His worst staff headache turned out to be Frank Kovac, an inheritance from the Burch regime. For the six months between Goldwater's defeat and General Clay's arrival as national finance chairman, Kovac, who had been finance director of the original draft-Goldwater movement, held fund-raising authority in his own hands.

Ostensibly to fill the National Committee's fast-emptying coffers, Kovac hit upon the highly questionable idea of selling the committee's mailing list of contributors. But Kovac was hardly judicious in selecting buyers. Among his customers were the militantly conservative Young Americans for Freedom and the far-right Liberty Lobby, an organization formed in 1955 by a group of self-styled "California patriots" which opposes, among other things, civil rights and the income tax. Horrified at finding the Liberty Lobby's rightist and racist propaganda in their mailboxes, National Committee donors bitterly protested to Bliss.

Bliss sent Kovac a terse memorandum ordering him to stop peddling the lists immediately. But Bliss quickly found that a memo on I Street did not carry the wallop of a memo on High Street. When he learned that Kovac was still selling the lists to nonparty organizations even after receiving the memo, Bliss promptly fired him (although Kovac later insisted that he already had submitted his letter of resignation).

Shortly after Kovac's dismissal, one I.B.M. tape of the National Committee's mailing lists proved to be missing. In the light of Kovac's previous use of committee mailing lists as merchandise—and of his close connection with the Goldwater movement—Bliss was understandably apprehensive. With the apparent backing of his boss, William Cody Kelly, Bliss's top administrative assistant, went to Kovac's office on Friday night, June 18, jimmied open the locked desk and—with three assistants—carted off three files, but failed to find the tape.

Kovac angrily leaked the whole shoddy affair to the press, and Bliss had no choice but to fire Kelly, who thereupon announced that Bliss had approved his conduct. "I immediately reported my findings to the chairman, and he professed satisfaction with my work," Kelly told reporters.

Absurd though the Kelly-Kovac affair seemed, it did grave, perhaps irreparable, damage to Bliss. The story broke at a crucial moment: on the eve of the first National Committee meeting to be held under his direction. The right-left vise began closing in on Bliss. The first glow of enthusiasm for the new chairman gone, the party's liberal-moderate wing was already starting to accuse him of being soft on Goldwaterism. And the Goldwaterites, never happy about the Bliss-for-Burch switch, were growing more and more hostile.

They took it as a studied insult that Goldwater was not included among a list of top Republican speakers at a series of Ohio fund-raising dinners honoring Bliss. And they were angered when Bliss was cautiously critical of Goldwater's sponsorship of the Free Society Association.

Into this atmosphere of tension dropped the Kovac-Kelly affair—not only embarrassing Bliss but raising questions from both sides about his judgment. Kelly, after all, was a Bliss protégé—imported from Ohio (and installed the previous fall as Ohio state director of the Citizens for Goldwater-Miller at Bliss's specific request).

When the National Committee assembled in Washington's Statler Hilton on June 28, Bliss tried to cool tempers by a judicious distribution of his meager supply of "patronage"—consisting of largely honorary National Committee offices. A southern conservative was given a party vice chairmanship, and two vacant spots on the executive committee were dispensed to liberals (one of whom had been bounced from that post by Burch a year earlier.) But these offerings satisfied neither faction, and the meeting adjourned with both sides grumbling about their new chairman.

Nowhere, however, is the grumbling more intense or the pressure of the vise on Bliss more inexorable than in the Young Republicans, perhaps the most unmanageable official offshoot of the national party. In the last decade, while most adult party leaders looked the other way, the Y.R.'s not only became militantly and monolithically conservative in ideology but also began emphasizing the organization's qualities as a superb training ground for intraparty warfare and convention infighting. This was the tough, practical school that produced F. Clifton White, the skilled field marshal of the Goldwater nomination. As the chief senior adviser of the Young Republicans, White drew many of his lieutenants in the campaign to nominate Goldwater from the ranks of the Y.R.'s.

After last year's election, party leaders from New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan and other industrial states started a quiet campaign to deemphasize the Y.R.'s as a training school for political infighting. They wanted to reorient it as a recruiting agent to reverse the Republican Party's steady decline in appeal to the nation's youth—including Negro youth.

But was it possible to break the hold over the Y.R.'s by "The Syndicate"—the tightly knit organization of bright, aggressive young conservatives put together and still advised by Cliff White? Not a chance. The liberals' alternative was to go around the regular Young Republican organization by setting up a youth-activities bureau under the National Committee, thereby circumventing the regular Y.R.'s.

At one point last summer, there seemed at least a 50-50 chance that Bliss would go along with this scheme. He substantially reduced the National Committee's normal subsidy for the Y.R.'s, and authorized a National Committee grant for a "young leaders" program—an effort by liberal-moderate Republican college youth to win campus leaders away from the Democrats by giving them the alternative of a liberalized G.O.P. But when word of these tentative steps reached the Y.R.'s friends on Capitol Hill, congressional warnings that Bliss had better keep hands off the Y.R.'s began filtering in to I Street. Bliss dropped all notions about a youth bureau.

After six months in the job, Ray Bliss's honorable dream of becoming permanent national chairman, as he was permanent state chairman in Ohio, seems farther than ever from realization. He would be less than human if he were not tempted to quit right now and go home to Ohio.

Yet Bliss is tough and has a strong sense of pride. These qualities will probably enable him to ride out his ordeal until the next national convention in 1968. Despite the scare talk by Goldwaterites of helping nature take its course and pushing Bliss out before then, there isn't a chance they could do it. As long as Bliss can endure the ordeal, he can remain as national chairman.

The real question lies deeper. Can Bliss achieve his original purpose: to restore the G.O.P. to good health and preserve the two-party system? The conviction is growing on all sides that he cannot—unless he discards the habits of a lifetime and picks his ideological side.

The same advice—and criticism—comes from opposite poles of the party. *The Ripon Forum*, publication of the Ripon Society (composed mainly of liberal Republican professors from Ivy League colleges) writes: ". . . instead of building support among moderates, and vigorously courting the millions of Republicans who bolted the party in November, Bliss has gingerly sought to accommodate the Goldwater conservatives in a united Republican front." In his *National Review*, conservative theoretician William F. Buckley Jr. scolds: "Mr. Bliss will find, in the days ahead, that he must encourage a policy that satisfies the conservatives within the Republican Party, or else wind up with total control of a vast Republican National Headquarters composed of empty rooms with cobwebs on the typewriters. . . ."

The Ripon Society and Buckley, so far apart in other respects, are saying the same thing to Ray Bliss: "There is no neutral ground left in the G.O.P. You must pick your side." □

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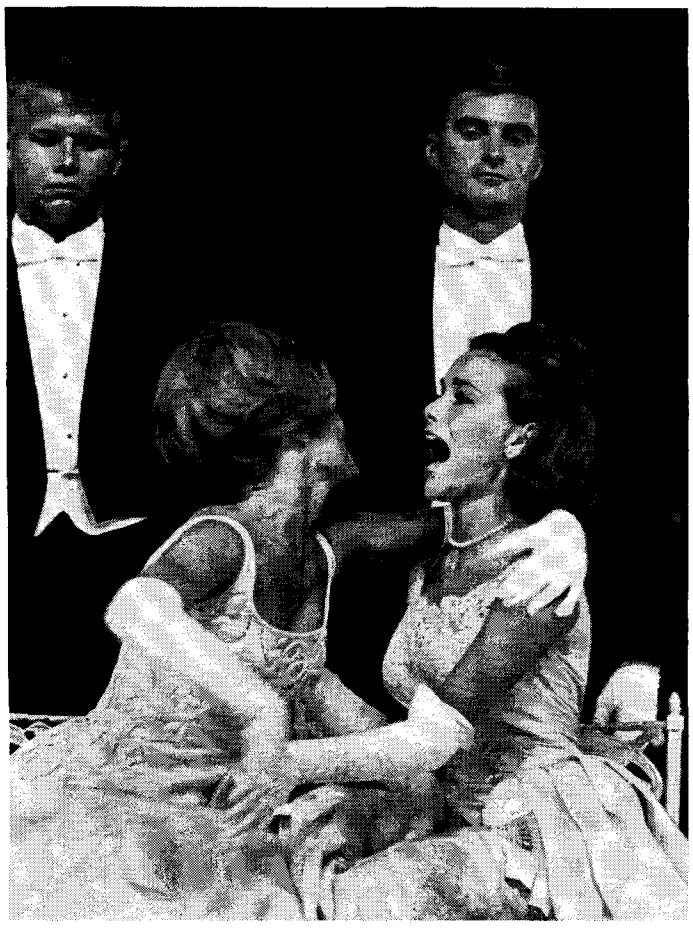
THE DISCOVERY OF MISS AMERICA

A cool, practiced Kansan demolishes her big-time beauty competition.

By David L. Goodrich • Photographs by Vytas Valaitis

Last July, the POST decided to watch a group of local beauty-contestants compete for the title of Miss Kansas and to report on what befell the winner—whoever she might be—in the subsequent Miss America Pageant at Atlantic City. We selected Kansas for no better reason than its central location. No Kansan had ever become Miss America, and there was no reason to suppose that the odds were less than 50–1 this time. As things turned out, however, our intended story about an average Miss America contestant became the story of Miss America 1966 herself.



At the moment of decision, runner-up Miss Mississippi (left) reaches to embrace Miss Kansas. Escorts maintain stolid poise.

Except for four days each year, Pratt, Kansas, is just about as exciting a place as you would expect a town called Pratt, Kansas, to be. It is a patch of shade trees and brick-paved streets in the vast sweep of windy, green-brown plains, with a population of 8,000, a few neatly tended parks, and a handful of small office buildings where men do business in wheat, cattle and oil. The pace is slow, and slower still in the scorching heat of summer, when kids soak languidly in the motel pools and pedestrians poke along through the heat haze on Main Street.

But for four days in July all this changes and Pratt becomes the liveliest community in the state. By virtue of a franchise given to the Pratt Junior Chamber of Commerce by the Miss America Pageant of Atlantic City, N.J., Pratt is the home of the Miss Kansas pageant, the official beauty contest to pick Kansas's candidate for the Miss America title itself. Along with the contestants, who have won local contests in their hometowns, the Pratt pageant draws a crowd of friends, relatives, escorts and assorted tourists who fill up every hotel, motel and boardinghouse in town. Red, white, and blue pennants flutter over Main Street, the sound of band music is in the air, and Pratt's civic pride and retail sales swell to maximum levels—so much so that what started out to be just another Jaycee project back in 1954 has grown to be something which involves the whole community.

If the project is an asset to Pratt, it promises even greater rewards to the contestants, for the girl named Miss Kansas goes on to the finals in Atlantic City. There she can, conceivably, win a storybook year of cash and glory and all the trimmings of stardom—personal appearances across the country, luxurious expense-account living, possible earnings of $75,000 to $100,000 and, if she desires, a start on a career in show business.

The pageant business itself is a peculiar and fast-growing combination of show business, advertising and boosterism, embracing thousands of small contests and several of national or international scope, such as the Miss America, Miss Universe and Miss U.S.A. pageants. The business tends to bestow its honors on girls who can make good public-relations representatives for their pageant and its sponsoring companies. To win a big beauty contest, a girl must work hard to smooth away rough edges of individualism; she must remain eternally smiling and unswervingly bland, larding her public utterances with inoffensive references to good sportsmanship, good citizenship and moral rectitude. Above all, she must affirm the beauty-pageant credo that exhibiting one's legs in a swimsuit is more than just a way to attract attention and make money. Pageant officials invariably insist that "friendships," "character-building" and "educational opportunities" are the really important rewards, and bolster the idea by awarding scholarship prizes. More than bathing-beauty high jinks and commercial shilling, they imply, the beauty contest is a step toward a richer, fuller life and some unspecified Feminine Ideal.

The Miss America Pageant is the biggest of the contests, a huge, nonprofit operation which throws off commercial benefits on every side. Both its state preliminaries and its finals are supported in part by four national sponsors—the Toni Co., Pepsi-Cola, the Oldsmobile division of General Motors, and fabric-maker Joseph Bancroft & Sons—who contribute cash and scholarship prizes in return for publicity, the right to sponsor the finals on television, and first call on the services of Miss America. But Lenora Slaughter, executive director and guiding spirit of the pageant for 31 years, sees it as something far grander than a promotional device. It is, in her words, "a national institution built by 200,000 civic leaders across the highways and byways of this nation—dedicated leaders working unstintingly for the benefit of young American girls."

I first saw some of these leaders, and the 30 Miss Kansas contestants, on Friday afternoon, July 9, in the auditorium of Pratt's Municipal Building. The girls, most of them students between the ages of 18 and 21, were scattered around the 1,200-seat hall, dressed in rehearsal clothes—shorts, slacks, cotton dresses. They looked fresh and keyed-up, despite the 95-degree outside temperature. Around them swarmed committee members tagged with lapel badges, who toted luggage, pored over clipboards, fiddled with lights and props. At the rear of the hall Pepsi-Cola employees labored at small bars, filling paper cups with the company product and distributing it free.

I located the co-chairmen of the pageant, a stocky, crewcut dentist named James Van Blaricum and a thin, soft-spoken lawyer named J. Patrick Brazil. "The cost of producing the pageant is low," Van Blaricum told me, "because volunteers do all production work. It's a real community project—if you're not involved when pageant week rolls around, you're an alien." Pratt people put up contestants and chaperones in their homes, Brazil said, and "consider it an honor."

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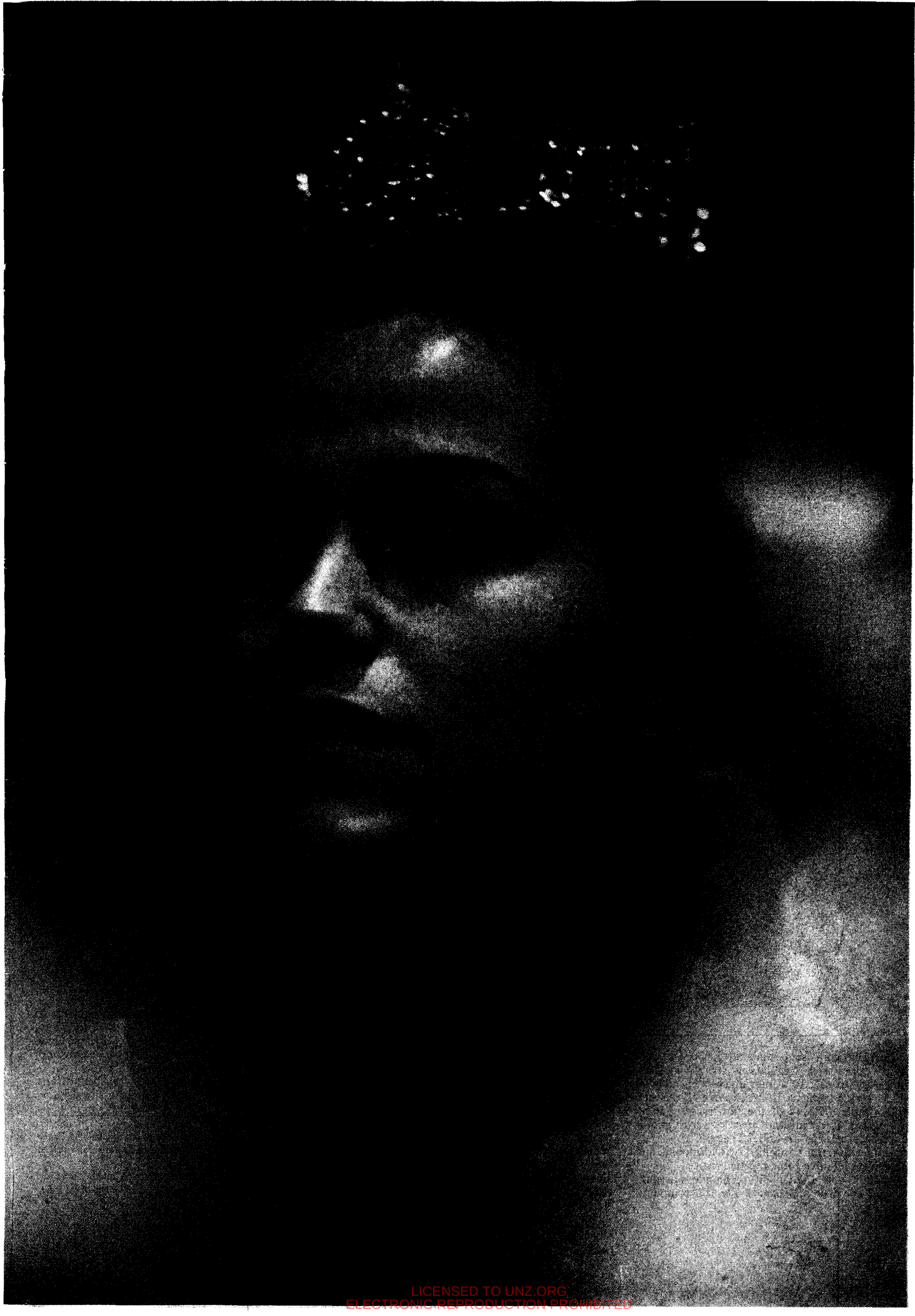

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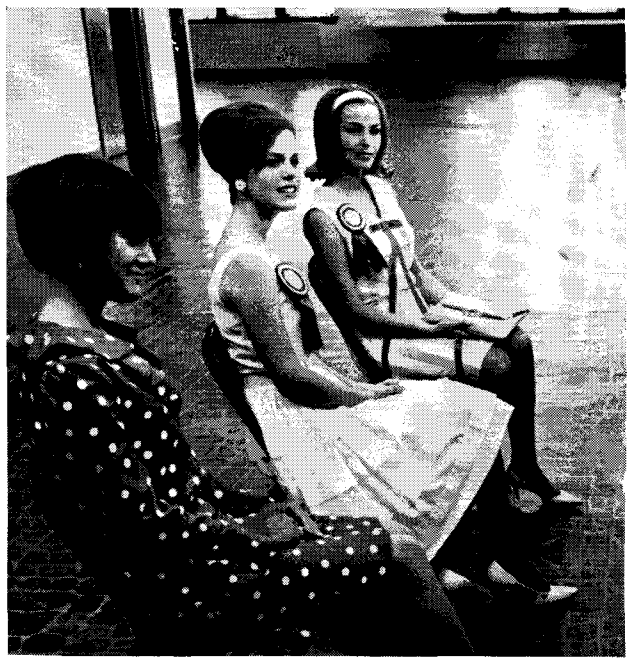
At the Miss Kansas contest in Pratt, Debbie parades in gold metallic outfit (left) to win swimsuit preliminary.

Debbie and two other Miss Kansas contestants (right) are interviewed by judges weighing their poise and personality.



ing herself on a small organ while a dozen other contestants sat in front rows waiting their turn to rehearse. The pageant had opened with a parade and a banquet on Wednesday. On Thursday half the contestants had been judged in swimsuits and evening gowns and the other group had put on talent performances, doing three-minute turns singing, dancing, reciting or playing instruments; tonight the groups would be reversed, and on Saturday night 10 semifinalists would go through everything again.

At the moment, Van Blaricum told me, some contestants were being interviewed by the judges—an ad-agency vice president, a banking executive, the director of the University of Oklahoma School of Music and two women—a fashion consultant and a junior-high-school choral director. This was a critical part of the contest. "The judges pick Miss Kansas mainly on the basis of how she looks and performs onstage," he said, "but they also consider poise, personality and intelligence."

The girls were interviewed in groups of three in a conference room of the Municipal Building and were asked about such matters as their studies, extracurricular activities and career plans. Many were nervous, but one—Miss Kansas City, an extremely pretty 19-year-old with light brown hair and gray eyes—handled herself with cool self-control. Wearing a blue-and-white-striped dress and a dazzling smile, Miss Kansas City told the judges that her name was Deborah Irene Bryant, and that she lived in Overland Park, near Kansas City, with her mother; her father, a civilian employee of the Air Force, was stationed in the Philippines and sometimes worked in Vietnam. A part-time model, she had been named Miss Kansas City in April after defeating 13 rivals. She had just finished her sophomore year as a straight-A student at Christian College in Columbia, Mo. In the fall she planned to enter the University of Kansas to take pre-med courses and become a pediatrician. Her modeling, she said, was just a "stepping-stone" to this larger goal.

One of the judges asked Miss Kansas City if she enjoyed modeling. "Yes, very much," she said. "I find that it's a real help in self-discipline."

A second judge wanted to know if Miss Kansas City made sacrifices to keep on top scholastically.

"It's important to organize your time," she replied. "I don't go out too many evenings if I have to study or model the next day."

Here were answers in the best Miss America tradition—earnest, unexceptionable, and upbeat. The judges looked impassive, but points were obviously being scored.

After the interview, the judges asked each contestant whether she had any questions for them. One girl wanted to know what was the "chief satisfaction" of being a judge. The answer: "Meeting people like you." When Miss Kansas City's turn came, she smiled and asked: "Will this year's Miss Kansas become Miss America?"

Judicial reserve broke down and the judges beamed. "Of course," they replied in unison. "Yes, of course she will!"

It was not surprising to learn that Miss Kansas City was a beauty-pageant veteran. In 1961 she was a runner-up in the Miss Teenage America contest, and in 1962 she was named "America's Most Beautiful Teenager" by *'Teen* magazine. She was a finalist in the 1963 Miss U.S.A. contest and over her four-year career had won several minor titles, including Miss Tammy Teen of Kansas City and Modeling Queen of Christian College.

Miss Kansas City had begun modeling for a department store when she was 14, had taken a 30-hour modeling course and had spent many more hours practicing her walk in front of mirrors. She told me that she felt no self-consciousness on a beauty-contest runway, but concentrated on communicating with the audience. "I throw sweeping looks, and I smile to show I'm enjoying myself," she said. "I can feel the audience responding. They seem to be saying, 'Go on—you're doing fine.' It's very thrilling. I think appearing in pageants is worthwhile—it gives you a chance to meet people and to project yourself."

Self-projection was the main concern on Friday night, when the girls marched onto the stage singing *We Are Tomorrow*, one of several official Miss America songs. The master of ceremonies, Stan Talbot, a bouncy man with a squared-off crewcut who works as a high-school band coach, introduced the girls competing in their formals, and they walked one by one down the runway flashing brilliant, say-cheese smiles. (Backstage, I learned, volunteers from Pratt beauty salons had applied Vaseline to the contestants' teeth to add extra brilliance under the lights.) Miss Kansas City was among the runway-walkers, wearing an off-white dress made by her mother.

The talent acts included Miss Hays, who rendered portions of *Troilus and Cressida* and *Othello* and then thanked Shakespeare "for writing those beautiful words"; Miss Bonner Springs, who said "God hears, above all things, music," and then played Rachmaninoff on the piano; and Miss Garden City, who belted out her song with a blue light playing on her, and her teeth flashing in a wild grin. The evening's last performer was Narka Marie Frink, Miss Eudora, a professional dancer who was costumed as a scrubwoman, in a gray wig and tattered dress and carrying a mop. She mopped the floor while the orchestra played soft background music. When the orchestra suddenly switched to a livelier tune, she shed her costume to reveal a red ballet dress, and began leaping and twirling energetically about the stage.

For the swimsuit competition, the beauticians had applied makeup to cover bruises, mosquito

Debbie and her mother socialize at a luncheon in Pratt. Mrs. Bryant was her daughter's chaperone for contest.

Preparing for Atlantic City, Miss Kansas works on makeup at home (far right) with aid of cosmetics expert.

MISS AMERICA

Van Blaricum said that all activities were tightly supervised. Regulations strictly forbid a contestant to talk to a man unless a member of the pageant committee is present, even if the man is her father. "Many of the fathers are young-looking, and if a contestant were seen with him, it might cause gossip," he said. "The girls travel only in white convertibles supplied by Oldsmobile, and the drivers all have to be married men."

Onstage, Miss Garden City, a blonde, was singing *Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing*, accompany-

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bites and untanned areas. Most contestants wore black or white, but Miss Kansas City paraded in a splendid gold number. Where some girls teetered on their high heels, others chugged along and some merely walked, Miss Kansas City moved down the runway with an easy, liquid grace. While she paraded, the drummer gave his cymbals a few extra licks, and the M.C. announced that her hobbies were "sports of all kinds."

Miss Kansas City won the night's swimsuit award and Miss Eudora the prize for talent, both accepting the news by shooting additional voltage into their smiles and avoiding the usual beauty-contest blubbering. (Formal-gown winners were not announced, in order to keep up the "suspense," pageant officials explained.)

On Saturday morning the contestants climbed into white convertibles for a special feature of the pageant—a guided tour of Pratt. High points of the tour, announced over a radio hookup, included the post office, the Baptist Church, the site of the new drive-in bank, Pratt County College, Liberty Junior High School, Lemon Park (which a native described as a "good place for plain old finger-lickin' picnics"), the Elks' Lodge, and the V.F. Rosenkranz residence, where the doors of the two-car garage were marked HIS and HERS.

The final performance of the pageant, on Saturday night, drew a near-capacity audience, including the governor of Kansas, William H. Avery, who had come to crown Miss Kansas 1966. (Ordinarily the incumbent crowns her successor; however, Miss Kansas 1965—Margene Savage—had been killed in an automobile accident in May.)

Ten semifinalists were judged in formal gowns, and then displayed their talent. When Miss Kansas City's turn came, she walked onstage wearing a polka-dotted apron and carrying a lighted kerosene lamp, and recited a poem titled, *Which Shall It Be?* This was a first-person narrative by an impoverished mother who once faced a terrible decision. She and her husband had seven children, and a well-to-do relative offered to rear one of them and give it the best education. While the children were asleep, the narrator and her husband tiptoed from bed to bed, and at each bedside they recalled something that made them say, "No, not this one." In the end they kept all seven at home and managed to pull through.

The semifinalists were cut to five—including Miss Eudora and Miss Kansas City—and as a final test, they were asked to define words such as "strength" and "loyalty." Miss Kansas City's word was "success," which she defined by saying, "When we think of success, we think of money and of people getting on a ladder. I think true success lies in contributing to mankind, not in making money. We should not only take but give."

More speeches and songs followed: Talbot announced the names of the fourth, third, and second runners-up, leaving Miss Kansas City and Miss Eudora standing alone. The audience rustled; Talbot flourished the paper in his hands, then cried, "First runner-up—Miss Eudora!"

Again Miss Kansas City—now Miss Kansas—did no weeping. Looking delighted, she was crowned and kissed by the governor. Backstage, a crowd surged about, snapping flashbulbs and thrusting microphones at her. She was joined by her mother, Mrs. Hurley D. Bryant, an attractive, dark-haired lady who said triumphantly that she was in "complete agreement" with the judges.

Miss Kansas was then shepherded into a conference room for a judges' critique. All agreed that her hairstyling and makeup were "perfect," and the gold bathing suit drew special compliments. However, the suit also presented a problem: at Atlantic City metallic suits could be worn for pre-pageant publicity, but were barred onstage. After some discussion it was decided that Miss Kansas would wear sunflower yellow. She was urged to exercise frequently, to flesh out her calves. Her recitation caused further worries—one judge said that recitations were common at Atlantic City, and asked if Miss Kansas could sing; Miss Kansas said no. Miss Kansas's mother suggested she might play the organ; Miss Kansas vetoed that with an upward roll of her eyes. The session broke up with all agreeing to study the matter further.

In many ways Miss Kansas herself was the best authority on the demands of the contest to come. She had been watching Miss America competition on television for years, studying the contestants as they did their acts and answered test questions. "The most successful girls wear clothes that don't hinder their movements, that aren't too over-sophisticated," she told me. To prepare for the competition, she planned to familiarize herself with the judges' backgrounds, "so I can be interesting at the interview."

"I want to win the Miss America pageant terribly," she declared. "I don't want to win for the honor. I've had as much honor as a girl could want. I want to win for Kansas."

On Sunday Miss Kansas conferred with pageant officials about the contract that would govern her year's employment if she failed to become Miss America. She would be paid an average of $50 per day plus expenses for appearances throughout the state. The directors would arrange all appearances and interviews, and she would travel with a chaperone (her mother brightened at this, and declared she would "love to travel with Debbie"). The directors advised Miss Kansas not to discuss politics (she headed a students-for-Goldwater committee which won a mock election on campus last fall) "Above all," co-chairman Brazil told her, "don't discuss money. If anything detracts from the dignity of Miss Kansas, that's it."

During her flight home, by jetliner from Wichita, a male passenger gave Miss Kansas his card, which identified him as an executive of a waste-disposal company whose motto was "Our Business is Picking Up." A crowd of friends and boosters at the Kansas City airport greeted her with homemade signs and blasts on air horns. She accepted a kiss from the mayor, posed for photographers, and was driven home at the head of a motorcade.

At Miss Kansas's comfortable, ranch-style home, everyone crowded into a living room furnished with, among other things, an electric organ and several grandfather clocks from Germany (where Mr. Bryant's Air Force job had taken the family for two years). One of the Kansas City Jaycees told me with a grin that "if Debbie becomes Miss America, we'll run a two-dollar tour through here."

I learned that Miss Kansas's parents were now divorced, and that she had a 21-year-old brother named Douglas, an army sergeant stationed in Massachusetts. Her grandmother, Mrs. Ancil Whiles, told me a little about Debbie (I had stopped thinking of her as Miss Kansas by now). She has always been something of a perfectionist—according to her grandmother, "She is so neat that it's a joy to go in her room and open a bureau drawer," and she "sees things through to the very end." Modeling was her own idea, and she paid for the lessons with babysitting earnings. "In high school, if Deb had a modeling appointment that conflicted with a date, she would cancel the date," said Mrs. Whiles. "She could always tell the difference between the essential and the trivial."

Mrs. Whiles said that Debbie had never gone steady with any one boy, that she was very fond of reading ("worthwhile things, heavy things, about English royalty, queens and so forth") and she

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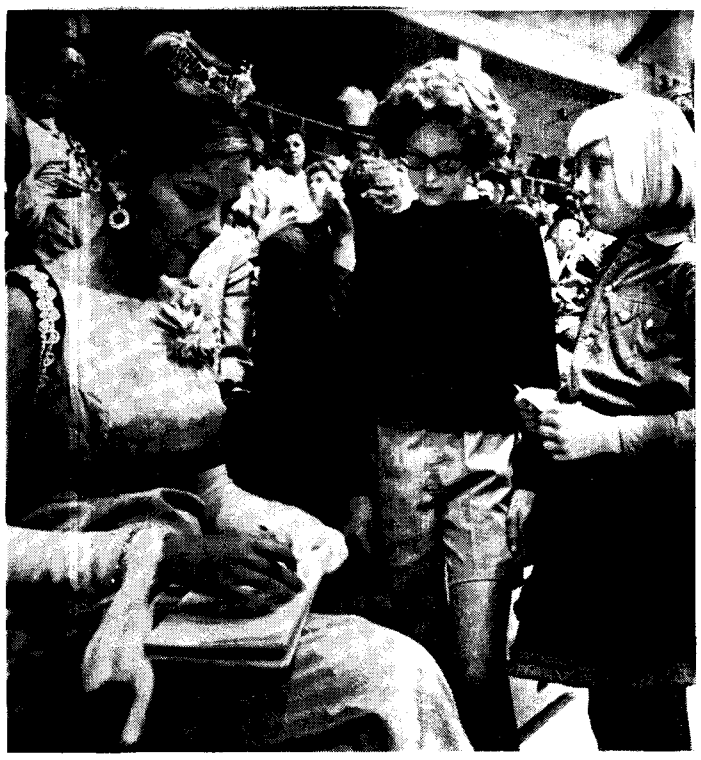

was really serious about becoming a pediatrician.

Debbie herself showed me her scrapbooks. One handwritten caption revealed a strong competitive streak—"My first contest," it said. "I took second. From then on there was no stopping me." There were tear sheets of a column on high-school activities she had written in 1962 for *'Teen* magazine. "Woodsies," read one, "are usually a very small gathering of close friends and usually are held in or near a wooded area. The kids find various things to do, such as sing songs around a huge fire. Hip huggers are perfect to wear to woodsies."

In the eight weeks following her selection, Debbie performed her queenly duties. In a new convertible loaned by a sponsor, she and her mother drove a total of 4,500 miles to public appearances around the state. She rode a stagecoach in a parade at Dodge City, attended the Annual Free Fair at Osawatomie, crowned Miss Northwest Kansas 1966 at Augusta and crowned the 1966 Dairy Queen at the Franklin County Fair. For one appearance at Goodland, near the Colorado border, she left home at five A.M. and drove 435 miles, took part in a parade in the driving rain, presided over a beauty pageant, made a speech and finished up with a 10 P.M. TV interview.

She also prepared for the big test to come by doing leg exercises and buying a new oyster-white formal gown trimmed with lace and crystals. She followed the judges' advice and scrapped *Which Shall It Be?* To replace it, she wrote a take-off on movie melodrama, which she entitled *The Miserable Miserliness of Midas Moneybags.* She played all three characters—a heroine, a villain, and a hero. The plot was skimpy: The heroine couldn't make a mortgage payment, and was set upon by her evil landlord, then rescued by the hero. Her mother sewed a costume that was part villain's black cape, part heroine's dress, and part hero's pants and shirt; by turning from side to side, Miss Kansas could switch characters. To gain polish, she rehearsed repeatedly with the head of the University of Kansas drama department.

One effort to prepare for Atlantic City was unsuccessful: Queries at department stores, specialty shops, and manufacturers failed to turn up an acceptable yellow bathing suit, and it was decided reluctantly that Miss Kansas would wear white.

The Miss America Pageant officially got under way on the afternoon of Tuesday, September 7. Preliminary performances were scheduled for Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday nights, with the nationally televised selection of Miss America coming on Saturday night. However, Miss Kansas's advisers decided that, to get a head start on publicity, she should attend a press session on Sunday, September 5. The Cessna Aircraft Company of Wichita agreed to fly her to Atlantic City as a public-relations gesture, and on the morning of September 4 she showed up at the company's airfield. She looked fit and bright-eyed, and had brought a half-dozen pieces of luggage, containing some 25 changes of clothing and 19 pairs of shoes. After Cessna publicity photos, she and I and three Prattans boarded an eight-passenger plane. Miss Kansas exchanged her high heels for a pair of beat-up gold bedroom slippers and fell asleep 10 minutes after takeoff.

Wakened by air pockets, over Missouri, Miss Kansas told me she was "jittery" about her talent. She realized she might seem amateurish compared to contestants who had taken voice, dance, or music lessons, but she hoped she might get credit for originality. "Pageant judges see a lot of singers and dancers," she said. "I'm hoping they'll think my performance is unique and clever. But talent isn't the criterion—personality is. The judges are looking for someone who's poised, outgoing, and competent. I'm looking forward to my interview, because the judges ask about goals, and I'll have something to talk about."

She told me that, in an advance copy of the pageant program, she had studied photographs of her competitors, read descriptions of their backgrounds and talents, and made a list of the 12 who would be "toughest to beat." (Of one girl, who stood only five-feet-three, she said: "Her height could be a problem for her. Convention Hall is an awfully big place to be little in.")

After a lunch stop at Columbus, Ohio, Miss Kansas sat in the copilot's seat, chewing gum and getting an informal flying lesson. Shortly before landing, she startled me and the other passengers by crying "Y'all better wake up back there" over the intercom.

The early arrival in Atlantic City began producing quick publicity results on Sunday: Debbie was filmed by Pepsi-Cola representatives with eight of the dozen contestants who had arrived in town, and wore her gold swimsuit to a press session beside the boomerang-shaped pool of the Marlborough-Blenheim Hotel. A reporter asked her to define sex appeal, and she fielded the question cleanly: "I believe sex is an unhealthy preoccupation of our generation. It seems as though it's never out of some people's minds. To have sex appeal you have to be the sexy type. I'm the bookworm type."

After dinner she went for a walk on the boardwalk, wearing a mink stole she had won at Pratt (actually, she had only won the use of the stole for the big week; it had to be returned to Stein Bros. Fur Company in Wichita). To Debbie, the boardwalk's garish mishmash of luxury hotels, pokerino parlors and saltwater-taffy shops seemed "weird" and "kind of European." Back in her motel, she put the plastic cap of her hair dryer on her head, switched the dryer on and got into bed. To her startled hostess, she explained that she would keep the dryer going all night, because the warm air and the humming noise made her sleep.

The next afternoon she went with her Pageant hostess, Mrs. George H. Wimberg, Jr., to the Chalfonte-Haddon Hall Hotel to register for the contest (hostesses are Atlantic City residents who serve as unpaid chaperones during Pageant Week). The 50 contestants sat through welcoming speeches, including a talk by Lenora Slaughter, who wore a Hedda Hopperish hat and spoke in a fruity southern drawl. Miss Slaughter (in private life Mrs. Bradford Frapart, wife of the Pageant's business manager) hammered home the cardinal points: 1) It was an honor and a responsibility to be a contestant; 2) Good sportsmanship was vital ("you want to leave this town knowing that people *liked* you"); 3) Winning was unimportant ("the Pageant is a stepping-stone in developing your character and your future").

After the speeches the contestants moved into a vast, red-carpeted banquet room to pose on four tiers of seats for a group picture. It was my first chance to see them *en masse,* and it was clear that this was big-league competition. They were far prettier and more polished than the group at Pratt; every hair was in place, and not a single powdered nose reflected the photographers' lights.

In the evening the contestants ran through the Pageant routine on the vast stage of Convention Hall, while the clatter of workmen's hammers blended with the taped voice of M.C. Bert Parks and the cries of the director ("Don't bunch up like cattle!"). Rehearsing the walk down the 122-foot runway, some contestants looked bored; when Debbie's turn came, she beamed practice smiles up at the distant, empty balconies.

At 10 P.M. Bert Parks himself arrived and made a brief welcoming speech. A journeyman actor-singer-comedian who was hired 11 years ago when the officials decided they needed a singing M.C., Parks gets paid $12,500 for his five days' work, and has become an essential ingredient of the Pageant mix ("If we were to fire him," says Miss Slaughter, "there'd be a grass-roots protest from all over the United States").

After rehearsal, Debbie talked on the telephone with her mother and her grandparents, who had arrived that evening after a three-day drive from Kansas with a large piece of wood-and-canvas scenery (for Debbie's skit) tied to their car. "It rained a lot," Mrs. Bryant told me later, "and I was sure the scenery was ruined."

The contestants attended a photo session on the

Swimsuit contestants match smiles at Convention Hall. Miss Kansas (seventh from right) won this preliminary.

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Doing her chores as Miss Kansas, Debbie signs autographs (far left) at the Northwest Kansas Free Fair in Goodland.

University of Kansas drama coach Lewin Goff helps Debbie with skit she wrote for Miss America talent contest.

sundeck of the Chalfonte Hotel on Tuesday, and Debbie's metallic suit stood out again; photographers called her aside to get special shots for midwestern papers. While a hostess sat knitting nearby, I asked Debbie what she thought of girls who posed nude for magazines like *Playboy*.

The hostess stopped knitting and said, "You'd better be careful, Miss Kansas." Debbie thought for a moment, then gave me a wide-eyed smile and sidestepped smoothly. "I don't know," she said. "I've never seen any of those magazines."

There was a stroke of luck in the afternoon. Debbie had always considered the white competition swimsuit unflattering around the bustline. That afternoon, while shopping on the Boardwalk, her grandmother spotted a yellow suit which turned out to be a perfect fit.

That night Debbie had a bad dream. A photographer kept demanding "just one more picture," she said, "and I woke sitting up and forcing myself to smile."

On Wednesday she successfully crossed an important hurdle—her interview with the 10-member panel of judges. Miss America judges, according to Miss Slaughter, are selected to represent "all the fine arts"; this year's panel included Joan Crawford, Broadway producer Alexander Cohen, *New York Times* art critic John Canaday, and Broadway publicist Bill Doll. The rules bar reporters from interviews, but a judge told me later that Debbie handled herself like a professional. Her own report confirmed this. "Joan Crawford was wearing dark glasses," she said, "and she took them off only once—to look at me. They asked me about becoming a pediatrician, and I told them I wanted to devote my life to children. They didn't ask about my father being in Vietnam, which was too bad, because I was prepared to talk about that."

The contestants talked informally with the judges after the interviews, and Debbie managed to make use of her research, chatting with Joan Crawford about the fact that Miss Crawford had grown up in Kansas City, Mo. "I got to talk to nine out of ten judges," Debbie said. "If I'd had a minute more, I'd have talked to them all."

On Wednesday evening Miss Kansas wore her new formal in competition, and had a bad moment. "When I was smiling at the judges," she said, "my mouth suddenly went stiff, as though it was in contortions. I guess it didn't show, though; during the performance, Bert Parks whispered, 'You look pretty.'" Wednesday evening's winners were Miss Mississippi in swimsuit and Miss Indiana in talent. On Thursday Miss Kansas rehearsed her skit on the stage of Convention Hall in the morning, then performed it in the evening. To create an "old-time-movie" atmosphere, flickering lights played on her. She flung herself into the performance, flapping the cape, "strangling" herself, and tossing her hair wildly. She failed to win the preliminary talent award (Miss South Carolina won it) but felt she had done reasonably well.

Friday produced a moment of high triumph: In her yellow swimsuit, Debbie was picked as the evening's winner. Backstage, while flashbulbs winked, she answered stock beauty-queen questions: "Yes, I *do* have to watch my weight—I like jelly doughnuts too much"; "Yes, I'm always a little scared going down the runway." . . . "What do I have for breakfast? Fruit and Pepsi-Cola."

On Saturday Miss Kansas received scores of good-luck letters and telegrams. One letter-writer enclosed a tiny, plastic-encased mustard seed, and a biblical quotation: "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed . . . nothing shall be impossible." She also got a note from Patsy Puckett, Miss Mississippi, a striking blonde. The two pageant veterans had sensed that the other might win, and they had often chatted during rehearsal breaks. Miss Mississippi's note read: "Look as pretty and sincere as you are—'cause you're *my* All-American Girl. Good luck, sweet."

At noon, during a rehearsal break, the girls assembled onstage for the presentation of the $1,000 Miss Congeniality award given to the girl voted most "courteous, thoughtful and helpful" by her fellow contestants. When the winner—Miss Iowa—was announced, a squeal went up and everyone jammed together in a crush of hugs and kisses. Miss Iowa—Marie Elizabeth Mushro of Sioux City—wept copiously, and between sobs told the contestants they were wonderful, hospitable, and "choice." The tears pleased pageant officials, who kept calling the scene "heartwarming" and urging cameramen to take more pictures. A veteran Atlantic City newspaperman softly sang, "There she is . . . mass hysteria," his own parody of the famous pageant theme song.

Debbie rehearsed all Saturday afternoon, and returned to Convention Hall, where CBS-TV cameras were in place and a crowd of 18,000 filled the orchestra seats. The proceedings began with the announcement of the 10 semifinalists, who paraded in bathing suits and formal gowns and—after the television coverage began—repeated their talent performances. Debbie's act went without a hitch, and her smile never wavered as Bert Parks tore open the envelopes to announce the five finalists. Three of Debbie's four ultimate rivals—the Misses Florida, Mississippi and Wisconsin—were among the dozen she had picked weeks before as the strongest threats.

The final test question from Bert Parks—"Why do you want to go to medical school?"—was one Debbie had answered dozens of times, and her answer came quickly (". . . I could contribute to society instead of merely taking from it. . . . I want to help children to grow to full adulthood and a full life."). Soon Parks was tearing envelopes again; only Debbie and Miss Mississippi were left on the stage now. They sat clutching each other's hands and grinning determinedly. "And now," Parks cried, "the first runner-up—Miss Mississippi!"

Again, Miss Kansas—now Miss America—shed not a tear. She looked dazzled and dazzling as she moved toward Parks, who held the microphone out and asked: "Miss America, have you got anything to say to your subjects?"

The answer came without hesitation: "They're not my subjects—they're my friends!"

The pageant's penultimate ceremony was the Awards Luncheon on Sunday, a potpourri of all the things that give beauty pageantry its unique flavor. There were showy trappings—an enormous, tinseled mock-up of Miss America's crown over the long speakers' table. There were numerous mentions of God (the outgoing Miss America, Vonda Kay Van Dyke, gave Debbie an inscribed Bible, saying, "This may help you in the coming year"). There was suffering and self-sacrifice: the chairwoman of the hostess committee noted in a speech that when Miss Iowa went onstage she was "dancing on infected blisters and every step was a step of pain." There were tears, as Miss Congeniality sobbed her way through a reprise of her Saturday acceptance speech. And there was beauty. Through it all, Miss America sat looking serene, fulfilled and lovely. Her short speech was filled with familiar touches: gratitude, humility, a reference to the friendships she had made, a pledge to try to live up to the tradition of her predecessors.

After her speech, as Debbie started from the room, I tried to get a final interview with her. Impossible, I was told; from now on, Miss America is going to be a very, very busy girl. Maybe tomorrow, for ten minutes. . .

The last I saw of her was a crown bobbing amid a sea of policemen's white hats. □

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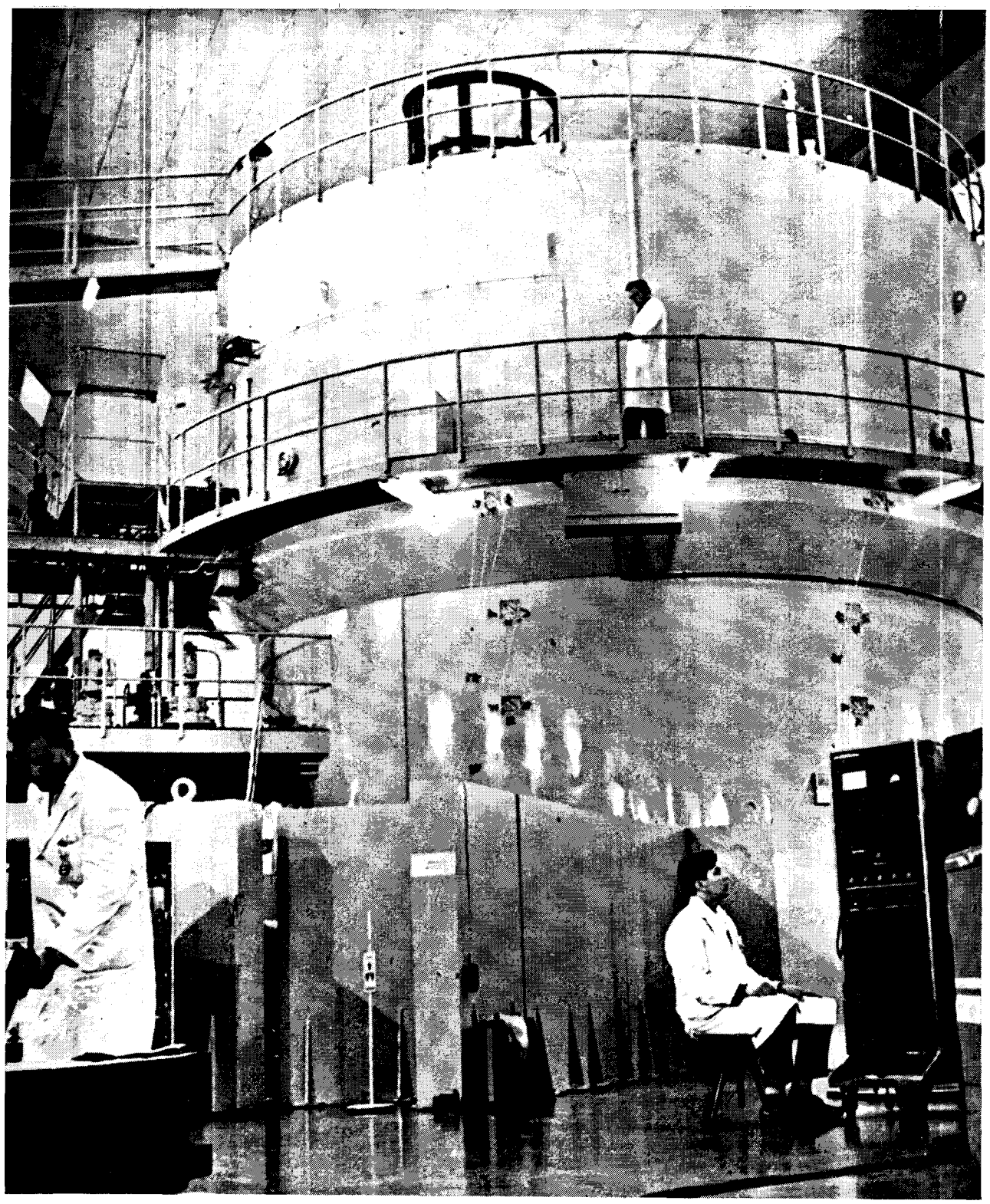
At the Boris Kidrič Institute of Nuclear Sciences in Yugoslavia—where lethal rays were loosed—atomic reactor looms above physicists.

Review, Yugoslav Monthly Magazine



The atomic experiment began routinely. The Start button was pressed. Then came

FOUR DEADLY

By John Kobler

Serenaded from street, radiation survivors Rosanda Dangubić (left) and Radojko Maksić join a nurse at window of Curie Institute in Paris.

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MINUTES

It was a brisk autumn morning when young Života Vranić and his five white-coated teammates stepped into the nuclear reactor room. As the heavy door clanged shut behind them, the student physicist gazed with pride at the new 12-foot-tall structure containing four tons of uranium. Installed only six months before at the Boris Kidrič Institute of Nuclear Sciences near Belgrade, it was Yugoslavia's first atomic pile.

For 24-year-old Vranić the opportunity and responsibility were great. Though he was the youngest member of the team, it fell to him, as part of his work toward his graduate thesis, to direct a series of complex experiments. The object that morning, October 15, 1958, was to measure the flow of neutrons produced by fission when radium and beryllium were added to uranium.

Beneath a cylindrical tank in which the three elements had been combined, there was a square, shallow pit, and in a corner of the pit, two banks of electronic gear. On the edge of the pit was a control panel. The six researchers—four student physicists and two technicians—moved to their assigned positions. Vranić himself stood at the first electronic bank, taking readings. At the second was his closest friend, Radojko Maksić, 25, who had recently become engaged to a fellow student.

As the reactor built up energy, and the measuring dials flickered, Vranić asked one of the technicians, Živorad Bogojević, to get an instrument from the adjoining room. Bogojević, 34 and the father of four children, was the oldest member of the team. Climbing out of the pit, he walked through a door about 20 feet from the reactor. He was gone perhaps three minutes.

About one minute after Bogojević reappeared everybody in the reactor room suddenly froze, their eyes wide with dread. They smelled the acrid, stinging fumes created when air is exposed to extreme radioactivity. Somehow the reactor mechanism had failed, and deadly neutrons and gamma rays were bombarding the experimenters.

Nobody bolted. To leave before halting the machine that was running wild would have endangered the entire institute. The second technician and the only woman present, Rosanda Dangubić, 25, was supervising the control panel. She jabbed a red button, shutting off the reactor. A minute or two elapsed while the others checked their instruments. Only then did they pile out of the room.

Stumbling along a corridor and through the main entrance into the open air, they stood gasping, staring in dazed horror at the peaceful, autumn-tinted countryside. Friends hustled them back into the building to have their clothes decontaminated and their bodies scrubbed under a shower. The institute's technical director, Nenad Raišić, dashed back into the reactor room to inspect the reactor. The accidental power surge, he calculated, had lasted about four minutes. Among the victims' clothing he spotted a fountain pen. Taking it to the laboratory, he had the gold nib tested for radioactivity. The tests indicated that the reactor had emitted a lethal dosage of rays.

The early symptoms followed fast. Except Bogojević, who had been out of the inferno until the last minute and felt only nausea, the sufferers began vomiting. Vranić, the hardest hit, possibly because he passed closest to the reactor, had severe diarrhea. A doctor attached to the institute, Branislav Pendić, rushed them by ambulance to Belgrade's Industrial Hygiene Institute.

Their anguished families gathered in the waiting room. One of the patients, Draško Grujić, was a newlywed. Another, Stiepjo Hajduković, 25, had a fiancée. But they were all too shattered to talk to anybody. Within a few hours they were afflicted by profuse sweating, hammering headaches, the sensation of hot needles under their skin. They became mentally unstable, fluctuating between euphoria and depression. Their faces broke out in a rash and their eyes were inflamed.

Serious radiation accidents are rare (there had been 30 throughout the world up to then, three of them mortal), and the Hygiene Institute lacked the facilities for anything beyond first aid. Doctor Pendić's thoughts turned to the Curie Foundation in Paris, where he had spent two years as a student. It ranks among the world's foremost centers for both the treatment of radiation injuries and the treatment by radiation of cancer and other diseases. At Pendić's urging, arrangements were hurriedly made to transport the stricken researchers to Paris. He alerted his former instructor, Dr. Henri Jammet, who heads the Curie Foundation's department of radioisotopes and radiopathology. The following weeks were to lead not only to greater understanding of radiation poisoning but to experiments in the treatment of leukemia—a cancerlike disease of the marrow with virtually a 100-percent mortality rate.

Early next morning, with no time to bid their families good-bye, patients and doctor took off for Paris in a government-chartered DC-3. The agonizing flight, with the patients vomiting and pain-racked, seemed endless. The plane had to land at Munich to refuel, and it took nine hours to reach Orly Field. Cars from the Yugoslav Embassy sped them through Paris. As they rode under a cloudy, moonless sky, seeing the city for the first time, Hajduković murmured, "Paris. . . . Will we ever walk her streets?"

It was nearly midnight when they staggered into the five-story, red-brick building on the Rue Lhomond. Doctor Jammet, a dark, slender man of 37, was waiting. He made brief preliminary examinations, but the patients could not endure prolonged tests, and he ordered them to bed.

Irradiation launches its deadliest attack against the bone marrow. This blood-red, viscous substance manufactures three types of cells—erythrocytes, or red cells; leukocytes, or white cells; and megakaryocytes, giant cells which fragment into hundreds of particles called platelets.

The red cells convey oxygen through the bloodstream to every part of the organism, which is why, if too much blood is lost, one grows dizzy and short of breath. They live about 120 days and can be replaced indefinitely by tranfusions. The white cells defend against harmful bacteria. They survive only a few days, however, and if they decrease radically, the body is prey to infections. Platelets live about a week, function as coagulants and retain the blood inside the veins and arteries. Without platelets a man would bleed to death.

The early symptoms of irradiation wear off quickly. Then comes a latent period lasting one to three weeks, while the quantity of white cells and platelets diminishes. Unless the bone marrow regenerates—for the destruction is seldom total—death inevitably follows. The terrible problem before Jammet and Pendić was: Could the patients be kept alive until regeneration began?

To lessen the risk of infection, every morsel they ate first passed through an autoclave—the "hot box" used to sterilize surgical instruments. The rooms were disinfected. The nurses sprayed the patients with antiseptics, particularly the body orifices.

The 20th day Rosanda was appalled to see her chestnut hair falling out by handfuls. The men had already gone bald. Their facial and body hair also stopped growing. Even if the men survived, they were threatened with sterility, for tests showed their sperm cells were progressively deteriorating. In Rosanda, radiation had damaged the ovules, reducing her ability to bear children. But the most alarming sign was the white-cell count. It dropped as low as 50; 7,000 is normal.

As they emerged from the latent period, all the patients but Bogojević suffered fearful complications. Fever and abdominal pains struck them. Their gums bled. Purple patches, evidence of hemorrhages beneath the skin, mottled Hajduković's legs. He developed an intestinal blockage. Both he and Maksić contracted jaundice. Gradually the patients lapsed into a torpor so deep that they no longer stirred when pricked by an injection needle. In Vranić, hemorrhaging was massive, affecting his lungs, digestive tract and kidneys. An inflammation of the peritoneum spread through his abdominal cavity.

From the beginning Jammet had kept in close touch with a brilliant young colleague at Paris's Saint-Louis Hospital, Dr. Georges Mathé. As director of cancer and radiopathology research, 37-year-old Mathé had devoted the last five years to seeking a treatment for leukemia. In working with mice, Mathé had destroyed their bone marrow by irradiation, then grafted new marrow extracted from other mice. The results of his experiments excited the medical world. In many instances the injected graft "took" and produced the requisite cells.

As hope for the irradiated Yugoslavs faded, Jammet wondered whether such a graft could thrive in men. Mathé had not yet dared try, for it presented two formidable dangers. First, the remains of the old bone marrow, though unable to form sufficient quantities of white cells, might manufacture enough of them to reject the graft, as they would any foreign body. Second, the graft could take too well. This would result in the graft's actually rejecting the host, causing what doctors now call the Secondary Disease. How this artificially engendered disease arises is unknown, but if uncontrolled it invariably proves fatal.

Only a few remaining cells from the damaged marrow are needed to start regeneration. In the ideal situation the graft should function long enough for this to happen, then succumb to the defense action of the regenerated white cells. It is a kind of race between host and graft; for the patient to survive, the host must win that race.

After talking again to Mathé, Jammet conferred with Doctor Pendić and with the directors of the foundation and its chief blood specialist, Dr. Jean-François Duplan. Their dilemma was acute. If grafts failed, they risked censure for experimenting on human beings. They hesitated, hoping regeneration would begin in time. But whereas Bogojević responded to standard therapy, the others continued to decline at a rate that left them only a few weeks to live. For Vranić time was running out especially fast. At length, by the doctors' unanimous decision, he became the first radiation victim ever to undergo a marrow graft.

Mathé came to the foundation building on October 29, two weeks after the Yugoslavs had been irradiated. Slight, trim and jaunty, quick to smile, he has, in spite of thinning hair, a boyish look. Accompanying him was the chief of the blood-donor service at Saint-Louis, Dr. Léon Schwarzenberg, a shy, taciturn Alsatian of 34.

Although in his experiments on mice Mathé had used marrow from an adult mouse, he decided in this case he would not use a graft of adult marrow.

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Embryonic tissue, he reasoned, was less likely to cause the Secondary Disease. Accordingly, he transferred cells from a fetus aborted at five months. Vranić showed no improvement. Two weeks later Mathé called for an adult donor of the same blood group and sex as the patient.

Schwarzenberg kept a register at the Saint-Louis Hospital of regular blood donors—all volunteers who received no payment. From it he selected an awning serviceman named Raymond Castanier, and explained to him the urgent need for a donation. A strapping former Foreign Legion paratrooper who fought at Dienbienphu, Castanier recalls: "I didn't care much for the idea. But I trusted Schwarzenberg and Mathé completely."

He showed up, as promised, on the morning of November 11, grumbling because he had to miss the Armistice Day ceremonies. When he stripped for the ordeal, the doctors were struck by the motto tattooed across his burly chest: POOR BRAIN, BUT GOOD HEART.

His body shaved and swabbed with an antiseptic solution, the ex-Legionnaire stretched out on an operating table about six feet from the bed where Vranić lay under heavy sedation. Between them stood Mathé, Duplan and Jammet. An anesthetist injected enough sodium pentothal to put the donor under for about 45 minutes.

When Castanier lost consciousness, Mathé picked up a needle fitted with a syringe. Sinking the point into Castanier's chest, he sucked up a few globules of the thick, red marrow from the sternum. Seven times he punctured the sternum. Then, shifting to the hips, he punctured the ilium eight times on each side—a total of 23 punctures. In all he collected enough to fill a pint bottle—the limit a donor can safely spare at one time.

For optimum effectiveness the graft should contain 10–15 billion cells. But the cell count may vary from site to site. When Mathé finished collecting at each site, Duplan would slide a sample under a microscope and determine the count.

Meanwhile, Jammet had inserted another needle into a vein in Vranić's upper left forearm, and as fast as Mathé filled a syringe Jammet would attach it to the needle and inject the marrow into the vein. It is a mysterious phenomenon of nature that marrow in the bloodstream will stop at bone tissue, settle there and begin to proliferate.

After the graft Castanier remained under observation for 24 hours. He went home aching. "For a couple of weeks," he remembers, "I felt as if I'd been kicked all over by a mule."

Maksić, the second most heavily irradiated patient, received a graft the same day. His volunteer donor was Marcel Pabion, another Indochina veteran and an executive of a cement company. When Schwarzenberg sought his help, Pabion replied instantly, "Why not?"

The doctors kept constant watch over Vranić and Maksić, making continual blood tests. Then, the fourth day, the cell counts began to rise rapidly. The entire hospital staff rejoiced. Scientific achievements aside, they had grown immensely fond of the gallant young foreigners.

But in Vranić's case, the optimism was premature. The damage to his lungs, intestines and kidneys had progressed too far, and he died on November 15. "He was a man, serene and brave," says Schwarzenberg, who mercifully kept the knowledge of Vranić's death from his companions.

Unrelenting in their hope of saving the others, the doctors proceeded next with Grujić, then with Rosanda. A secretary in an electronics firm, Albert Buron, gave marrow to Grujić. For Rosanda it was a bookkeeper, Odette Draghi, the mother of four children. "Doctor Schwarzenberg simply told me a young Yugoslav girl was in grave danger," Madame Draghi recounts. "That was all I needed to know."

The last patient, Hajduković, turned out to belong to the comparatively rare blood subgroup

French workman Raymond Castanier (left) gave life-saving marrow, administered by Doctors Schwarzenberg and Mathé.

"A 2." When no matching donor could be found on the list, Schwarzenberg told Mathé, "I happen to be A 2. I'll give the marrow."

Few doctors ever awaited the results of a treatment more tensely. Two weeks crawled by. Then, at long last, they knew. Cell counts soared to normal. No Secondary Disease intervened. Within two weeks after this spectacular development, the cells from the graft began to diminish. At the same time the total cell count increased. Clearly the graft was vanishing as it should, and the original marrow was resuming production.

The patients' hair grew back. Their standard joke when they saw a bald man was to recommend "a little irradiation." One December morning Rosanda asked for a mirror. The sight of her hair, growing as lustrous as before, brought a radiant smile to her lips. Grujić and Hajduković had recovered so far that when a newspaper photographer managed to sneak into their room, they leaped out of bed and chased him through the corridors.

Toward the end of December the doctors allowed the patients to talk to their families in Belgrade from the hospital by radio. Grujić's wife could barely speak through her tears. "Come home soon. And kiss your donor, Albert Buron, for me."

During the Christmas holidays all the donors returned in a group to see how the Yugoslavs were. The convalescents had sent for a carload of gifts from Yugoslavia. Castanier, who they had learned was an ardent chess player, got a magnificent ivory set. The others received hand-woven rugs, recordings of Serbian songs, lamps, coffee tables. It was the beginning of enduring friendships. Says Madame Draghi, "I came to love Rosanda like my own daughter."

Before heading home the Yugoslavs spent three joyous days as tourists, visiting the Louvre, the Eiffel Tower, Versailles. They sipped *apéritifs* on café terraces and dined sumptuously. On February 15, four months after their near-lethal accident, they boarded the Simplon Orient Express for Belgrade as their donors waved good-bye.

Frequent blood tests have since revealed no significant departure from the normal cell count. The five-fold victory had important repercussions throughout the medical world. Along with other work performed at Bassett Hospital in Cooperstown, N. Y., it emboldened cancer specialists to apply bone-marrow grafting and radiation to terminal cases of leukemia. While the results have so far been largely negative, continual refinements of techniques offer grounds for optimism. One serious obstacle has been the limited availability of bone marrow. Several American hospitals, notably San Francisco's Presbyterian Medical Center, have developed methods of freezing and storing it. The source can be the patient himself, for leukemics go through periods of remission when the bone marrow resumes normal cell production. During such periods some of the healthy marrow can be extracted, frozen and held for later use.

The five Yugoslavs have never forgotten their benefactors. At their request, in the summer of 1959 the Yugoslav Government invited every donor and doctor, their wives and children, to an all-expenses-paid vacation. The government lodged and fed them in Belgrade's fanciest hotel, the Metropol, and even gave them pocket money. Amid jubilant reunions the Frenchmen drank *slivovitz* to the health of the ex-patients, were embraced by grateful families. Maksić had married his fiancée, Simka Lukić, and Rosanda was engaged to a television engineer, Miromir Ristić. Simka subsequently became godmother to Castanier's son, and in the fall of 1960 Castanier and Madame Draghi returned to act as witnesses at Rosanda's wedding. Pabion too was drawn back to Yugoslavia, and for a month during the spring of 1963 he stayed with Radojko and Simka Maksić.

At present three of the radiation victims have apartments in the co-op maintained by the Boris Kidrić Institute for its personnel in Belgrade. Rosanda and Miromir Ristić live on the ground floor. She has left the institute to take teacher's training in French at the University of Belgrade. Across the way from Rosanda lives Hajduković, who married a professor's assistant three years ago. He now devotes his mornings to quantum physics at the institute, his afternoons to laser studies at the university. Grujić, now specializing in the physics of solids, is on the third floor. His wife is a physicochemist.

Until last winter Maksić lived on the seventh floor. Then the institute awarded him a scholarship to work on his doctorate. He is now at the physicochemical laboratory of the Faculté de Science, next to the Curie Foundation. He and Simka spend every weekend with the Pabion family. "I wanted to work here," he says, "and to perfect my French as a way of saying 'Thank you' to France."

In July, 1964, against all the probabilities, Rosanda Ristić became pregnant. Her family and her friends at home and in France were torn between hope and fear. Could a woman who had been so heavily irradiated bring a child to term? And if born alive, would it be normal?

On March 1, 1965, she gave birth to a lusty, seven-pound girl, whom she named Elena, and who is normal in every respect. □

Against all odds, Maksić (left) became well again and Rosanda (shown with her new husband) even bore a normal child.

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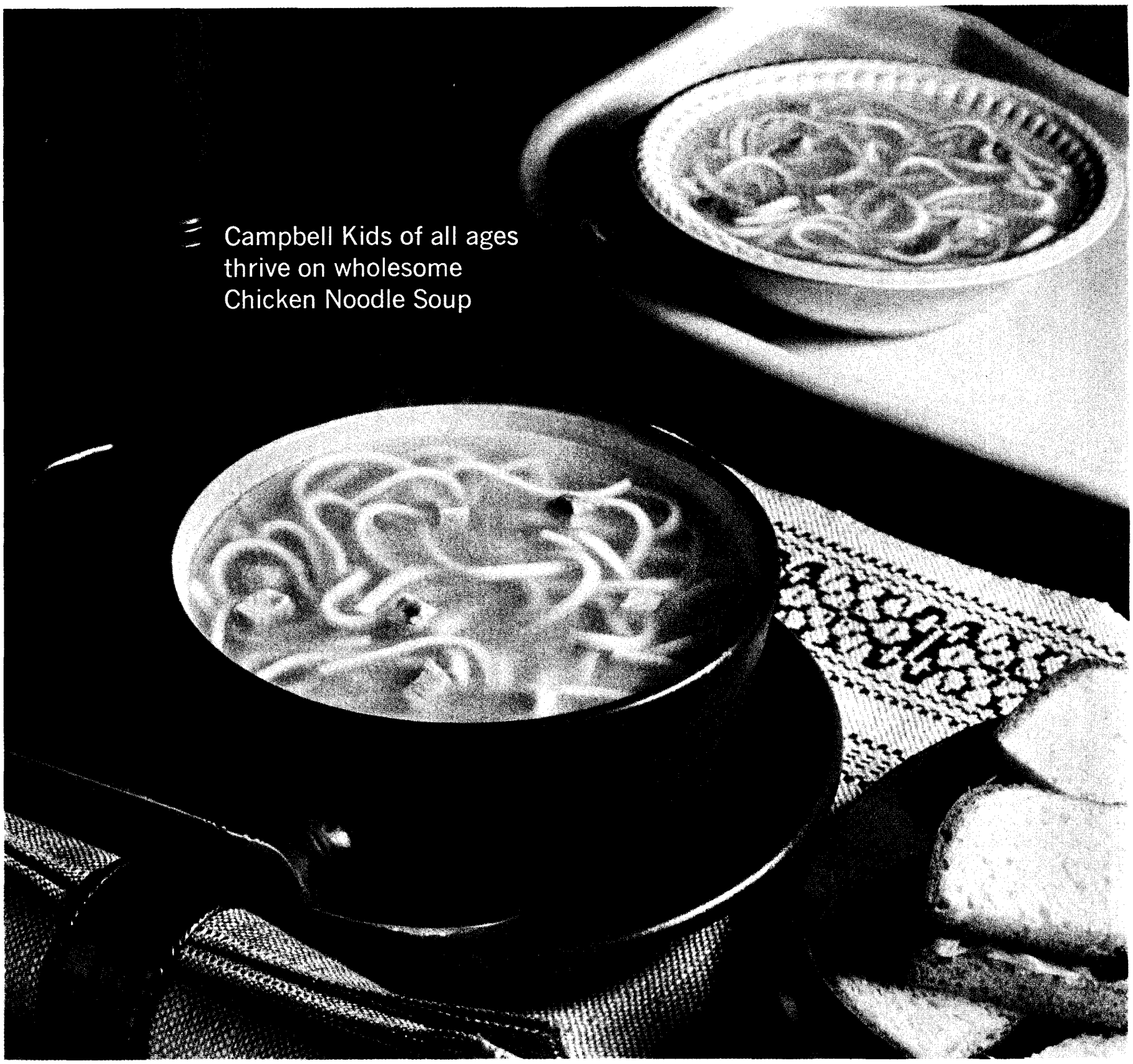

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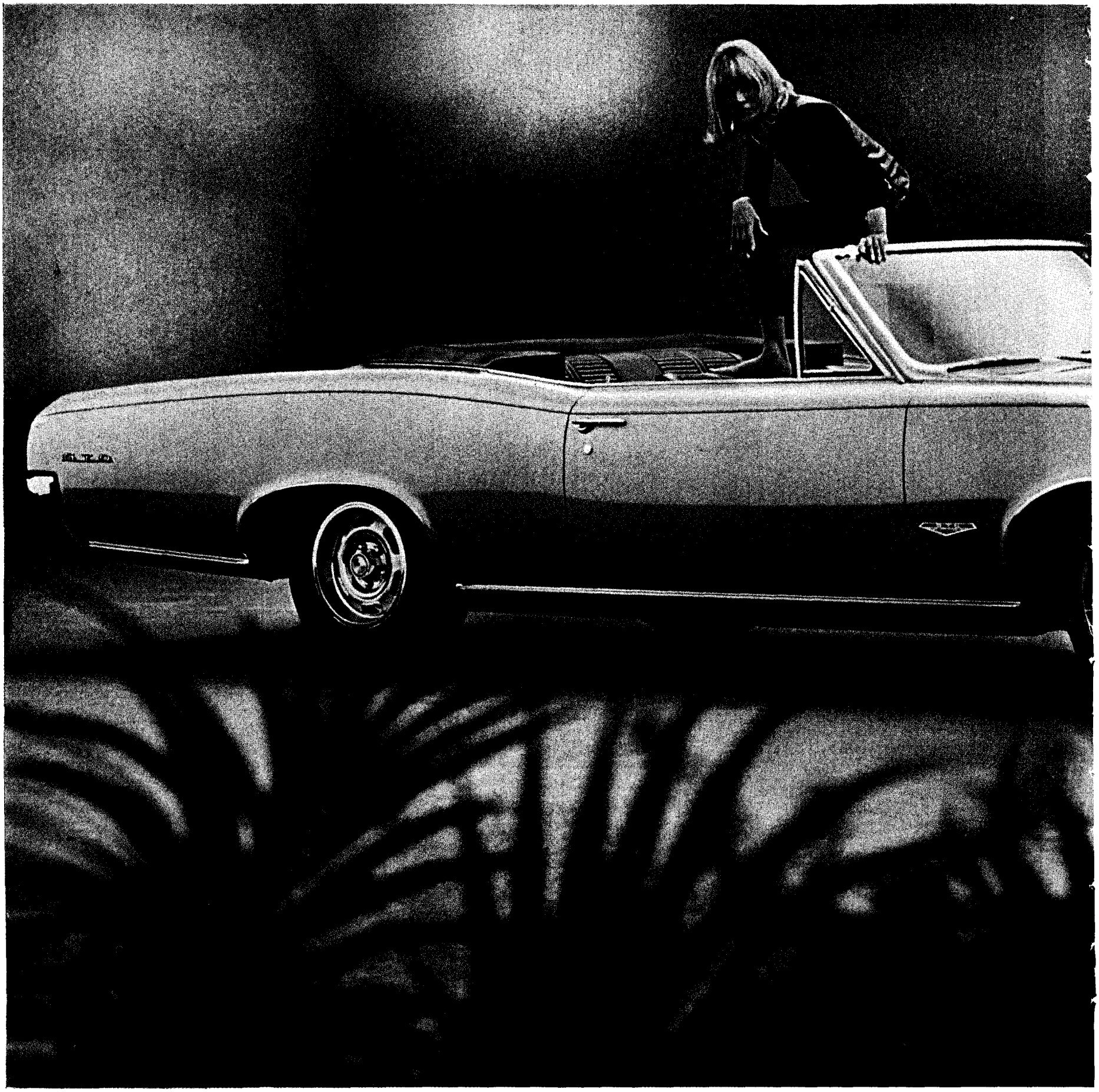
How does the Pontiac tiger change its stripes for '66?



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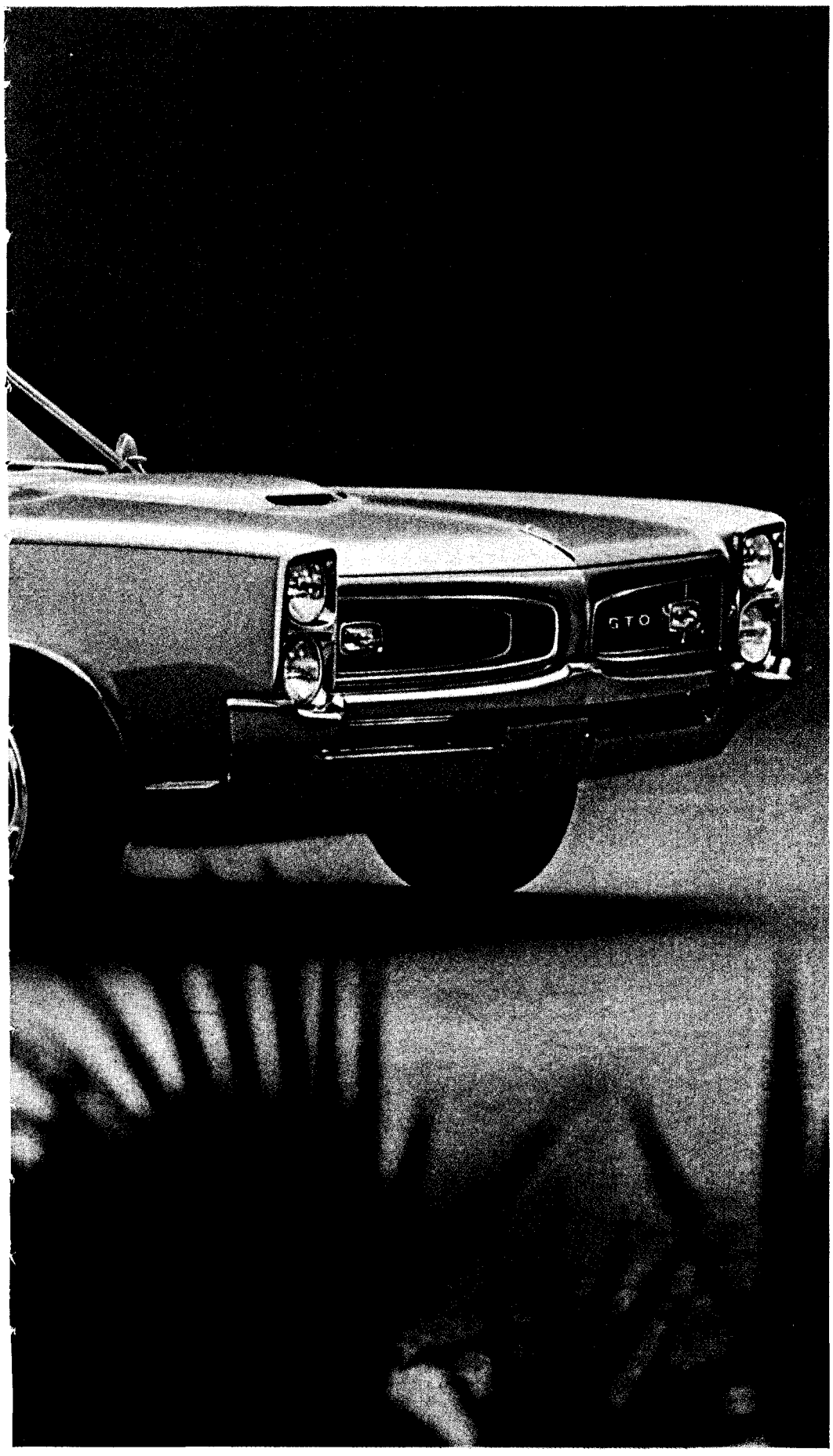

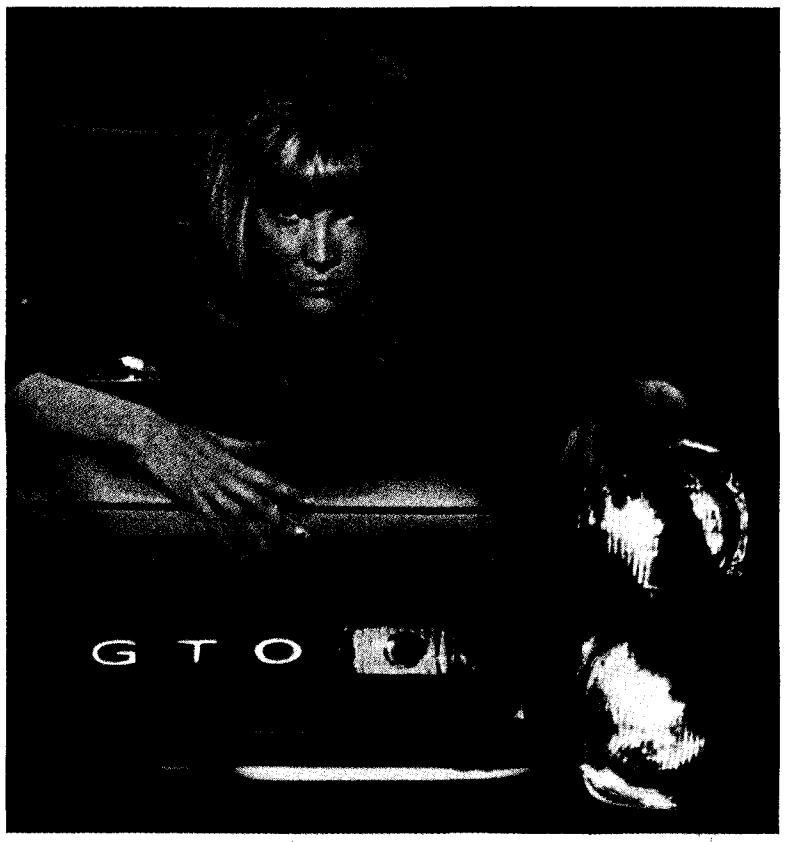

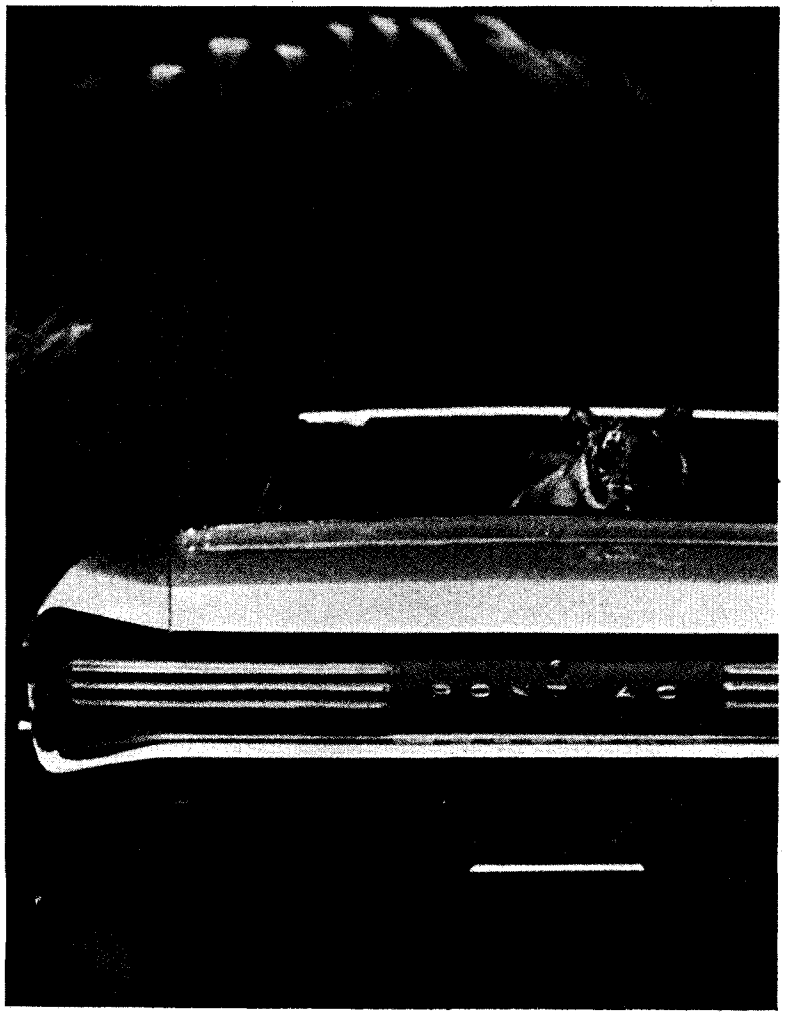

The tiger scores again! **Wide-Track Pontiac/'66**

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"COME ON," HE SAID TO HIS SON, "LET'S GO OUT BACK AND THROW A FOOTBALL." HE WAS NOT TOO OLD—NOR TOO AFRAID.

FALLING LEAVES

BY ALFRED SLOTE

Illustrated by Louis R. Glanzman

One Saturday afternoon George Porter found himself doing a strange thing. He found himself making up a list of everyone he knew well who had died. It began with a girl named Frances who had lived behind them in the apartment house in Brooklyn and died at the age of seven—George remembered how they had accused the Penguin Bar ice-cream man of poisoning her (he denied it). It included some uncles and aunts, a couple of old friends killed in the war, his grandparents, and then some people he worked with, an old teacher, and neighbors. He had a total of over sixty people when he put his pencil down and went into the kitchen. His wife Mary was ironing and listening to the radio.

"You know what I've just done?"

"What?"

"I don't know what came over me, but I started thinking about all the people I've known who are dead and I made a list. It comes to over sixty."

Mary was about to smile, but when she saw he was serious, she frowned. "What on earth did you do that for?"

"Well, I was wondering whether I knew more people alive or dead."

"You certainly know more alive. What a stupid way to pass a Saturday afternoon. Why don't you go down in the basement and watch a football game on TV if you're that bored?"

"I'm not bored," George said. "It's a frightening thing to think about. I'll be forty next year."

"Your father's seventy-five and he doesn't make lists."

"He'd be afraid to," George said. He ripped up the list. "Where have the kids gone?"

"Stuart's upstairs. Barbara's at the movies, and Tommy's at Mark's."

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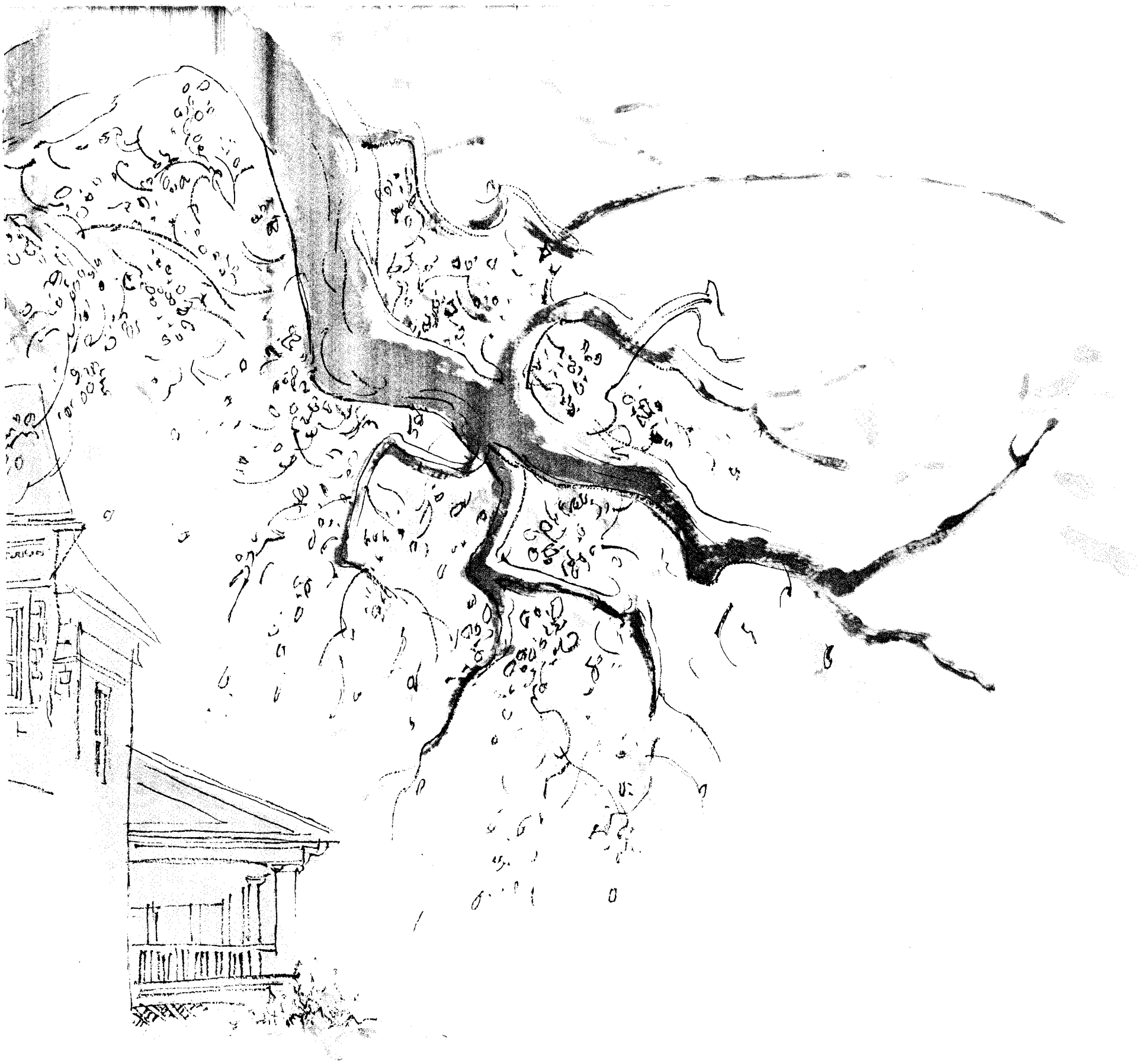

"He spends a lot of time there. Do we reciprocate?"

"Of course we do. Mark is here every weekday morning. I've turned your collar. How do you like it?"

"Very good. But you don't have to do that anymore. I make ten thousand dollars a year. When a collar goes I can afford a new shirt."

Mary smiled. "I know you can. But if we can economize I don't see why we shouldn't. Besides, I like doing it. If you're going upstairs, would you put it in your shirt drawer?"

"Sure."

George went upstairs. His older boy, Stuart, was in his room reading. He lay on the bed, his knees drawn up, his back against the windowsill—the light from the window falling over his shoulder onto the book.

"Hello there," George said.

"Hi," Stuart said, without looking up.

"What are you reading?"

"*Puck Thief.*"

"Hockey book?"

"Yep."

"Any good?"

Stuart shrugged. "It's OK." He looked at his father. "Why don't you write a sports book for kids?" Of all their children, George thought, Stuart looked most like him. He had Mary's gray eyes, but he looked most like him.

"I can't," George said.

"Have you tried?"

"No."

"Why don't you? You used to play football and baseball; you know a lot about it. I bet you could write a good book for kids."

George laughed. "I bet I could write a bad book, that's what."

He went into his room, and Stuart followed along behind him.

"Seriously, Dad. Why not?"

"Because I don't know how to go about it. What writing I do I've done for twenty years now, and I'm finally beginning to get the hang of it. I know who I write for and what to write about. If I started writing for eleven-year-old kids like you, I'd be up the creek in two minutes."

He put his shirt in the drawer. It joined a stack of other neatly ironed shirts.

"You tell us great stories in bed," Stuart persisted.

"Talk is one thing; writing's another."

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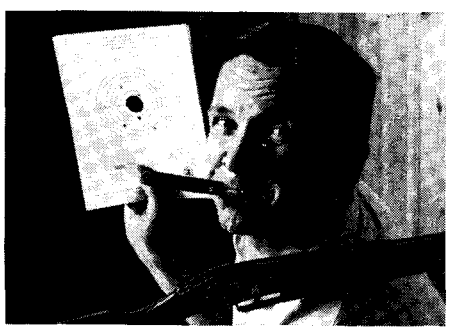

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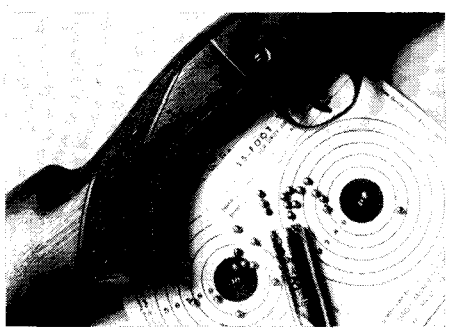

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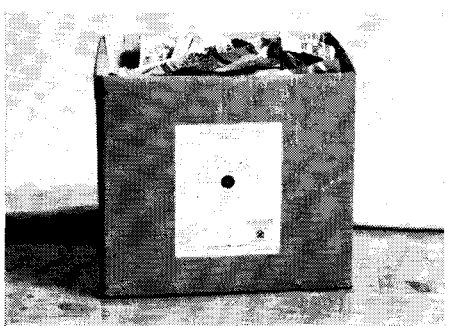

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FALLING LEAVES

"I bet you could make a lot of money with it. Kids like to read sports books."

"Boys do, not girls. Where did you get that book?"

"Library."

"Well, that's the kind of money that's in it. You want to throw a football in the back?"

"Sure. How's your back feel?"

"All right."

Stuart put on a sweat shirt; George put on an old jacket.

"Did you have back trouble when you were a kid?"

"No. It started about four years ago."

"How come?"

"I don't know. One doctor thinks it's arthritis, another says it's psychosomatic—all in my mind."

"What about that Bertolotti thing?"

George laughed. Two years ago he had come back from University Hospital with a radiologist's report that he had Bertolotti's syndrome.

"You know that joke: I've got Bertolotti's syndrome and he's got mine."

Stuart didn't laugh. "Is it a disease?"

"I don't know what it is."

"What's a syndrome?"

"I don't know. I think it means a state of being." They walked through the kitchen to the back door—stepping carefully around the ironing board. "Mary, we're just going out to throw a football in the back."

Mary frowned at the football. "Can't you go over to the park? We pay taxes to the recreation department for that park."

"Look, we're only going to throw for a few minutes. I don't want to make a big thing of it in the park."

"George, every time that football gets thrown, it lands in my flowers. I've got the best fall flowers I've ever had."

"We won't kick it. No kicking, Stuart."

Stuart gave them one of his pained looks. "Not even drop-kicking?"

"Not even drop-kicking."

"Part of the yard's wet, George. Don't fall down."

"Righto. I'll be careful."

"Boy," Stuart said as they went outside, "more directions."

"And more leaves. After we throw a ball around, how about you and I raking?"

"Why don't we wait till they all fall down, and then rake them all in at once?"

They both looked up at the giant oaks that bordered their yard. The trees were in their neighbor's yard, but the autumn wind came from the west, and so they got most of the leaves.

"If we do that, we'll be so discouraged we won't do anything. Set, one, two, three. . . ."

Stuart ran straight out, faked to his right and cut to his left. George tossed the ball, and Stuart gathered it in with easy, relaxed hands and kept running.

Pretty, George thought. He's got the natural talent for all sports. If he only has the moxie. I never had the moxie.

"Cut, Dad," Stuart called out.

George loped and then ran. Stuart threw it behind him.

"Sorry."

George picked up the ball, bending at his knees. "OK. Go, man."

He threw a low pass that Stuart grabbed against his knees and kept going.

"You're looking good, son."

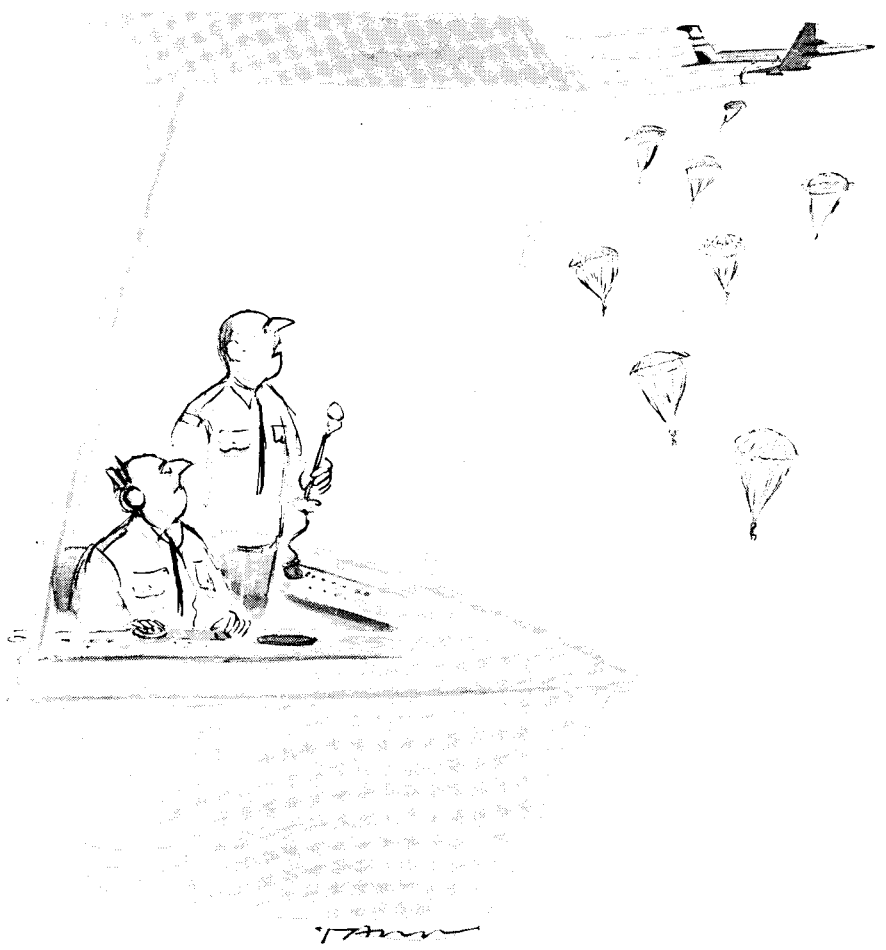
"I like football. It's my favorite sport."

"What about the body contact?"

"That's the best part of it. I don't like this as much as tackling."

Well, George thought, maybe he gets it from Mary's family. Mary's father had been a tough high-school football player.

"Go for a deep one."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Wow, that must be some lousy movie on Flight 307!"

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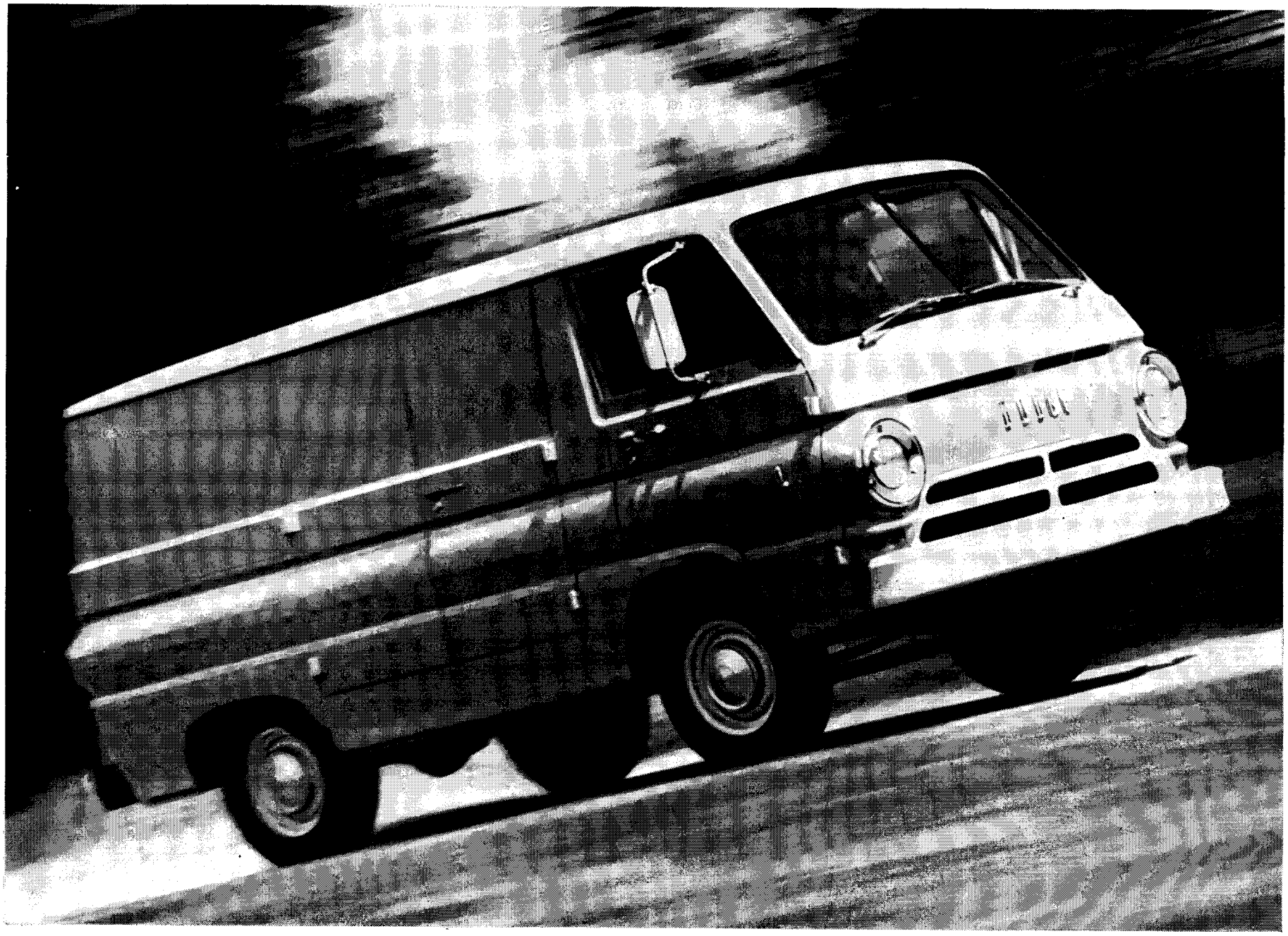

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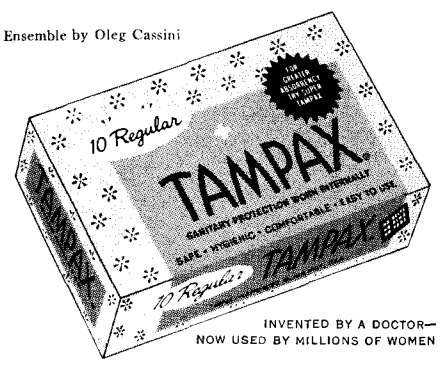

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"Don't throw it in the trees."

"You just go."

Stuart went deep, reluctantly, and George threw it. It twinged his shoulder. He should have thrown from the elbow down. The ball spiraled deep, and hit the apple tree near the fence. Stuart watched it bounce around and finally fall at his feet.

"I told you," Stuart said.

"You could have had that. When I was a kid in New York City, we always played stickball in the street, and the ball used to fall down fire escapes, and we used to catch it. I'll center the ball to you."

Center had been his first position. He had been the only kid on the block who could spiral it back, and so he had been picked by the bigger kids for center.

"Hut, hut, hut," Stuart said, imitating the pro quarterbacks.

George snapped the ball. It spiraled back true to the boy, who tucked it under one arm and ran at him, making George, his father, a tackler. He'll dodge, George thought and, with a grin, he reached out to grab Stuart's shoulders and wrestle him gently to the ground. As he reached out, he realized too late the boy wasn't going to dodge at all. Stuart put his head down and charged into his belly. George grunted and fell backward, pulling the boy back with him. For a moment he couldn't breathe. Stuart sat up.

"You OK, Dad?" he asked. His face looked anxious.

George looked at him and nodded. "I'll be all right in a second. What did you do that for?"

They sat there on the ground, the ball between them.

"I saw I couldn't get around you, so I did what I always do. Try to get as much yardage as possible through the other guy."

"I'm not the other guy," George said. "I'm your father."

He wondered if Stuart hated him. Ah, the hell with that, he thought. He stood up. "Let's work on leaves."

"We just got out here, Dad."

"All right, go and cut."

Stuart ran and cut. George threw it at him. He threw it as hard as he could. The ball hit the boy in the chest and knocked him down backward. George ran to him. Stuart lay there and his eyes were full of tears.

He's only eleven years old, George thought.

"What did you do that for?" Stuart asked, trying not to cry.

"I don't know. It was just a bullet. I'm sorry. Are you OK?"

"Yes," Stuart said. He got up slowly. George put his hand on Stuart's shoulder. Stuart walked off from under it.

George swallowed. "Come on," he said, "go for an easy one."

"I'll help you rake leaves," Stuart said quietly.

"Just a couple more," George begged. "Go for an easy one."

"I don't feel like playing any more."

"Just one more pass," George begged.

Stuart ran halfheartedly. George lobbed it up to him, and the boy caught it. Then George ran. Stuart hesitated and then threw it—softly. Slowly, carefully, they worked back into the game and ran and passed, and George even let Stuart drop-kick one. Afterward they sat on the grass among the leaves. It was all right again, George thought.

"Did you ever play for the University, Dad?" Stuart asked.

"I wasn't big enough," George said.

"You could have made the team, though," Stuart said.

"No, I couldn't. I was yellow, too."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"You think I'll make it?"

"I don't know."

"How's your back feel?"

"OK. How do you feel?"

"Fine. I'd rather play football than anything else in the world. I think I'll go over to Bill's and see if he wants to play."

"Good idea. You want to take the football with you?"

"No. Bill's got a good one."

George knew Stuart didn't want to have to carry it on his bike. He watched Stuart open the gate and get on his bicycle. The boy waved as he pedaled off. Bent over his racing handlebars, with his blond hair, his sweat shirt, he made such a young, athletic figure that it seemed a long time ago George had held him in his arms and coaxed the first smile out of the baby that had been Stuart—his first child.

George looked at the football. Getting slightly bulbous, obtained with Orange Stamps, a Pro-Quarterback Special. George stood up. That was another thing he could do well when he was a kid—punt a ball. He took a step and brought his right foot up. He meant to fake-kick it and let it dribble off. But something in his foot wouldn't let him. There was a solid *thump,* and the ball spiraled high up over the trees and over the yard and toward the houses on Fremont Avenue.

My God, what a kick, George thought. And I wasn't even thinking about kicking.

A window opened behind him. "Are you out of your mind?" Mary said.

"Did you see that kick?"

"Yes, I saw that kick. What on earth did you do it for? Now you'll have to go look for it."

"I'll find it," George said. "Did you see Stuart catching? He's really good."

"Of course he's good," Mary said and smiled. "Go find it before some kid finds it first."

"Right."

He ran up to the fence, put one hand on it and swung himself over. It was like old times. He trotted across the neighbor's lawn, feeling light and strong in his sneakers. He trotted down the driveway and came out onto Fremont Avenue.

The ball was nowhere to be seen. There was no one on the sidewalk or on the porches. George looked up and down, around the houses, up in the trees. He kicked some leaves in a back yard, but he couldn't find the ball.

My God, he thought, it's got to be somewhere. That's a ten-dollar ball.

He looked for twenty minutes before he gave up. He even looked, absurdly, in a milk box. He didn't jump the fence to get home. He walked around the block. He went inside the house wondering if Mary would let him buy another one this afternoon. Could their budget afford two footballs in one year? But he hadn't paid for this football. They'd got it with Orange Stamps. He went into the living room. Stuart and his friend Bill were sitting there tossing the ball back and forth.

"Is that our ball?" George asked.

"Sure," Stuart said. "I was going by on my bike when I saw it come over the houses. I thought maybe you meant for me to take it to Bill's, so I took it. Bill's mother doesn't want us to play in their yard."

"Do you know how long I looked for that ball?" George said angrily. "Do you really think if I wanted you to take a football to Bill's I'd kick it over the houses?"

"Why did you kick it, then?" Stuart asked.

George stared at him. He looked in the direction of the kitchen. Mary was grinning over the ironing board.

"Never mind why I kicked it," George said softly. "You've got it back. That's what's important. Hello, Bill."

"Hello, Mr. Porter," Bill said, grinning. He and Stuart were ready to break out into laughter. Mary was grinning in the kitchen. George went in there.

"All right," he said. "By tomorrow I'll think it's funny. Right now I don't."

"How about raking the leaves, Tom Harmon?"

"I'll rake them tomorrow."

"It may rain tomorrow."

"I'll take my chances. I'm going upstairs and try to get some writing in."

As George walked back through the living room to the stairs, Stuart asked, "Was he any good, Dad?"

"Who?"

"Tom Harmon."

"He was great."

"He looks pretty old on television."

"Well, he was great," George said angrily. "Better than you'll ever be, and if you've got so much energy, why don't you help out a little and rake leaves?"

"What's he so mad about?" he heard Bill ask Stuart.

"I don't know," Stuart said. "You want to help me rake leaves?"

"Sure," Bill said. □

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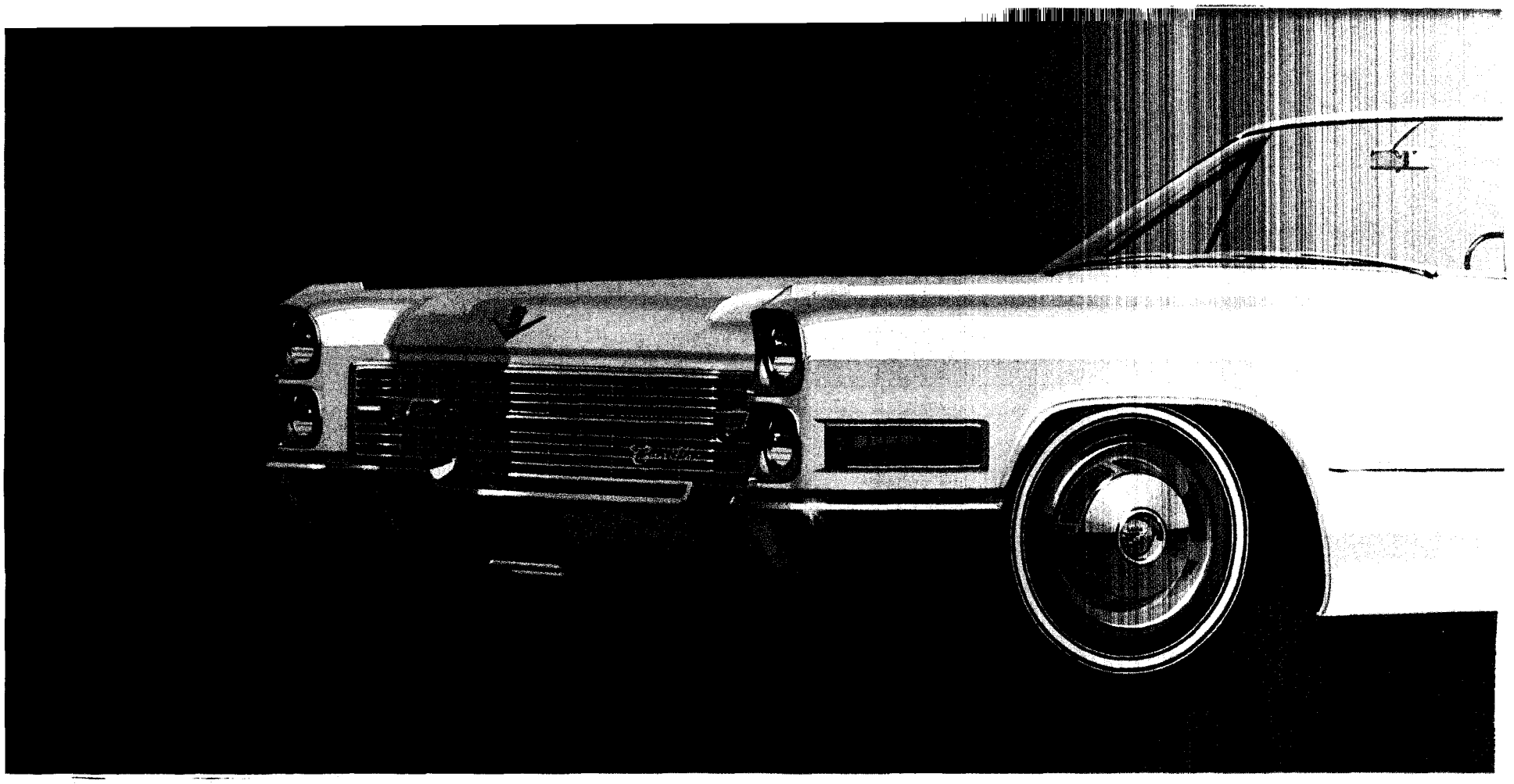

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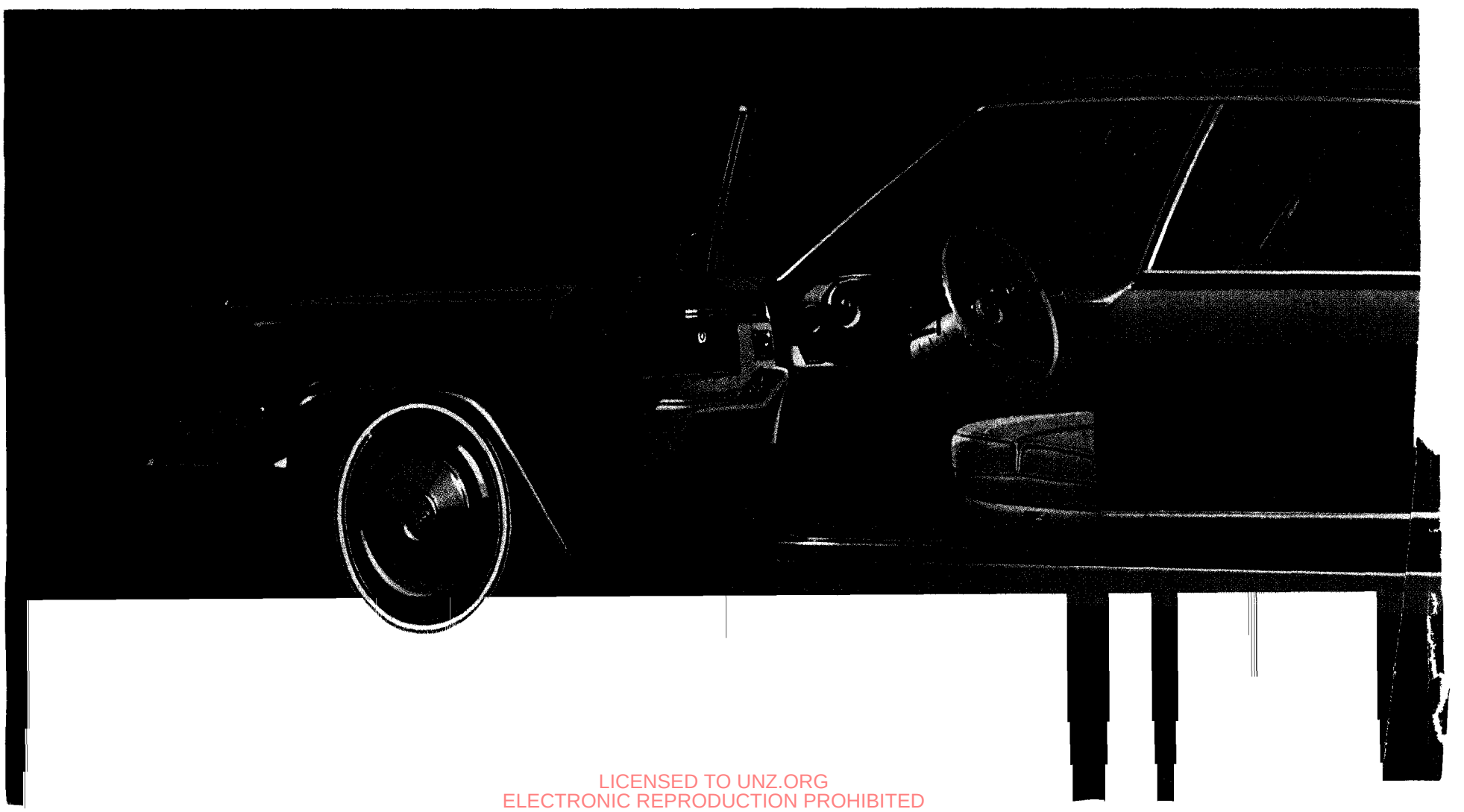

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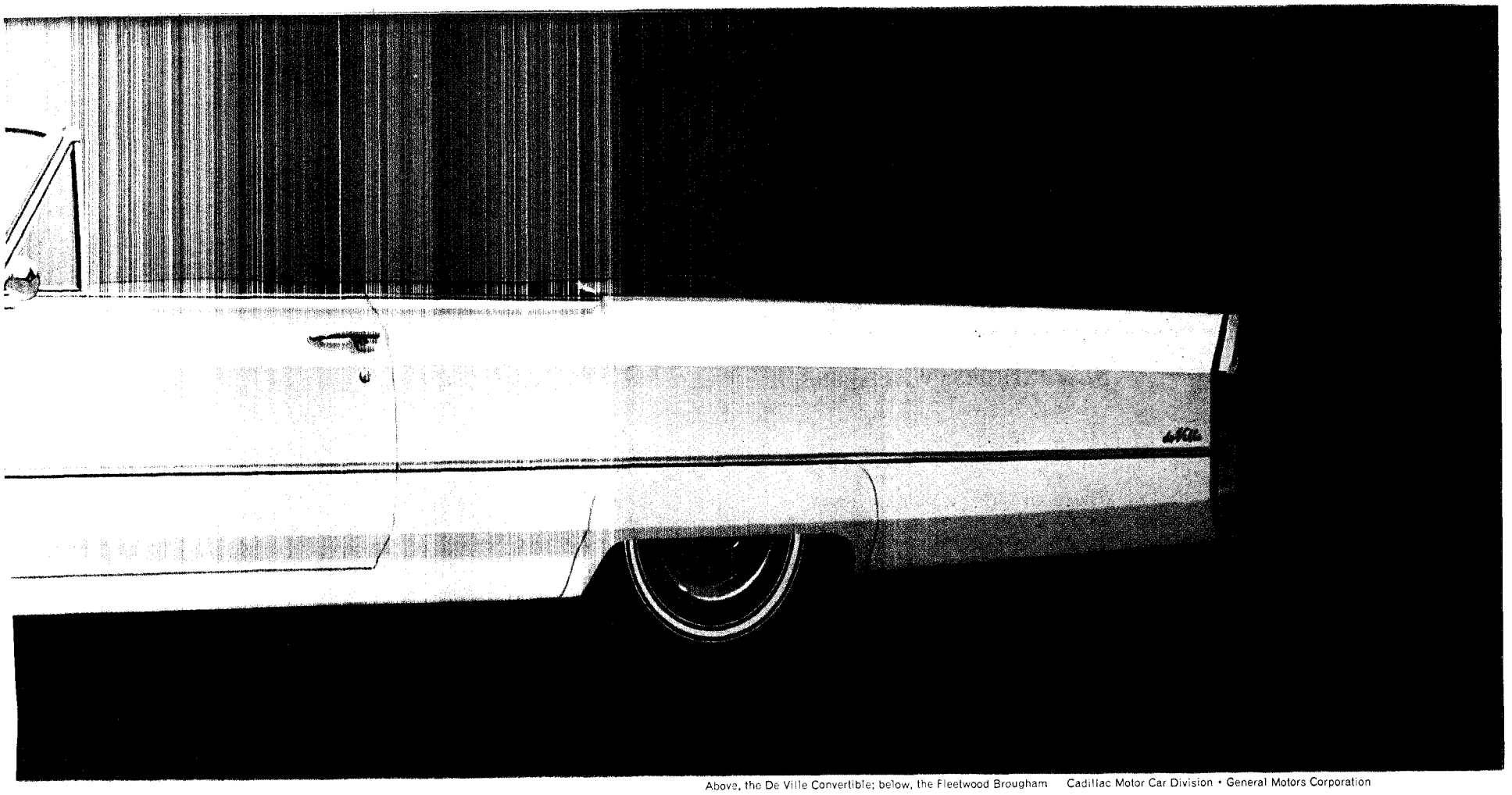

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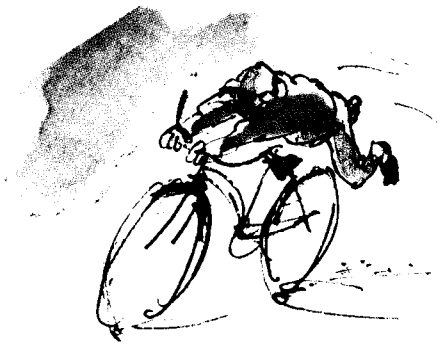


THE DAY THE TIME CHANGED

Now darkness was a conspiracy against him. Frightened, he must laugh his fear away.

Everything seemed to change the moment his mother went from the stove to let the landlord's kid in. She had just remembered to move the clock back because daylight-saving time was over, and all at once the day got confused. Although Denny and his little sister had their lunch almost finished, his father's radio music remained heavy with morning symphony, and although the comics were not yet strewn all over the rugs, Sunday had already filled the house with its peculiar dusty glow and timid flutter of curtains and long, lazy shadows on the walls, reminding him, as it always did, of school and duty tomorrow.

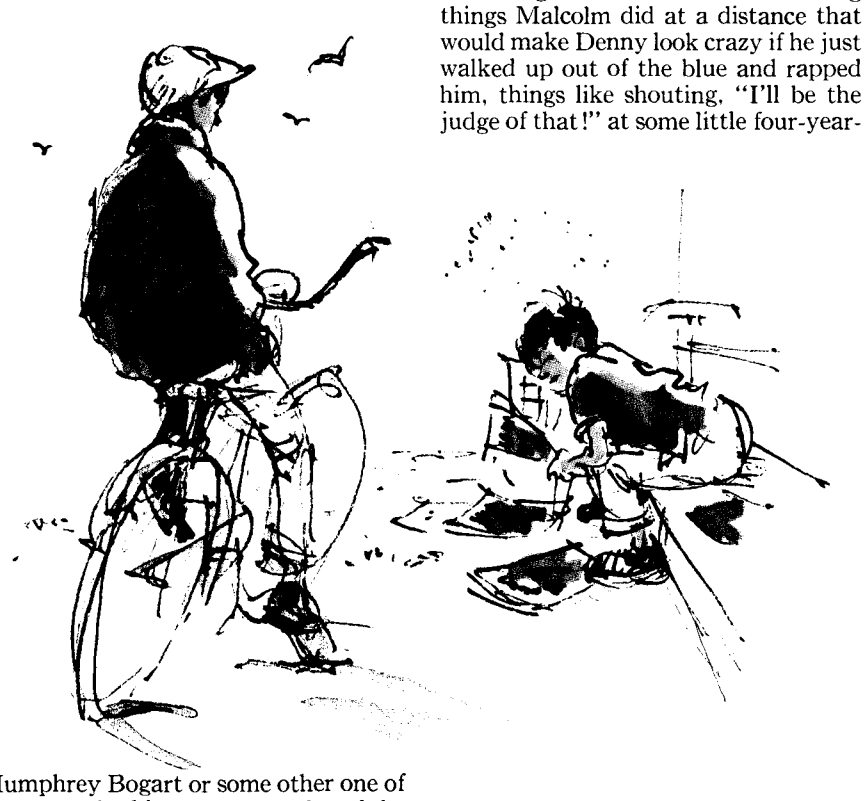
After six months in this apartment, Denny had had enough of the landlord's kids—of bullet-headed Malcolm, who was thirteen like him but more interested in looking important than in playing ball or anything else; of scabby-kneed Conrad, who was a couple of years younger and good for nothing but a little cards once in a while when it rained. He had enough of them without Conrad always coming around to say dopey things, but there the bothersome kid stood once again with that crazy grin of his, the big-lipped, freckle-spattered grin of most redheads, saying, "That ain't how you eat corn. You eat corn from side to side, not around."

Denny had called him a dopey kid so often that he was tired of it and didn't bother to bring up the time that came to mind, the time Conrad had run upstairs crying that his socks were lost and made his whole family search until he undressed for his bath and found them down in his sneakers. There was no use even talking to him, so Denny just went on eating his corn his way.

"You eat corn a couple of rows at a time, not around."

Instead of going into the advantages of eating corn his way, Denny just turned to his little sister and told her to drink up her milk and ignored Conrad because he pitied him for being skinny and having a rotten family. It had taken very little time to size up that family. The father stank from cigars. The mother screamed at other people's children to frighten them into eating. The grandfather tiptoed everywhere with sneaky glances and wide-open, rustling newspapers that were a mess to see. Whenever the grandmother, who also stank from cigars, felt like going to the bathroom, she didn't care who was already in there washing. They were all rotten, but none of them was as rotten as Conrad's brother Malcolm.

Malcolm was the kind of kid who had to act like a pilot or general or gangster chief all the time. He went around pretending he was James Cagney or



Humphrey Bogart or some other one of those tough old actors, even though he was a piggy little fat guy with prissy lips. From their very first meeting on, Denny had avoided Malcolm just to keep from rapping him one and maybe starting a lot of trouble in the house, but from a distance Malcolm went right on sickening him anyway, and here was his dopey kid brother telling people how to eat corn.

It was embarrassing, but that was what he got for laughing instead of rapping Malcolm that first time and being done with the whole rotten family. He might have known something was rotten when the mother showed up screaming for him to come upstairs and meet her boys instead of bringing them down to him. "Conrad!" she had barked like a seal. "Say hello to your new neighbor!"

"Hello."

"Hi."

"Malcolm!" She *looked* like a seal. "Come on over here and say hello to your new neighbor!"

"Name?" That was what had come out of Malcolm. Sitting on his bed with an elbow on his knee, a hand on his hip, and his little mouth tight in an important smirk, Malcolm had snapped it out at him: "Name?"

One punch in the mouth right then and there would have rid him of the entire family, but he had only snickered in disgust and left, never to mix with Malcolm again. That still left him stuck with the dopey kid brother and the screaming mother and the sickening things Malcolm did at a distance that would make Denny look crazy if he just walked up out of the blue and rapped him, things like shouting, "I'll be the judge of that!" at some little four-year-old kid, or taking sly looks at himself in every store window he passed, or acting too sick to eat for a whole week because of falling in love with a girl named Claire.

Sighing resignedly, Denny got his windbreaker and went out the side door with Conrad tagging along, but turned and got right back inside because the neighbor's Pekingese was out. The nasty mutt, another thing he could do without around here, was always snarling in the driveway again now that her fur, cut almost to the skin for the summer, had grown in and she no longer hid in shame under beds next door. That nasty Pekingese, along with the landlord family, made him miss the old neighborhood even after these six long months away from it. He could not deny that the brick two-family houses of this district were nicer than the rickety yellow wooden ones heaped porch upon porch back there, but neither the buildings nor the neat hedges of these tree-lined streets could make it a better neighborhood for him. There were bigger trees back there, taller than some of the houses and thick with age, but that was the least of it. What counted was the people of the block, the men who hung out at Haskin's candy store and laughed most of the time, the women on the stoops who never bothered kids except to cut up their ball once in a while if it hit a baby carriage.

Denny had loved the old neighborhood and everybody in it, except Ravik, maybe, the pink, stout man with the lady's voice and a moustache, who once called out the cops over nothing; or Essie Lester, the wild girl down the block who liked to call him by his last

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Y GEORGE MANDEL

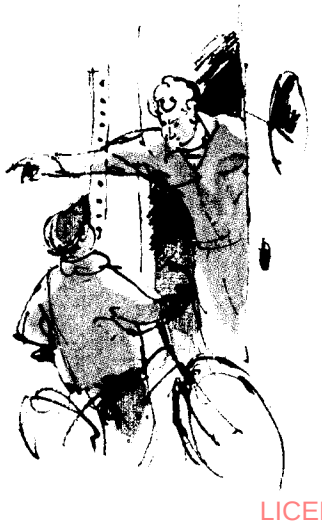
ıstrated by Des Asmussen

name and challenge him to fight. Knowing how ashamed he would be to fight a girl, she pushed him too far with that stuff, and all that kept him from rapping her just before he moved away was that her father always kissed her mother on the stoop when he came home at twilight, and there was something too nice about that to spoil.

Down in the cellar, he got his bike out from under the stairs. There was a wistful look on Conrad's face, so Denny offered him a ride to cheer him up. 'What you got to do, though, is take a run so that mutt'll chase after you till I can get the bike out. Then you can meet me around on the play street and take your ride."

Overjoyed, because redheads didn't seem to mind dogbite or problems of that sort, Conrad helped him upstairs with the bike, laughing like a lunatic. The Pekingese was gone, but something worse was in the driveway. Malcolm. He was sweating and grimly punching at the air with both fists in hand signals to his father, whose big maroon sedan always had trouble squeezing through between the houses to the garage out back.

"Left, left!" he shouted. "Right, right!" Malcolm sounded annoyed, even though his father seemed to be doing better than usual now that the drainpipe he had smashed was out of the way. "Come on, come on!" Malcolm commanded from the neighboring doorway, then screamed "Hold it!" so loud that his father, behind the windshield, was suddenly juggling his cigar, which had popped right out of his mouth when he'd braked up. The sun danced across Malcolm's face, revealing new pimples as, all out of patience, he swaggered over to his father with that nasty, important smirk of his and snapped, "Give me the wheel!"



Thirteen years old. It sickened Denny to the stomach. Nor did it help much to see the landlord bash Malcolm right on top of that bullet-shaped head. Denny had to get out fast and brushed hard against the high hedges to squirm past the sedan with his bike. Because he had promised to let Conrad have a ride, he waited on the sidewalk, but the dopey redhead just stood there up the driveway in fascination as his snarling father and haughty brother argued back and forth.

Denny smelled smoke, a hint of frost, the promise of winter that reminded him of bonfires in which he used to roast potatoes with friends down by the bay. The friends he had around here were practically strangers. On impulse he swung onto the bike and, jumping the curb, pedaled away fast. He knew where he was going under this lonely Sunday sky. He was heading back where he came from, where he belonged, where he yearned to be at least for a while before the bleak, frozen days of winter trapped him indoors beneath a rotten family of landlords. There was a long way to go, and the cloudless sky menaced him with its deep, vast blue, but the sun, if he kept it to his right, would show him the way south, and within an hour familiar streets would speed him to his destination like an arrow.

Most of the rustling trees were still green, but some had turned as ruddy as the brick buildings that stood taller and taller the more ground he put behind him. Traffic, even for Sunday, was so light that he could cover great stretches with both hands deep in his Windbreaker pockets, plowing through heaps of fallen leaves, leaning over to turn corners, and even kicking at a huge and crazy-looking police dog when it leaped out to bark after him. Down broad avenues and narrow streets he raced that way, until sudden laughter forced him to grab the handlebars for balance.

What made him laugh so hard was a picture flashing across his mind of the people who sat around Haskin's candy store, that center point of a block that was like a whole town in itself. All the people went to Haskin's—the boys,

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the grownups, the girls. Some sat there all the time, either laughing or arguing, like old lady Shiller, who once spat right in his infected eye for some sort of superstitious cure, and old man Rosenzweig, who smoked and coughed all the time and usually went to answer the ringing telephone with a loud "Hello" before even reaching the booth. With a straight face, whenever someone else went to answer it, skinny Mr. Rosenzweig in his gray old cap always hollered, "If it's for me, tear it up!"

One of the funniest was nasty old Ravik, the fat, lady-voiced man with a moustache who got so excited when Denny's friends gave him a hotfoot that he called the cops. An unlucky man. Denny remembered him getting slapped across the face by Mrs. Bisselman's bloodhound, and fell into such helpless laughter that he wobbled and made one car screech in a sudden stop. Who ever heard of a dog slapping? Dogs bit. But that bloodhound, with its floppy long ears and pink eyes and all, just decided to get up on Ravik's lap with its front paws and slap him across the face hard enough to make him scream for help with quivering cheeks.

Denny sped with the wind and sunshine and traffic all funneling down a boulevard into the enormous green park, and, winding with its roads, he thought of Arnie, the polite kid without hair or eyebrows from sunstroke; and Zixie, who had horse muscles all over his skinny little body and could play music on his sleeve with spoons; and Joey, the nervous kid that nobody ever called from behind for fear it might make him jump out in front of a truck. Interesting guys like that were nowhere to be found in the new neighborhood, and there was often nothing to do, which never happened in the old neighborhood because somebody always came up with an idea, like climbing through the haunted icehouse, or lighting celluloid stink bombs to toss among girls, or dropping ash cans off some roof.

Friends and events of the past poured forth to meet his thoughts and put fatigue far from them. Houses fleeing past grew progressively smaller. Then grimy elevated tracks swept overhead like sudden night to touch him with fear but deeply with nostalgia too, for he was near, and blue in the hazy distance he saw the idle old giant of a Ferris wheel, high roller-coaster humps, the tapering latticed tower of the foglight that his brother used to call a warning from the Black Hand society of kidnappers to scare him into bed on windy nights.

He smelled the sea. Soon the grille of the bascule bridge sang under his wheels, and the ancient railroad trestle of orange stone loomed and swallowed him through, and he went speeding in a long crescent around the park and down the avenue of inelegant stores that he could describe with his eyes closed. Hands deep in his pockets, Denny turned the final corner at a steep dip, and the street of yellow porches yawned before him at last, with people and cars and calcimined tree trunks in a stately rank aimed at the bay, where lofty cloud banks reflected sunlight like wet pink paint.

All the trees, the bulging trees, towered richly green, as if they had all waited for Denny Groman himself to visit before rusting and shedding for the year, and with loud screams of exuberance he raced around small kids, who abandoned their chalked athletic field, piping and profane with anger as they scattered. Halfway down the block, by the picket-fenced old Rafferty house, he stopped to buy some sticks of sesame candy from the Arab who had carried a tray of it through the streets on his coiled headpiece since the earliest time Denny could remember. Where do you get Arabs up my way? he thought, approaching a wooden stoop where Petey Bruno's kid brother Ralphie, the boy who got hit by a car every Friday, sat in busy search through a forest of comic pages while scratching his head and muttering angrily to himself.

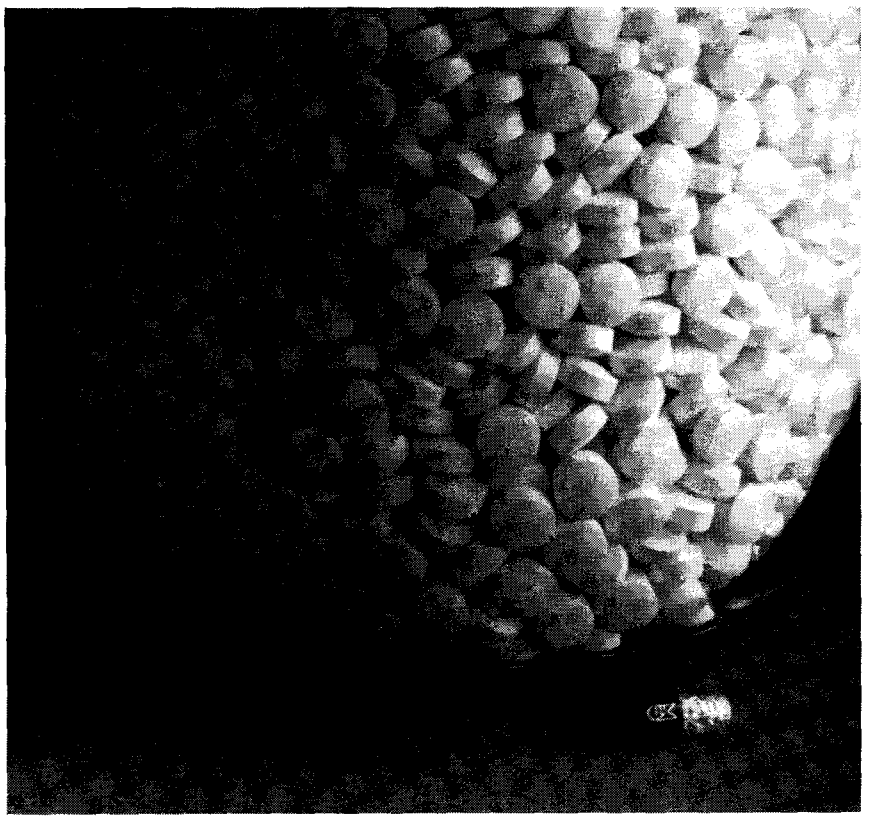
When Denny walked his bike over, Ralphie glanced up at him and watched him chew a moment, then resumed his search in troubled excitement.

"Hello, Ralphie. Don't you remember me?"

Again Ralphie gave him a surly glance and went back to tearing at the comics. "Sure. Where the hell is *Muggs Maginty?*"

"Oh, it ended in the summer. Where's your brother and the rest of them?"

Ralphie raised his eyes slowly and, glaring as if affronted, said, "*Muggs Maginty* ended? What do you mean? It ended? How can that happen?" In unhappy abstraction, Ralphie watched a car go by, and Denny remembered his own astonishment when the comic strip was dis-



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continued. It had given him a threatened kind of feeling he could not define, though, being older than Ralphie, he had not found it quite so incredible. "Yeah," Ralphie murmured at length, beginning to read a comic, "I knew something was wrong somewhere, but I couldn't put my finger on it."

"So where's Petey and all my friends?"

"Down by the bay watching ball games—where you think? They ought to be back soon."

Denny had forgotten all about the new ball fields completed shortly before he moved away, and now he had no desire to go watch the grown boys play ball and fight. "Let's go wait in Haskin's."

Ralphie looked up, curling his nose and jutting out his bottom lip just as Petey always did. "Haskin's? It ain't Haskin's any more. We just call it the candy store now, no name, because old man Haskins sold it to some stranger guy."

It stunned him. A stranger in Haskin's? It was like a hole suddenly opening in the sky, and somehow made him a little angry with Ralphie. As he bit off some sesame candy, he heard himself say, without even meaning to speak, "Haskin, his name was Haskin, not Haskins. The store was Haskin's. His name was Haskin."

"It still is. You think he died or something? He lives two blocks away in the new apartment house. I see him all the time."

"What apartment house?"

"The new one. Two blocks away."

Ralphie was in deep absorption with the comics again. Turning away, Denny noticed something about the trees, but, like Ralphie and the absence of *Muggs Maginty*, couldn't seem to put his finger on it. Munching, he walked the bike off a few feet, then brought it back to Ralphie and said, "You want half a malted? Come on over to the candy store with me."

Without looking up, Ralphie said, "I got to finish the jokes first."

"You can finish them there and have some fun watching the people too. Like that fat guy we gave the hotfoot, or that cab driver who always picks fights about baseball, or old man Rosenzweig. Did old man Rosenzweig wear that checkerboard lumber jacket of his all summer?"

Ralphie looked up from the comics very slowly and stared a moment before saying, "He died."

Denny quit chewing. Gulls were over the bay against the high clouds, which were gray now without sun and faintly quivering, along with the vast blue sky. Cars flowed past women who sat speaking on the stoops. He saw what it was about the trees. They weren't green. They were turning. They were practically yellow, and had only looked green with the wind hitting his eyes hard as he went racing into the block. Rosenzweig? How could that be? "Rosenzweig?" he said, swallowing hard to get the sesame candy down. "I wanted to go see him."

"See him?" Ralphie said with disbelief, and Denny felt anger like a rising flame. "He died. Long ago. Didn't you know that? What's the matter with you, Denny? Everybody knows that. Didn't you know Mr. Rosenzweig died? Didn't you know he——"

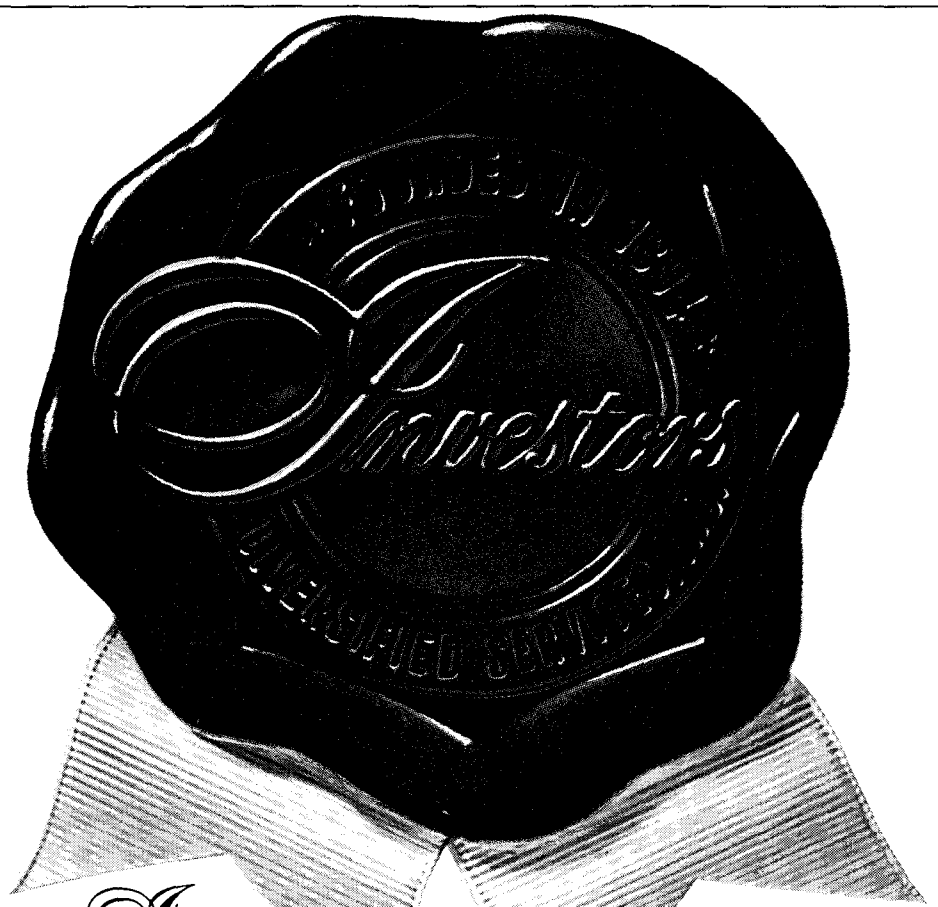
"Shut up! Shut your mouth! I heard you, stupid! No wonder Petey always slips you around!"

"They say that's why Haskins let go of the store. That's what they say. It didn't feel the same to him without Mr. Rosenzweig and his joking around. Deadpan. That's what they say." Ralphie turned away toward the candy and grocery stores up a ways across the street. As he did, fallen leaves began to chase around in a violent circle beneath the grocer's oak standing deep within the sidewalk. Then, weirdly, they came to an abrupt halt as he faced Denny again, saying, "I dreamt he was trying to get in at my window—Rosenzweig. In that cap and red lumberjack of his. I hollered, so Petey slugged me. I was scared, and you say no wonder he slaps me around."

"When did he die?" Denny asked, chewing on his candy with deliberate calm.

"Who?" the boy said blankly, adding "Rosenzweig?" only after a flurry of rage made Denny bare his teeth. "Oh, long ago. Back around when you moved out, I guess. At first I thought it happened before you moved out. You know, that kind of dream is scary. He didn't have to slug me."

Mr. Rosenzweig had coughed a lot. He had smoked cigarette after cigarette and was always coughing. Denny felt angry about his death, and the dimming sky made him angrier still, but he had no idea why he should turn it all on a poor kid who got hit by a car every Friday except the Friday when a bike ran over him and they had to carry him home anyway. He wished he had the



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landlord's kids in his hands right now. The only one around here to take it out on would be that girl Essie, but he couldn't just go up and kick her in the pants, even if he found her.

Denny handed Ralphie his last stick of sesame candy and crossed the street diagonally, walking the bike along at his side. At the broad candy-store window that opened on the street, he paused for a look inside. Sure enough, a total stranger was running the place, a worried-looking man with hair the color of Conrad's, but bristly instead of limp. It looked as if nobody was at any of the round marble tables until, in a dark corner near the telephone booth where Mr. Rosenzweig used to sit, he noticed fat old Ravik with a newspaper and cigar. He felt profoundly sad and contemplated giving Ravik a hotfoot just to cheer himself up, but decided that he had enough on his mind without getting cops all over the block.

Denny was about to hop on the bike for a sprint to the bay and old friends, when somebody shouted for his attention from the grocery store, calling him Daniel. It was old lady Shiller, who minded everybody's business and had once spat at his sty, bulging out of the doorway with a big package in her arms and glasses blazing on her gray face and her mouth all puckered up to ask personal questions. He hid behind the oak, but his bike gave him away and there she was, walking by his side with questions about every member of his family. It made him sleepy to say that his father was well, his mother was well, his brother was well, and each of his two sisters was well, and before she could press for the date of his sister's wedding, he charged up the stoop of Essie Lester.

The hallway smelled of pipe sweat and cooking; it echoed with familiar noises—a baby's wail, sweet music, a voice or two. Essie had been asking for it a long time, so he might as well take it all out on her, now that he was here anyway. Old Mrs. Jennings came down the stairs and left as he searched among the mailboxes for the Lester apartment number without success. A woman he didn't know came in from the street and looked him over. Down her leather cheek she studied him, then remembered to smile, and said, "Who you want? I know most of them."

"Do you know the Lesters?"

"Moved. I'm in their place. They're in the new apartment house. With an elevator, an incinerator, the lucky stiffs. Give them my regards. Mrs. Yost."

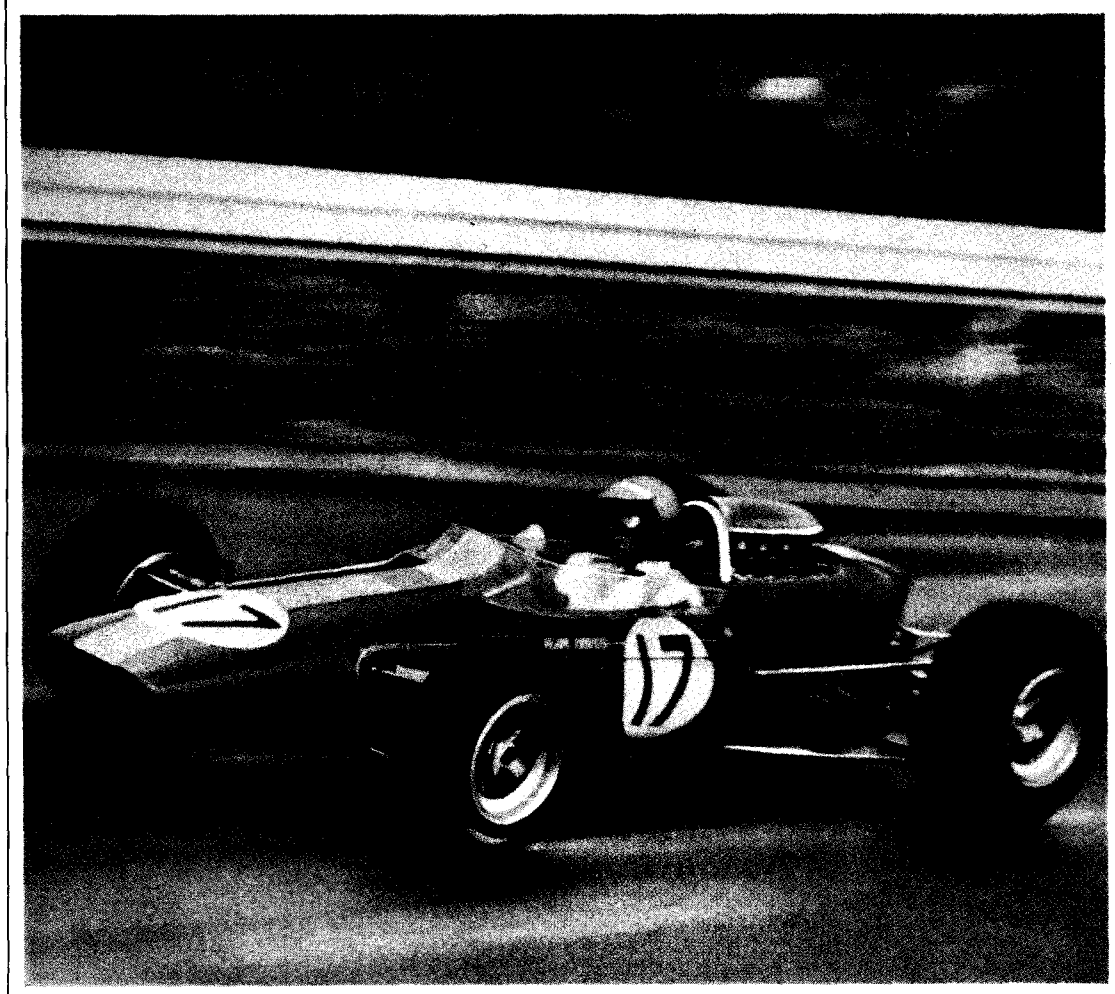
As she went creaking upstairs, he peeked through the glass door to see if the coast was clear, then sneaked the bike outside and descended quietly, because Mrs. Shiller was still there but busy talking across her groceries to Mrs. Jennings and another woman. With a running leap he jumped the curb and pedaled away just as Mrs. Shiller said, "Don't tell me, the Gromans used to live by Yunker. You remember the Gromans."

The Gromans are gone, he thought, pumping hard for speed. We don't live here any more, we're gone as good as Mr. Rosenzweig. The sun was behind something, and the day was bleak, and he was far from home. But soon at the bay, friends and the loud voices of ballplayers would restore him. Except that he was heading the wrong way. And instead of turning on the avenue, he was crossing it and getting even farther from the bay. Construction had been going on when he had still lived down here and, remembering where, he knew where to find the new apartment house toward which something was driving him to settle an old score.

On the next avenue he picked out Essie's building at once, white against the sky and twice the height of the surrounding houses. It excited him until, riding near, he turned sad, because the building had no stoop. There was something nice about a tall Hungarian kind of guy with glasses and a little smile kissing his wife at twilight, with her tired hands in her lap. Or even just a few people sitting around together before dark. But there was no stoop, so there were no people—except for a man with a fancy pointed moustache who, no taller than Denny himself, stood there talking to a black poodle three stories up in a window. The guy talked up, the poodle barked down, and Denny got off the bike to watch. "I said go get her," the man told the dog in all seriousness. After it barked in answer, he said, "Go on and do as I say!"

Denny watched the poodle disappear, but when it came back to the window with another poodle, both of them barking down, he hurried inside to avoid embarrassing the man with a realization that he was being watched talking to dogs.

The doors were pure glass eight feet tall. In a white vestibule the name directory glittered like gold, and he found the Lesters on it without trouble. But he couldn't ring the bell of someone he wanted to kick. He had to wait downstairs where Essie might happen to come by on her way in or out and find him just happening to be there. Through more glass doors he took the bike into a handsome lobby with striped walls on which several flowery pictures hung, and slowly circled the marble floor. One kick in the pants and he would be free to join his friends at the bay. But this waiting could take hours, and it didn't feel like the old neighborhood in this place where nobody among those who strayed through bothered to look at him, not even the small man who had talked to dogs. The best thing was to get up there on the eighth floor where she lived, because she might come out with something for the incinerator, and whether she did or nc



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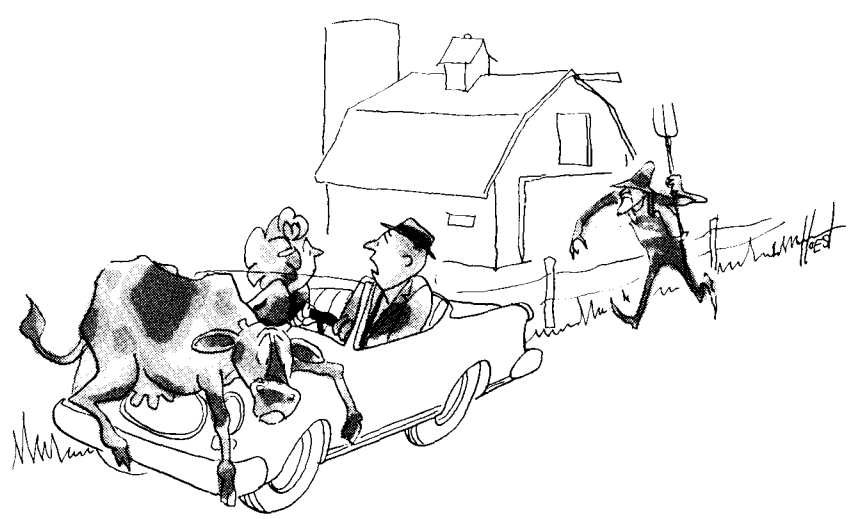

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"If he mentions the cow, try to change the subject."

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it would be nice to ride the elevator, glistening there all in chrome between the colorful pictures on the wall.

A splendid elevator, its walls were mirrored halfway down, and it rose so swiftly that his heart sank. Then, at the fifth floor, it stopped so abruptly that his heart soared and made him dizzy, so that he was grinning when the doors opened and a man in coveralls said, "Where do you think you're going with that bicycle?"

"To the eighth floor."

"No, I can't let bicycles in my elevator. If I let one bicycle, I got to let them all, so out, out."

"Why don't I take it back down, if you don't allow bikes?"

"Because this elevator's going to eight, ain't it?" He had curly blond hair and large black eyes that kept rolling around to watch how he looked helping Denny remove the bike from the mirrored car. "That makes three more flights with a bike, right? Five fon eight leaves three, right?"

"Fon?" Denny said, still grinning a little drunkenly.

"Put it in the incinerator till you come down fon eight."

"The incinerator?" he said in dizzy amusement. "Won't it burn?"

"What are you, a wise guy? That blue door's the incinerator, and don't let me catch you writing filth on the mirrors, neither."

The incinerator was in a room down the hall just barely large enough to squeeze the bike into, and Denny resented working so hard to satisfy a guy who couldn't even take a little joke. Nobody had ever called him a wise guy before, and everything had turned so sour around here that he just had to get Essie or the whole day would be a waste. Wherever the janitor had taken the elevator, it took an awful time getting back. Then, spitefully, when he pushed the eighth-floor button, it took him down, not up.

Almost at once the car stopped at three, and the inner door slid open to a terrible noise of yapping. A big fat woman in furs and feathers held her leashed pair of poodles in check while she tried to pull open the outer door. She had no doubt pushed the third-floor button just before Denny pushed his in the car, and, being no wise guy, he warned her that the car was going up, not down. He said it politely but loud enough to be heard over the yapping, while the small man with the fancy pointed moustache kept jumping up and down to look in at the little round window in the door, shouting, "What is it, what is it?"

Because of the yapping poodles the woman had to shout too, explaining, as the man's face kept appearing and disappearing in the little round window, "It's on the way up, Murray, it's on the way up."

Then the car went down, not up. Mortified, Denny felt even worse when, on the ground floor, two huge cops came in with the janitor, who seemed very upset as the car ascended. Why couldn't it have been Mr. Haskin instead, with his baldy old smile? The janitor kept rolling his large eyes to watch the mirrored wall opposite while saying, "It's that guy on eight—he's got the ledge by his windows. I know it's him because he complained once about the pigeons. A bucket of water to clean a ledge fon eight—anyone was out there that water could kill you. Did you see the size of that puddle? He's going to jail. I know it was him. Going up!" he shouted over the yapping of the poodles when the car stopped.

The small man's face kept showing up in the little round window and disappearing as the big, feathery woman opened the door a little, and Denny leaned back to hide behind the nearest cop's arm as the man shouted to ask what was the matter and the woman shouted to tell him that the car was *really* going up this time. Then the doors closed and the car rose smoothly, and as the yapping faded, the janitor went on:

"Who's responsible if anyone gets it out there fon water or anything else? Me. I'm pressing charges. It's the guy

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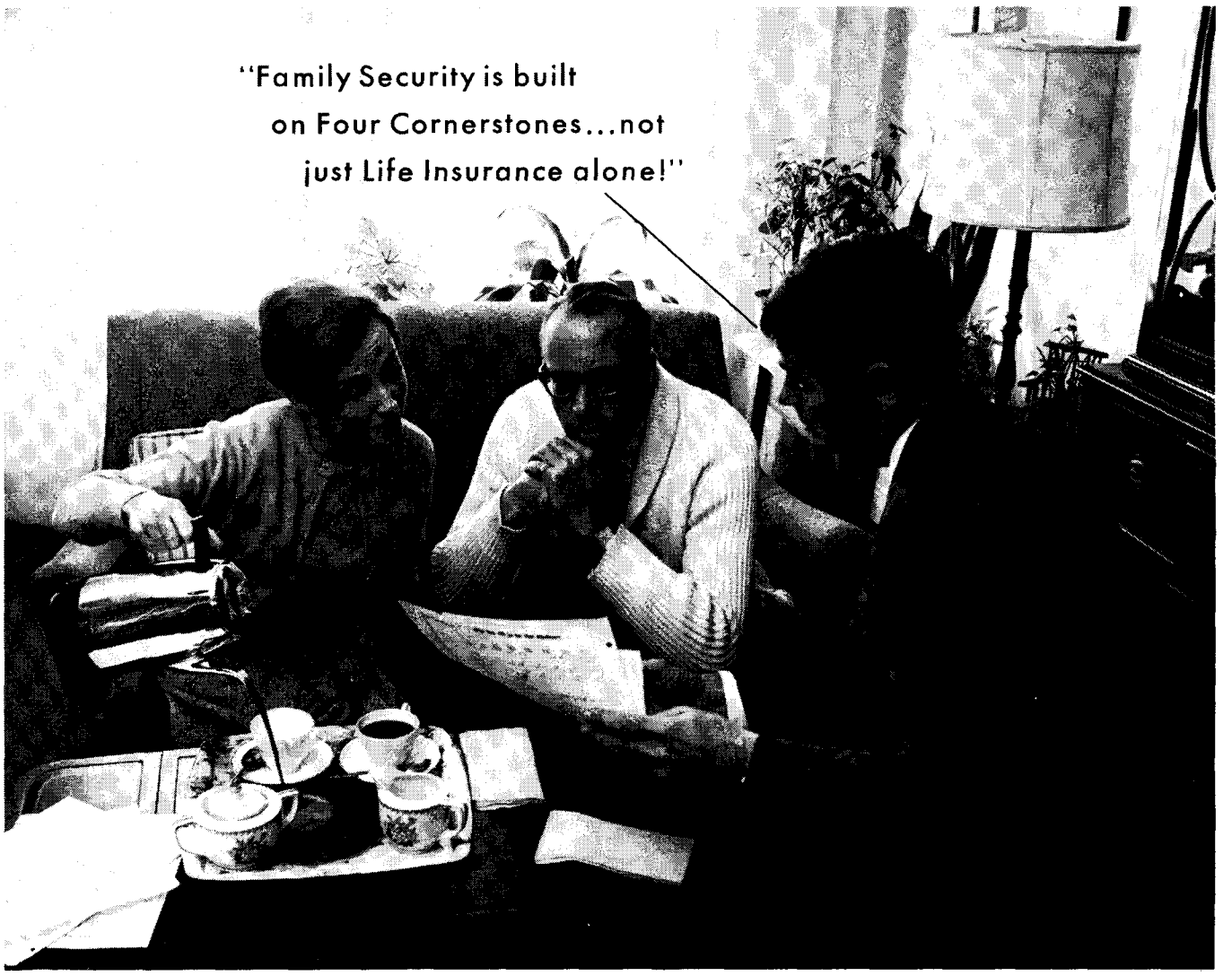

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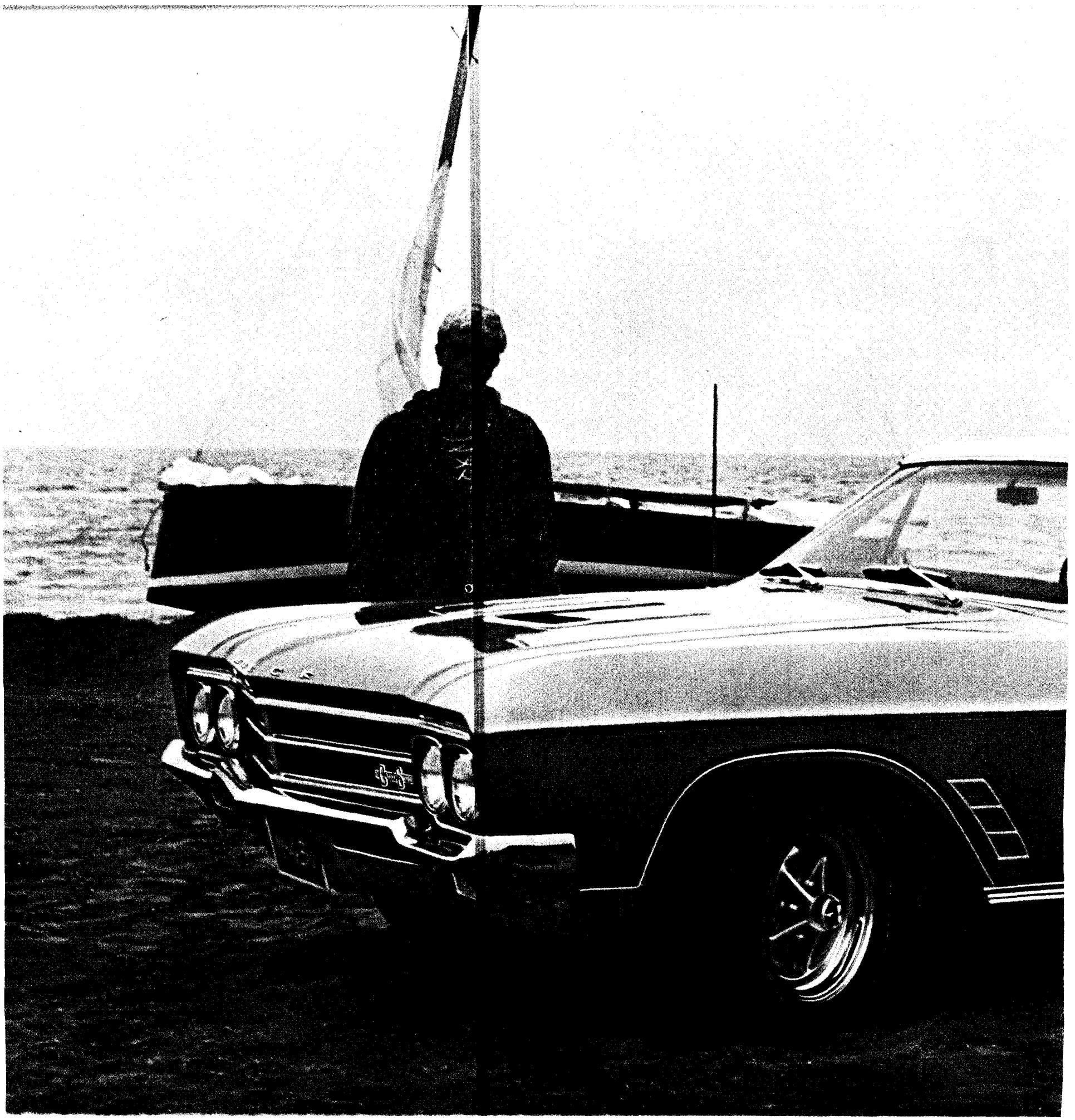

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m feeling you're driving a feather bed. e steering is sensitive enough for easy han- ng, but not to the point of twitchiness.

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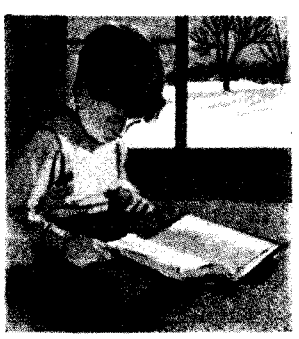

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on eight. Here you are, sonny. Five." He had stopped the elevator and was shifting his glances rapidly between Denny and the mirror opposite. "Wasn't you going for your bike?"

"Thank you."

The whole neighborhood was different now, and if it hadn't been for the bike, Denny would not have hesitated to run down the five flights of stairs and bound away from this building. The elevator took an hour to come back, and he almost wrecked the bike twisting it around to fit in the car. Then, outside, he was finally convinced that the cards were simply stacked against his getting away, because now that he had enough of Essie and her big, shiny new house, she had to show up in the street just as he was about to take his running leap onto the bike and leave this dopey old neighborhood far behind forever.

"Groman! Is it you?"

The opportunity was perfect to speed past and give her a good kick as he had done earlier to the hostile police dog, but something about her high, green stockings, or her baggy autumn coat, or the new cut to her hair, made him stop right where he was and say to her, "It's me, Essie, it's me. No fighting, Essie. I have to go home."

"What are you doing around here, Groman? I heard you moved a million miles away."

Now her sandy hair was like a knight's helmet tight around her face, which glowed as red as the sun overhead, and, what with the way she charged at him, grinning to show teeth as big and shiny white as the house, she seemed all set to eat him up. Just in time he managed to get the bike between them. "I don't want to fight now, Essie. I got no time."

"Aaah, Groman, neither have I. You never want to fight."

"How would it look, for crying out loud? What did you always want to fight me for, anyway? Why me?"

"Because I always heard you were good in math. I could kill people who were good in math. Good-bye, Groman. I'm in an awful hurry."

"I could've helped you," he called as she made for the doors, and he felt like a ghost going over all that he had missed doing in his lifetime. Noticing the huge, wet stain on the pavement a few yards away, he wondered whether, to get her back, he should warn Essie that the guy who was going to jail for that puddle might be her own father, or simply ask after the health of old Mr. Haskin, who was her neighbor. But on her own she turned in the glass doorway, so he said, "You should've told me about the math. Essie. But it's too late now."

"Why? Come on up and help me right now."

"Not now. Maybe some other time, if everything's OK."

"Would you really come around and help me, Denny?"

She was calling him Denny, all of a sudden. He must not forget to ask after Mr. Haskin. "Sure, I can come down this way easy. I made it down here today in less than an hour. No hands, most of the way."

"Hey, listen. Call me up and let's make a date. For math. I'm in a terrible hurry now, Denny. Don't be ashamed to call me up just because I'm a girl."

He felt the sun hot on his head, although his face was tingling with a frost that warned of night's approach. "What's your rush, Essie? It's an hour earlier than it's supposed to be."

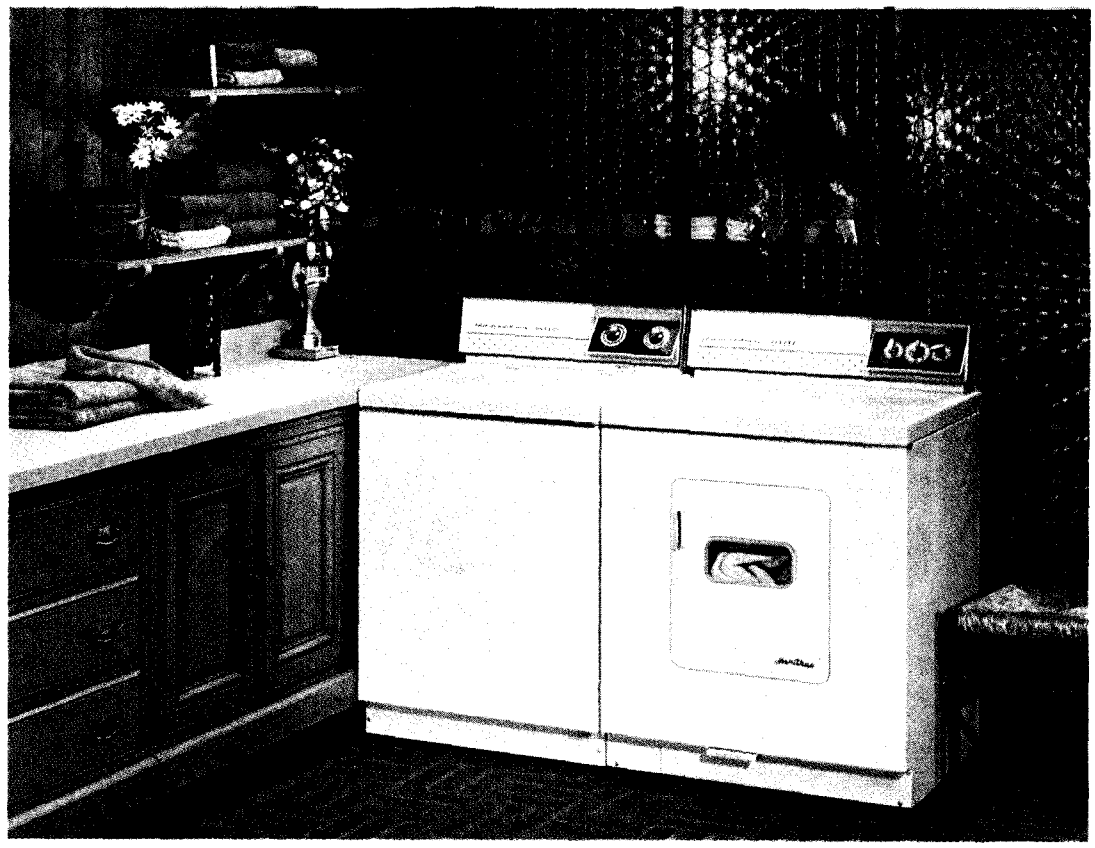
"That's right," she murmured brightly. "I forgot the time changed today." The glass doors reflected ovals of light all over her, but what really got him was her green woolen stockings, almost to her knees under the baggy gray coat. They looked so nice. "Gee, it's not all that late after all, is it?"

"No, it's pretty late anyway," he said at the sound of yapping dogs in the lobby, and took his run and his leap aboard the bike with Essie yelling something from behind in a long waterfall of laughter.

The sky, deep blue short minutes ago, was paling now and smoky. Nothing was the same around here. Rosenzweig had never been more to him than some old guy sitting around in a cap and lumber jacket, smoking and coughing and making wisecracks. Still and all it was a shame that he'd died, that Haskin's was sold, that *Muggs Maginty* had ended, that the leaves of summer turned brown and fell.

Much the same as little Ralphie, it seemed, he had always taken a comic strip as something that was forever, like Sunday itself. He had always taken as eternal his father's symphony music and lazy curtains for his mother to cook under, comics on the rug and school tomorrow, jokers and gossips in a candy store named Haskin's. Then, all of a sudden somebody let go of a store or moved to a house without a stoop where he could never again kiss his wife on one, even if somebody else took the rap and he stayed out of jail. You would expect some things to stay the same, he thought. I forgot to ask after Mr. Haskin, he thought, and, passing under the railroad trestle in a spurt for the bridge, Denny began to tremble with something like fear.

It seemed silly to shake so while pumping a bike along at top speed with both hands deep in his pockets. He didn't even feel bad. He felt good. It was wonderful to be heading home in the wind and the crimson sunlight, and he pictured the landlord's kids wearing fancy moustaches as they barked at the Pekingese next door. That made him laugh, and he went with the traffic and the wind, confident he would reach home before dark, laughing at his fear all the way. □



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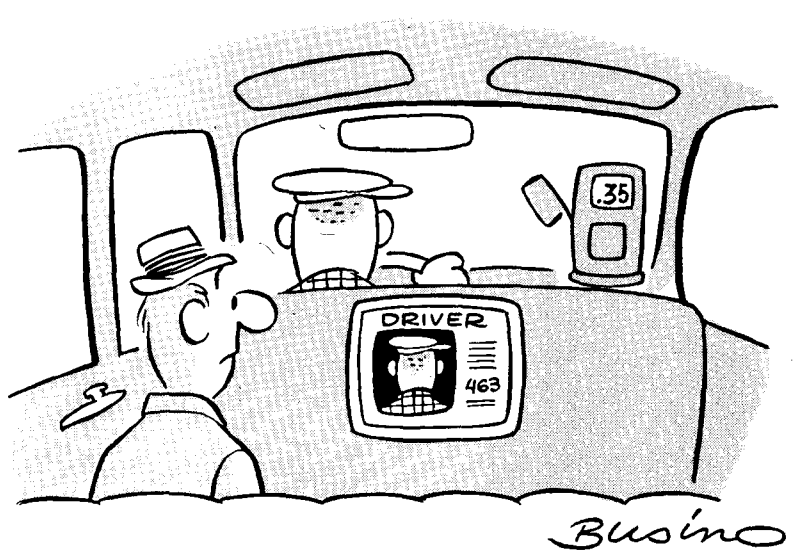

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE PASSION OF DAISY HALL

By B. L. Barrett

On the very eve of their wedding, he renounced all the temptations of the flesh. In such circumstances, what is a spirited woman to do?

Choices are few in country towns. The young must consent pretty much to an expected order of events. Small honors and large disgraces come round like the gold or brass rings on a carrousel: The preacher's son gambles; the piano teacher's niece wins the scholarship; the girl who was warned she would end in trouble does so; and the sixteen-year-old boy who was truant in grammar school rides out of town forever on a flatcar at dawn. Most predictably of all, boys and girls who dated through high school graduate, betroth, and marry in church.

When Todd Halliburton finished school, he took a job at the grocery and proposed to Daisy Hall. Daisy accepted and set the date for mid-July, and that—everyone supposed—was that. Daisy was plain and Todd had an affliction; so in their case, especially, the general if unexpressed sentiment was: Whom should they marry if not each other?

Todd was nice-looking enough—a tall young man (six-foot-two), thin but well proportioned, with straight brown hair and speckled hazel eyes. He had a few acne scars, but only a few; and these were faint. He was good-natured, with none of that splenetic quality Caesar warned against in the "lean and hungry"-looking. Rather, he was cheerfully unimaginative and fond of fun: He liked to smoke, and to drink beer, and he liked the girls.

But girls did not like him. Rather, they liked him, but strictly "as a person." That is to say, they wouldn't have cared to go out with him. He had a set of mannerisms—tics, actually—that spoiled his looks, and had inspired someone (when it first came out that his middle initial was J.) to call him "Jumps." The nickname was sufficiently apt that everyone except his mother, and later on, Daisy, called him by it.

Imagine someone in a room with a wasp. That was how he was—either hardly still for an instant, or else too still. He would weave his head, rise and sit down again, crane his neck over his shoulder, snatch

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his chin in, and fling up his hands. He could rarely complete a sentence, but instead would break off, holding his breath, as if he heard something. It is perhaps noteworthy that after his Experience, when his tics became a subject for open mention, Mrs. Halliburton gave out positively that her son had been plagued by them "since the cradle."

Jumps was a realist, and in the tenth grade he selected Daisy Hall to be his girl. He needed someone to talk to and to take to dances, and he understood the arithmetic—that girls wanted by other boys would not want him. Daisy had thick ankles, and an oldish face; but Jumps perceived that her face seemed oldish only because it was so gentle—that she was "tender-eyed," like Leah of the Old Testament, whom none wanted. So Jumps took her, and Daisy was grateful. One could say they "settled" for each other.

But when they became engaged, this changed. Their engagement astonished and transformed them with happiness! They felt drunk and dizzy, as if they had been catapulted from the void into each other's arms. In the course of years, upon occasion, they had said they loved, but they had not known it. They had only used the word for a sop to conscience when they had gone a bit too far. But now they did love! Love descended upon them like an engagement present from the sky. It became the town pastime to watch each night, from screened porches, for this plain pair going by, drunk with love, clinging and staggering, or parting under the street lights to gaze upon each other as if they were beautiful.

The dog days of July at length came round, and the wedding eve at last. Jumps and Daisy, at her gate under the flooding moon, chastely kissed and for an instant, mute with awe, clung with the eyes, and parted. He stayed to watch her—for the last time, as he supposed—enter her father's house. He looked for the light to go on in her room, and blew a kiss to it.

If he had gone home then . . . But he was too stirred up. He went instead to the saloon, where he had two beers, no more. To that, there were witnesses. As also to the fact (his mother vouched for it) that his bed that night was not touched or slept in.

The sun rose. Daisy opened her eyes and knew at once what day it was. The word had gone forth, and every bird in the county had come to sing in her yard. Her dress—beautiful beyond belief—hung on the wardrobe with its long, shimmering train looped over a chair. It seemed to her that the birds had waked her, and she lay smiling at this good omen. Then some pebbles struck her window.

She rose and went quickly, but stayed behind the curtain. "Todd?" she called.

She was uncertain that it was he, so still was the figure standing below in the garden.

Jumps nodded his head. His arms hung unnaturally composed along his sides.

"Dear heart, go away!" she scolded. She remained hidden, but gave the curtain a shake; she was both flattered and annoyed. "You shouldn't see me today. Not till church!"

"Something's happened, Daisy."

His stillness frightened her then, and she stepped forth in the window. "What is it? I'm coming down!"

"Best not! I only came to—to tell you when you dress today—to tell you you mustn't put on . . ." He broke off, and his arms lifted toward her and then fell heavily to his sides in a gesture of woe and renunciation.

In an instant, she appeared on the porch. Her wrapper was carelessly flung on, and at sight of his intended bride's white throat bared to the winy summer morning, Jumps drew back with a hoarse warning that she must come no closer. "Don't touch me!" he commanded. And he withdrew a step further, behind a bush.

Illustrated by Dave Blossom

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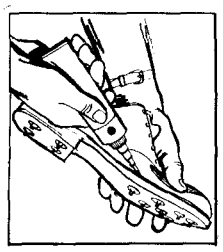

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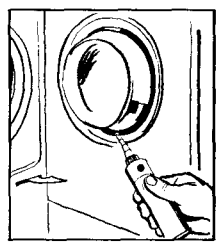

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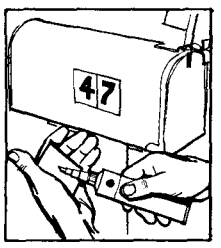

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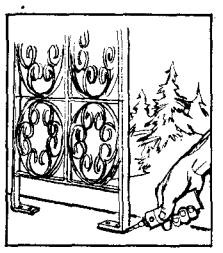

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

PASSION OF DAISY HALL

"What is it, Todd?" she breathed. "You can tell me. I won't make a fuss."

Nor did she. Not a whimper, not a word. For what was there to say? And the new ease of his speech cowed her. When he had finished, and the birds sang on and Daisy made no outcry nor rash gesture toward him, Jumps stepped into view on the path. He stood poised and sorrowful, with dusty hands.

He was handsome. The disfiguring tics that had plagued him all his life were gone; as if whatever he had watched and listened for and warded off had lighted on him at last in the night, and put its sting in.

They exchanged a long look—like that longest look in the world that you give to the face of someone you love before they close the coffin. Then Daisy went into the house.

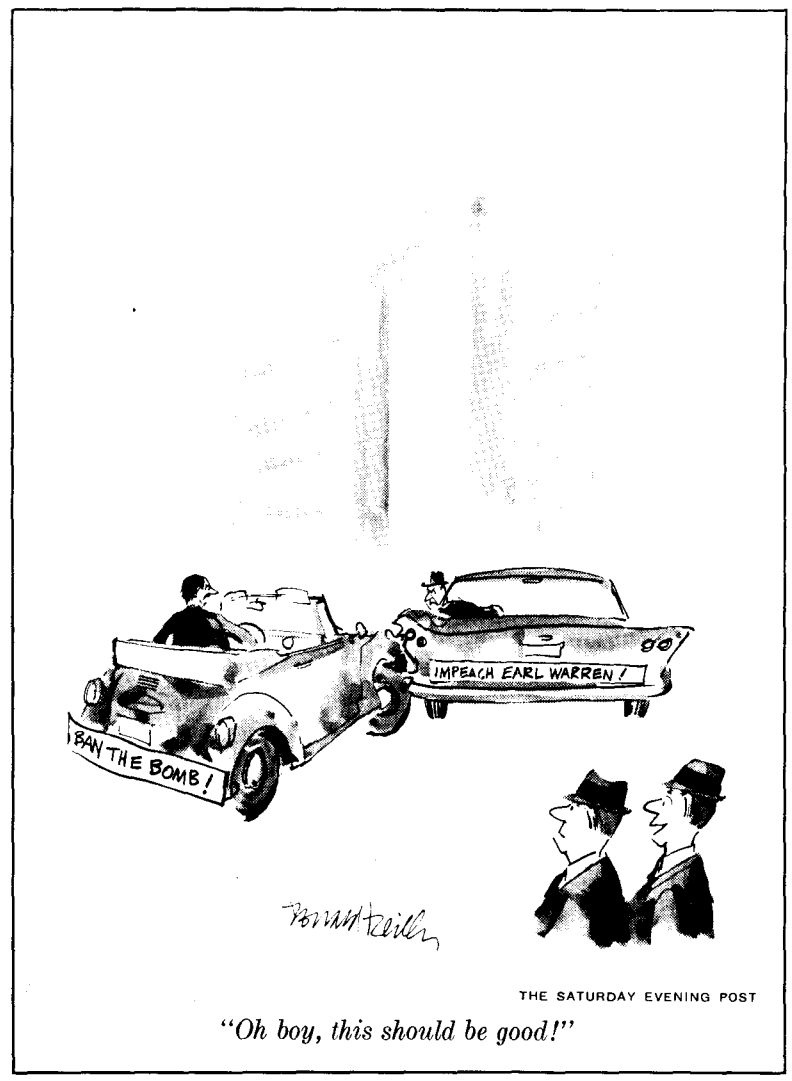
Jumps next turned up at the parsonage. Brother Honey, fresh from a hearty breakfast, was about to put his collar on for the ceremony. He listened to Jumps's story, collar in hand, and green with envy. Afterward, his wife's account told how the boy refused to wash, to eat, to rest on the day bed. He went next door, crossing unsteadily the plot of gravestones between the parsonage and the church, and waited on the painted steps for the wedding guests to arrive.

Presently they came, in best fettle, of course; and Jumps—rumpled and unshaven as he was, and with many lapses into tears—apologized to have brought them out, protested his love for Daisy, and then described (already for the third time) the following events:

The night before, after he left the saloon, Jumps had walked out to the edge of town. Prairie towns have an edge—a place where the sidewalk simply stops, and you step off into stubble and stars. On his wedding eve, finding himself still too wakeful to go home, Jumps stepped off this edge.

He stood on the skirt of the prairie and thought the age-old thoughts. The full moon shone. Miles of crickets chirred. The air was warm as fur. The ground too, in the dog days of July, was still warm at midnight from the heat of noon. Stooping, Jumps felt it with his palms. He could see an ant crawl—the moon was that bright.

America, America



"Oh boy, this should be good!"

He took a stick, and printed large in the dust:

DAISY HALL
TODD HALLIBURTON.

Seeing the names thus placed, one above the other, he made a discovery: Daisy, to marry him, needn't even give up her name. She had only to add to it!

He was nonplused. He could not see how they had both of them—he *and* Daisy—overlooked this startling evidence that they were indeed "made for each other." He applied the stick again, this time to write her new name, as it would be on the morrow: *Daisy Halliburton.*

He got to the *b*— no further.

Here we come to the part of his story that he altered later. In the initial tellings, Jumps said the stick "changed into a lizard." Subsequently—after some work with an encyclopedia—he said "a salamander."

The distinction is academic. Which, or even whether, was never seriously at issue. As Brother Honey, who was often to worry the subject in closed session with his wife, put it: "Does it matter whether the bush burned?"

Jumps's salamander was beautiful—a softly luminous, pliant gold, "like a girl's mesh purse she carries with her to dances." It commanded Jumps to "write in the dust no more," but henceforth to "speak messages."

Jumps dropped the thing, it landed *plop*, and that was the last he knew of it. He had slumped to his knees, and remained thus for an indeterminate time, with his mind—he said—"empty." At last, growing numb, and his knees starting to pain him, he sat back on the edge of the sidewalk. He sat till dawn, thinking.

He tried to hold back. He decided first not to curse any more, and to give up reading the funnies, and hoped to stop there. But then, he supposed he oughtn't to smoke any more, or to drink beer any more, and one thing suggested another: He shouldn't appear at dances, or go to the movies, or chew gum any more, and so on. Until, as the hours passed and the list grew long as his arm, he had to face it that he was wiped out—that he daren't preserve one pleasure for his private consolation. He shouldn't use pomade any more, or shoot pool any more. And he shouldn't joke any more, or sing any more—except hymns.

Morning approached. The prairie changed from black to gray to pink. And when the first rooster crowed, Jumps, having delayed as long as he dared, relinquished Daisy. For he oughtn't to hug any more, or to kiss any more, or even to think any more of those delicious doings connected in his mind with being a husband. He must just "speak messages"—per instructions—for the rest of his life, and eventually die and go to glory.

Jumps wept. The-rest-of-his-life sounded as long as the Age of Ferns.

Soon after, a few early risers saw him, "like something the cat dragged in," on his way to Daisy's.

He fasted and preached all day, till his voice gave out and he fainted on the steps of the church. He was carried into the parsonage and placed on the day bed. Muttered Sister Honey (tucking him in quite briskly): "So sad for Daisy." Her husband, meanwhile, withdrew to his study, where he suffered a hasty crisis. "Why him?" he cried.

Jumps's conversion was little discussed. Beyond question, he had been born again. And as for the marvelous element in his story, the overnight disappearance of his lifelong tics bore such forceful witness that even Dan Catto, the town lawyer and Unitarian, observed only that some young men were more scared to get married than they knew.

Daisy buried herself for a while. When she reappeared, she was much changed. She was as changed as Jumps

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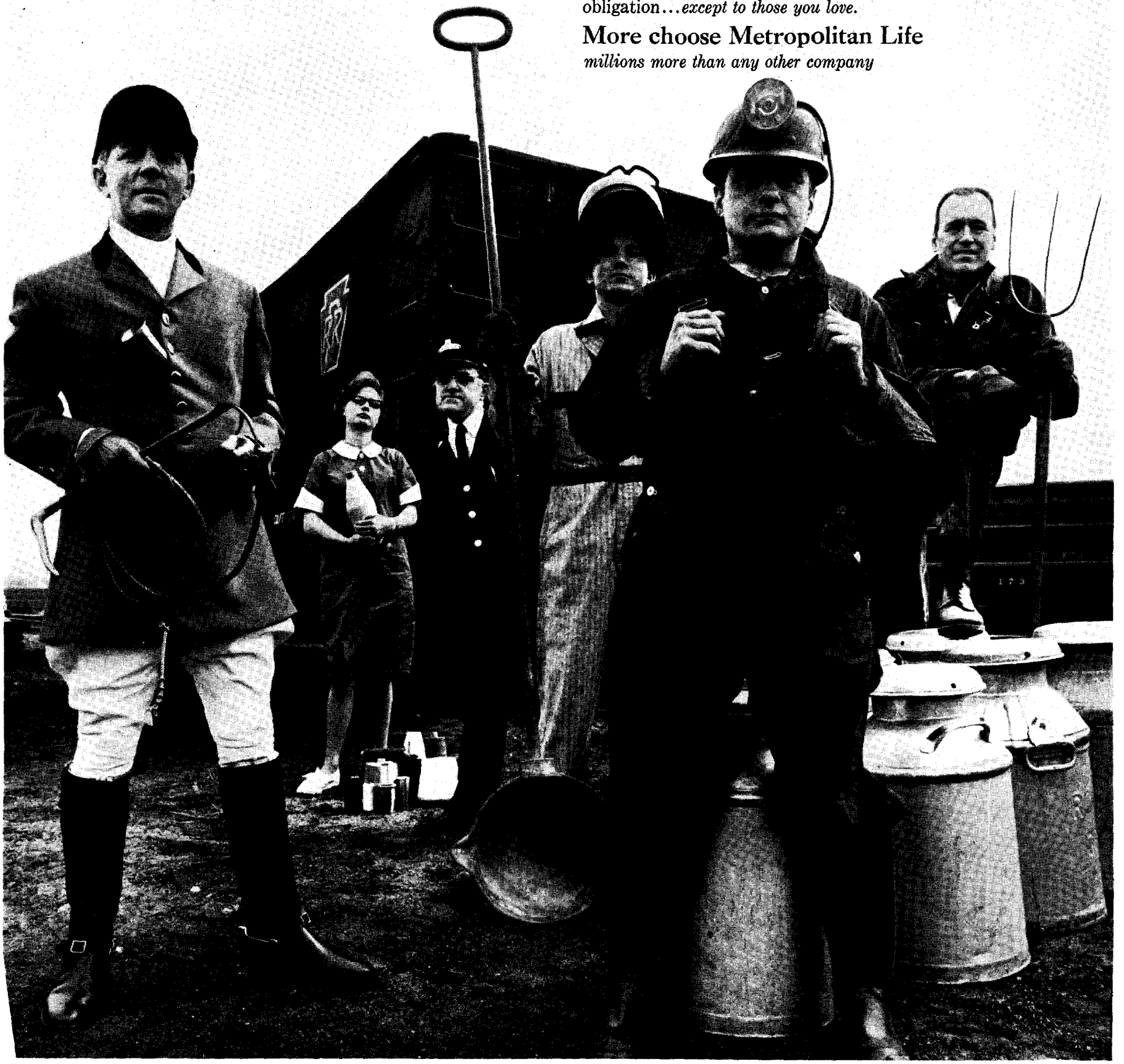

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The Mentholatum Company, Buffalo, N. Y.

but in reverse, somehow. Her soft ways were gone. She had a darting eye, abrupt gestures, and a mirthless, startling laugh that made one turn and look. The boys gave her a whirl. (To cheer her, doubtless—poor jilted thing.) In a curiously orderly and democratic fashion, they called on her in turns, walked her to the edge of town, and wrote her name in the dust.

Jumps did not at once perceive that Daisy was at large. His new life was hard. Mornings he worked at the grocery, and afternoons and Thursday nights—when the stores stayed open—he "hawked the gospel" (Dan Catto's phrase) on the corner of First and Main. Dan Catto could joke; he made it sound easy, for he was a man of words. For Jumps, however, to "hawk the gospel" was pure Calvary. It was worse than Calvary. It was Oral English all over again, on Tuesdays in school, when he had had to stand and recite, tics or no tics. Those days were still of recent memory, and when he dutifully preached on the corner, the world blurred the way the classroom, with its bank of faces and row of glittering transoms, used to.

But even the most nervous speaker will get his talk down cold in time. The world then comes back to him. He is able first to distinguish objects, then persons, and eventually will count the house, contend with hecklers, and even adjust the microphone.

A sizable crowd had collected at Jumps's corner. It was an Indian-summer night, a Thursday, and everyone was out—even in wheelchairs. The stores were open; there was a moon and a tender breeze. Couples strolled, children dribbled popcorn, the Sweet Shop stood wide with several tables and wire chairs placed out on the sidewalk. Jumps, manning his corner, was in good voice. He could be heard a block away. He had climbed on a box, and his vest and shirt, and pleasant face sweating with exertion, were in view above the heads of the listeners.

A girl, strolling by on the arm of her companion, paused to listen. They stood at a little distance, separate from the crowd—the girl with her weight planted on one leg, and one hand on her hip—gazing at Jumps. The girl's face was noncommittal, like a sullen child's at the zoo.

Jumps saw it was Daisy.

She looked charming, as the lost so often do. His heart contracted at sight of the rouged mouth, the hair chopped in a bang, and the gentle bosom presented to view like little doves on toast. It did not strike him at first how "done up" to catch the eye Daisy was; he was only perplexed that he could not remember she had been that pretty. He disliked the fellow with her—a city man, he appeared, who used his elbow as a clamp for cinching Daisy's hand against his side. Jumps fixed him with his eye and preached right at him. The fellow snickered and, bumping his hat back with his thumb, passed some remark to Daisy and nibbled her ear. Jumps excused himself, pushed through the crowd, and punched him in the nose.

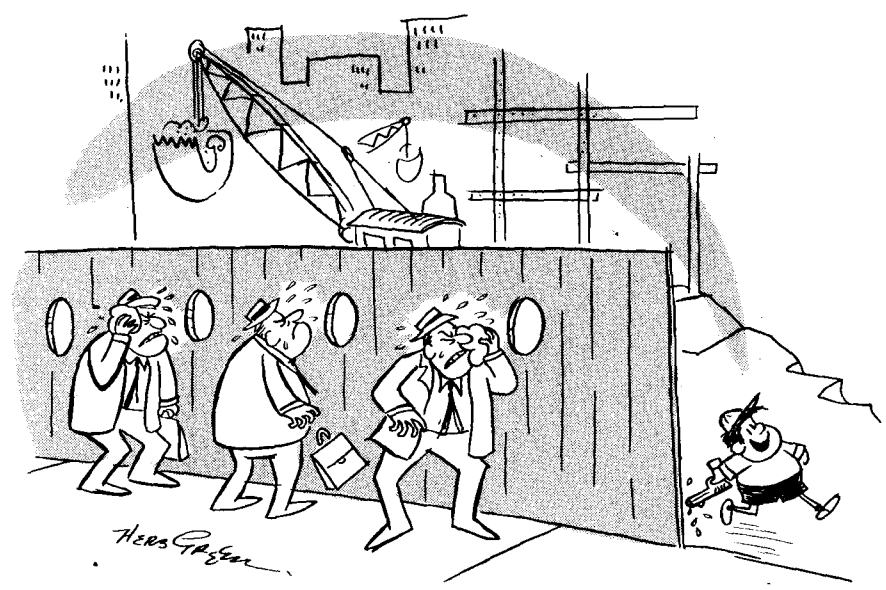
That disposed of the city man. But after this incident it seemed to Jumps that every time he blinked, there was Daisy, draped on a different arm. He was awake now from his long trance, and he saw, with dismay and indignation, the way she had gone and the shabby way she was used. Why, the bums didn't so much as treat her to a show or a soda! They gathered free—like fruit blown to the ground—the favors he had forgone!

It wrung his heart. He could share neither his mother's view (that "every tub must sit on its own bottom") nor Brother Honey's (that one's whole duty could be dispatched by praying for "the minx"). Jumps himself felt responsible. ("So he is," muttered Sister Honey.)

One night he had a dream of Daisy lying in a ditch. After that, unable to think what else to do, he began to guard her.

Evenings after supper, including Thursdays, he posted himself outside Daisy's house. His demeanor was mild and civil, for he was ashamed of his un-Christian assault on the city man. All he did was act the doorman: greeting, adieu-ing, consulting his watch. But this sufficed. Daisy's popularity at once fell off sharply, for winter was setting in, and it is a doubtful pleasure to promote a girl in the parlor, by a snug fire, while a preacher she used to go with stands outside in the cold, waiting for you to finish.

In his thorough way, Jumps maintained his patrol after all need had passed. Daisy herself dismissed him at last. The nights worsened and froze, till she grew alarmed for his lungs. She flung her window open, embraced the streaming curtains, and yelled in the



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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teeth of the blast that he should go home.

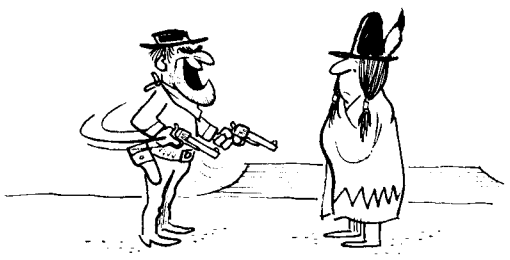
Jumps crossed the dead garden and stood under her window, remembering that winy summer morning, and Daisy in her open wrapper, and all the birds singing. He was blue with cold. "Todd, go home!" she wailed. "I'll be good, I promise, only go!"

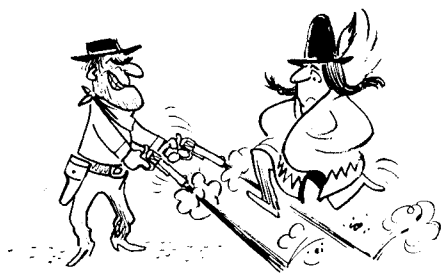
She began to cry. So did Jumps, for that matter. Daisy clung to the curtain till he was out of sight. Then she sank to the floor, yanking the curtains with her—down over her, like a caul.

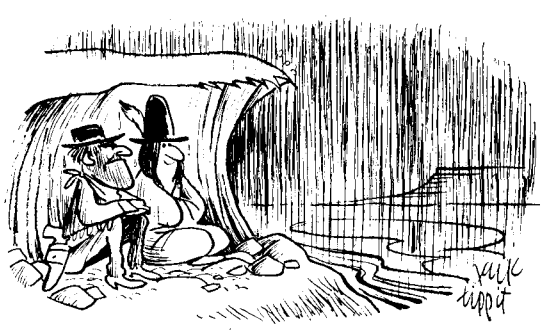
Neither she nor Jumps was seen all winter. Daisy's seclusion was suspect, of course, with experts projecting the time from August as the earliest likelihood. Jumps had pneumonia, which does not take as long, and he emerged in April.

The out-of-doors restored him. Soon he was strong again, and almost happy. In his lonely ministry he felt supported and confirmed by the signs of spring everywhere endorsing God. But he was concerned for Daisy. If the gossip were true, he felt he should go to her; yet he feared to shame her. He fretted and delayed. Then one day he noticed a crowd opposite his corner. He crossed the street to investigate. Daisy was there. Mad, apparently.

She wore a strange, long dress, to the ground. Her face was gray. Her hair was slicked in a bun. She had lost pounds, and what with that, and the bun, and the lank, gloomy dress, she looked stretched, or taller, as if she







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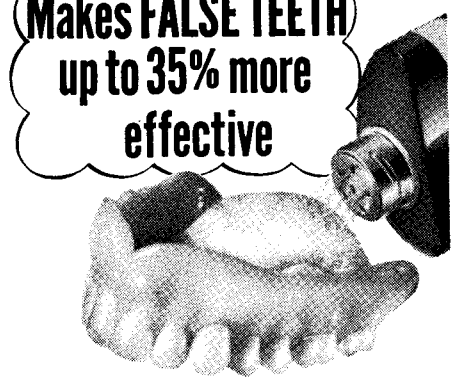

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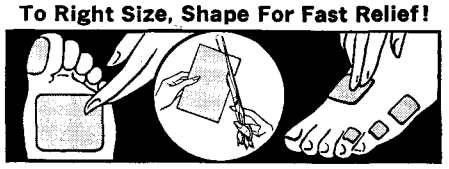

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had been drawn through the eye of a needle. Much alarmed, Jumps pushed through the crowd to aid her. The poor creature was making a frightening, gargling noise, with her eyes rolled back in their sockets. "Daisy!" he sobbed.

Daisy paused in what she was doing and for an instant eyed him coolly. "Bless you, brother," she said. Then she flipped her eyeballs back and picked up where, presumably, she had left off.

Who could judge? In respect to the gift of tongues, Brother Honey himself was too behindhand to risk skepticism. "It's the first I've seen it," he admitted. "I *suppose* she's doing it right."

From that day forward, Daisy showed up regularly, outfitted with a little folding campstool that she arranged conveniently at hand with a quart thermos bottle, a sack lunch, and a packet of lozenges. To Jumps's hint that she should pick another corner, she answered tartly: Did he suppose she had been "called" in order to "set up on some back street" where no one would know about it?

Jumps answered, with all his heart, "No, indeed"; for if performance were any gauge, Daisy was the one with the real vocation.

She had had, she told the world, a revelation of her own, and to distribute its benefits she not only talked in tongues; she testified, whooped and hollered, sang, and even (when space permitted) rolled on the ground. She also drew freely on that period in her life when she had "committed abominations."

This—what Dan Catto called "washing her dirty linen in the blood of the Lamb"—made waves.

All the boys left town—it seeming always imminent that Daisy would name names.

Jumps found himself talking to an empty house.

Business fell off on his side of the street and picked up on Daisy's.

When this happened, the business community broke into two factions. Delegations were dispatched to the parsonage, to Daisy's mother, and to the sheriff's office, with the following results: (1) Brother Honey declared himself *hors de combat*. (2) His wife inquired, Did the gentlemen wish to "muzzle Daisy" for what the girl was doing, or for doing it better than a man? (3) The sheriff, up for reelection, thought they should "hold the line" and see if "the thing spread." (4) Daisy's mother said that this way, at least, the child was getting a little fresh air.

Interested parties then fell back on the primitive view that nothing ailed Daisy that a husband couldn't fix; pressure was applied with a word here, a hint there, for Jumps to reexamine his mislaid plans to marry her.

Jumps was tempted. He had never for five minutes stopped wanting to marry her, and now he was captivated afresh by the glittering talents she showed for his own profession. He longed to annex them. A brilliant wife! That he should dare to aim so high!

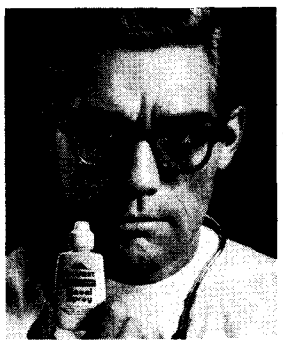
He did not dare. The goose pimples it gave him just to think of it came, he feared, from the breath of Lucifer upon him.

He went to her, instead, with lesser proposals. The first she rejected out of hand: She would not set up her pulpit elsewhere, though he might if he liked. Then he proposed an alternating schedule: She could work Monday-Wednesday-Fridays, and he Tuesday-Thursday-Saturdays.

"That would be shirking," Daisy said.

Jumps knew she was right. He stared at the ground and sighed. "Daisy," he said, "when I had this darn vision, like it or not, I knew my life wasn't my own anymore to run it my way. I supposed, as I went along, I'd find the strength for whatever was required of me. But I sure never thought I'd be required to outshout you on the corner of First and Main."

"Thought I'd just sit home and die, did you?" Daisy asked this with impeccable



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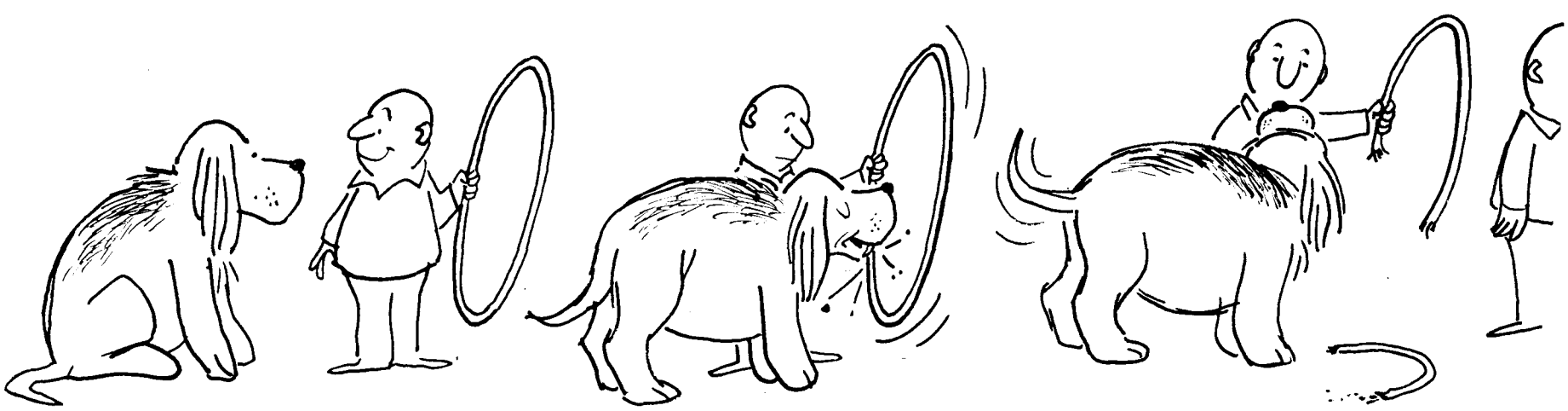

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sweetness, looking Jumps in the eye with tilted head, like a robin. She was taking her break, sitting cup in hand on the campstool, with her thermos open on the sidewalk beside her.

"I can't bear it, Daisy," he answered. "I'll have to leave town, that's all."

"So many of the boys have left."

They both fell silent. Daisy drank and ate. The steam curling upward from the thermos made Jumps afraid he would faint. He made it a rule to fast during his day: That way, he had settled it once and for all, not to dawdle in the Sweet Shop. *Beef broth,* he thought, averting his head. Daisy finished a jelly sandwich. "We could be a team," she suggested.

She put her cup down. At once, someone plunked a dime in. Jumps heard a distinct jingle as she pocketed it. "They do that," she sighed, screwing the cup onto the thermos. "I have to be so careful."

Jumps gawked at her, sunk in admiration. Why, if he put out a bushel basket, there wouldn't anybody see it! "A team?" he quavered.

"You preach, and me pass out tracts."

His heart thumped.

"Or turnabout. Doesn't your voice get tired?" She offered him a cherry lozenge, which he refused, trembling, afraid to touch her hand. Delicious waves passed through him—at talking shop this way. Daisy tucked the lozenge in her cheek; it made her lisp slightly. "Mine does," she said. "I surely admire the way you keep at it, Todd. You look peaked, though. I don't see you as much use to the Lord if you plain give out. Nor me neither."

Jumps longed to tell her she didn't look about to give out. Her cheeks were rosy, and she had plumped out, till the uniform she wore no longer looked in the least grim. She had added something too: a flattering trim of lace at neck and cuff. "Well, I reckon it gets easier," she said. "Does it get easier, Todd?"

Her deference was charming. "Not for me," he said. "I am not eloquent."

"But Todd, you are! Why, that's what Moses said!"

Daisy stood up, brushing the crumbs from her lap, and began to sing. People stopped and sang with her. Such was her power, it was all Jumps could do to drag himself off to his own dreary post. He felt, at Daisy's side, what he had always missed in his own conversion, and knew should be there: the joy—the good news of it!

He returned another day. It was chicken soup this time. They discussed the team idea from all angles. "The *appearance* of evil," Jumps quoted vaguely. "Think how it would look, Daisy; when we used to be so thick."

"We were engaged," she corrected him. She poured soup into her cup, and coins of fat glistened through the steam. "My dress still hangs there. Oh, I wouldn't consider it without we took care of appearances. Not in the Lord's work, Todd."

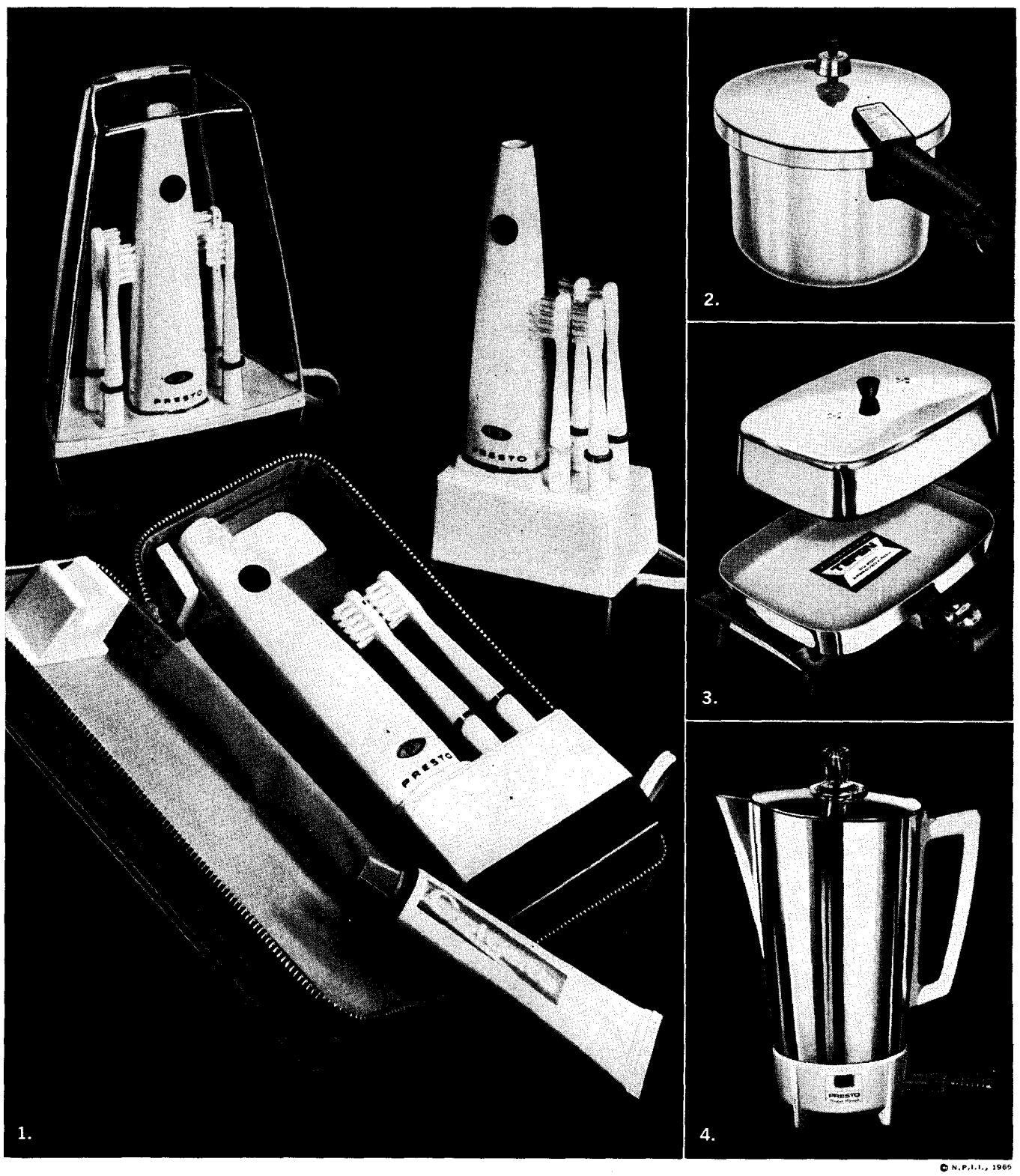
She met his eyes. In the sedate frock, with her hair so, she looked free of guile. Jumps shivered, though the sun blazed: *Even Eve,* he thought, *hair to the ground and naked, perhaps had looked so; with the apple in her hand!* His knees wavered, and he sat down on the curb. "Daisy, Daisy, that soup smells so good."

Daisy let him drink. "We couldn't just proceed," she cautioned, supporting his head. "You would want to check first."

And so, at the next full moon, Daisy and Jumps walked out together to the edge of town. Daisy chose the stick, and it was she who held and guided it. The stick quivered (perhaps because she trembled), but it stayed a stick this time. And with Jumps's hand on hers—as to cut a wedding cake—she printed large in the dust:

DAISY HALLIBURTON

The crickets chirred. □



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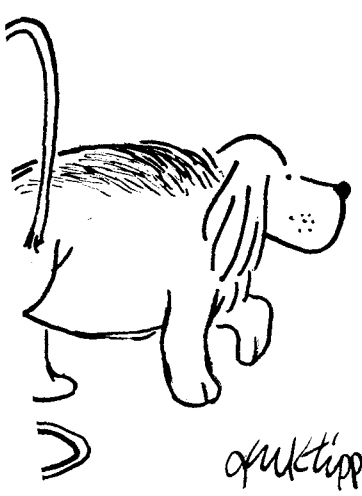

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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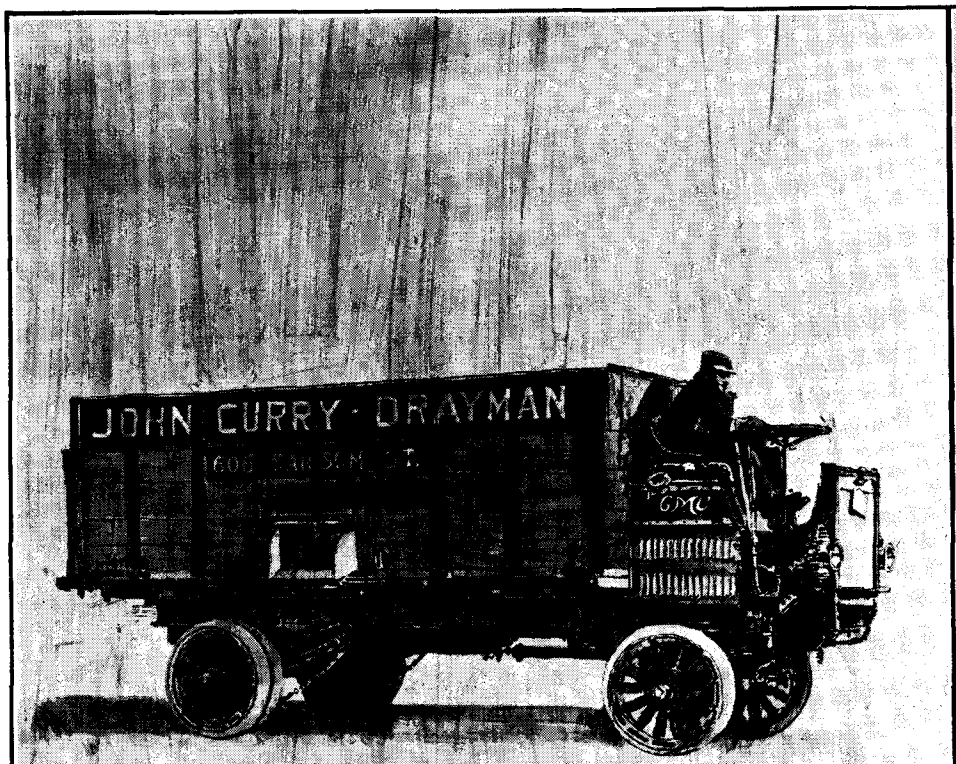
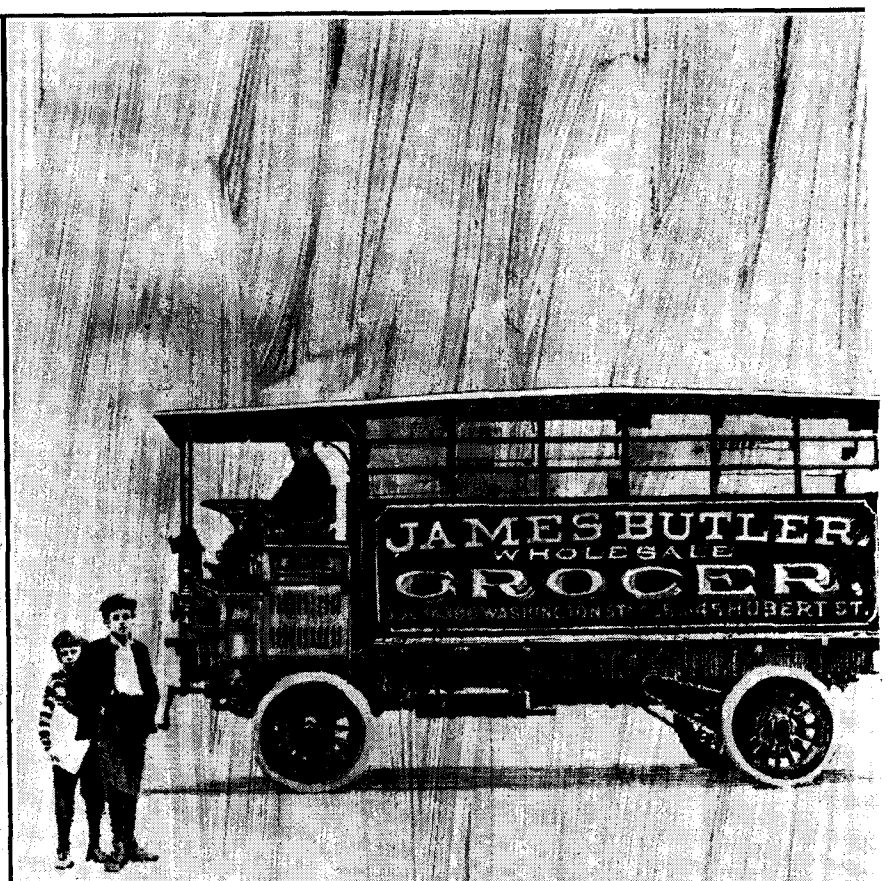
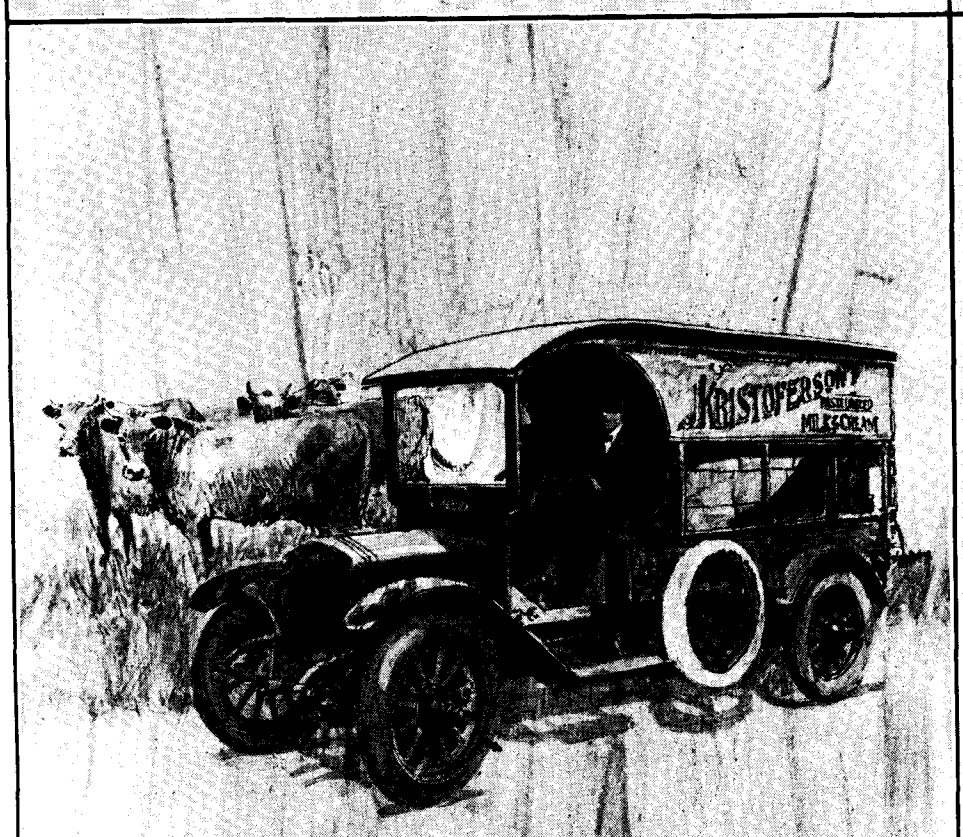
John Curry, Jim Butler, August Kristoferson and Samuel Maho
Trailblazers of the good life.



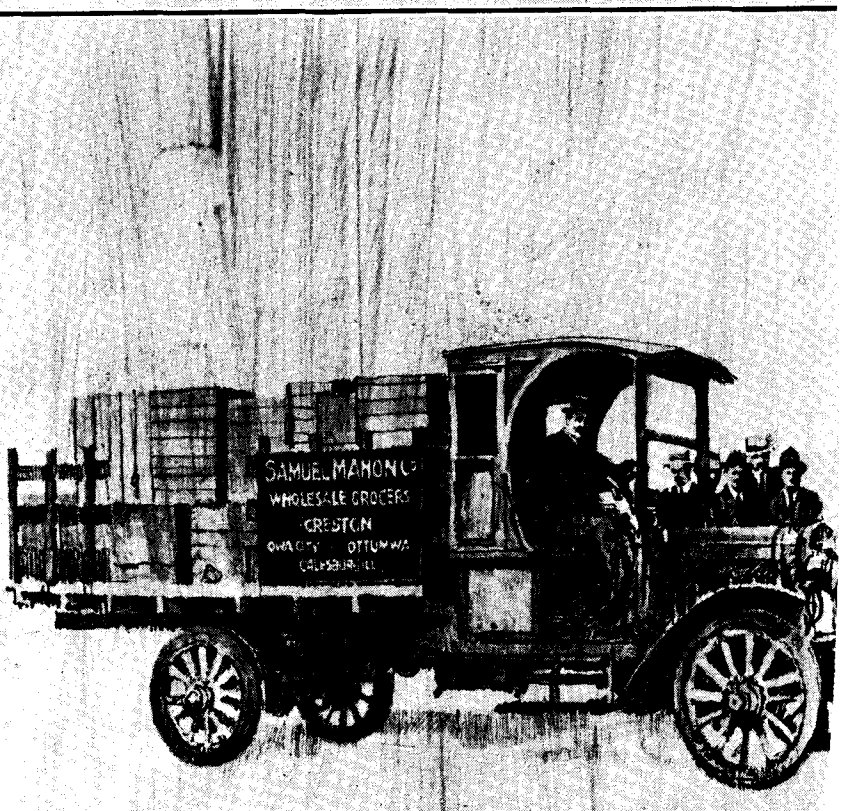
In 1912, John Curry, a Philadelphia drayman, used this 5-ton truck to haul coal and rolls of printing paper. People had seen few trucks like this before. The stakes were removable. Quite an innovation.



Jim Butler also traded in his horses, the year of 1912. This handsome beauty got the groceries to his customers in better shape and in better time. Folks were beginning to realize the importance of trucks.



August Kristoferson saw the light, too. This dairyman really went all out in 1920. He bought a fleet of 16 trucks. Business was just great. More and more people got the opportunity to enjoy Kristoferson's milk and cream.



Samuel Mahon was mighty pleased with his new trucks. Let him tell you about it. This is a letter he wrote in 1920. "My 1-ton truck has never bee of commission during the 25 months I have owned it. The engine sings a like a sewing machine." Ah, trucks. You're finally coming into your own.

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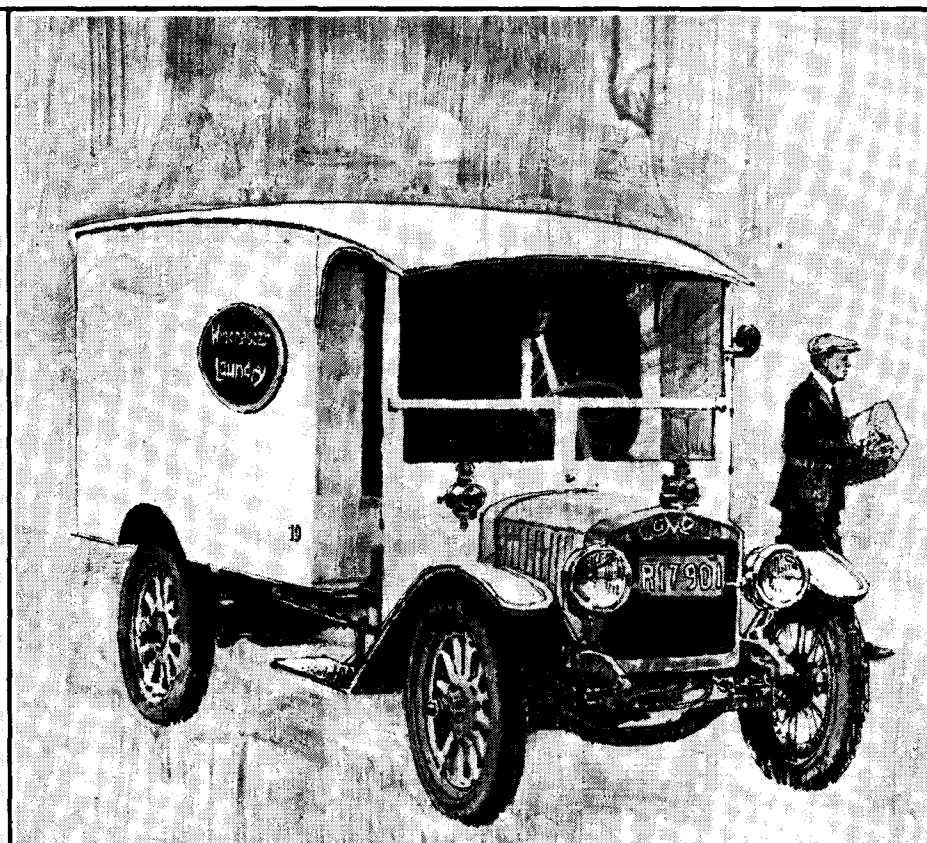
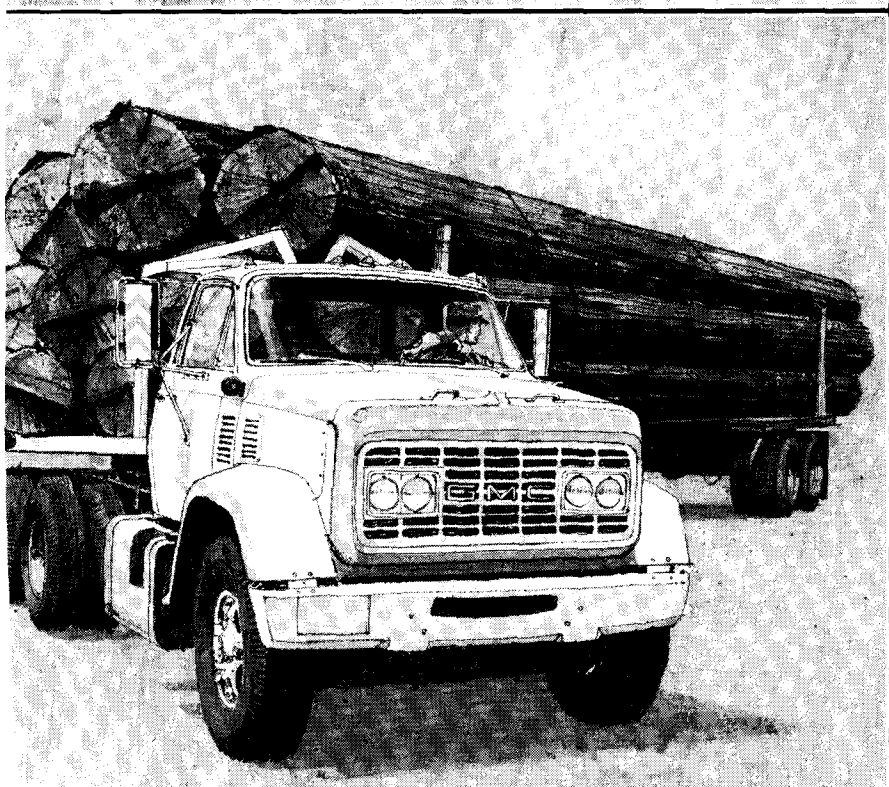
Four years later, 1916 to be exact, this truck made headlines. It set a transcontinental endurance record. From Seattle, Washington, to New York City in just 30 days.



Then, in 1920, a laundry in Boston gave up on horses, too. Some nice things happened. It expanded its delivery area by four times. Poor horses. Oh well, there's always the race track.



low it's 1965. And you need printing paper and groceries and laundry and ilk and cream faster than you did 40 years ago. The trucking industry knows iis and they've done something about it. Today's trucks are built to give you ster and more economical delivery of the good things of life. What about e '70's and '80's? Can truck service get even better? A lot of dedication, a of experience and a lot of equipment are working on it this very minute.

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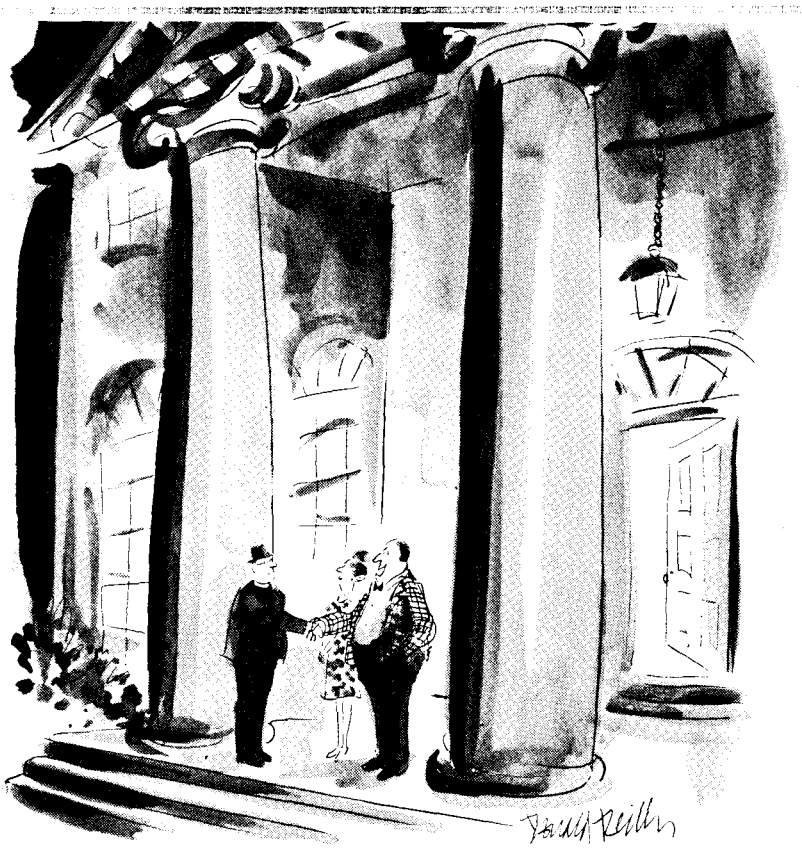
Post scripts

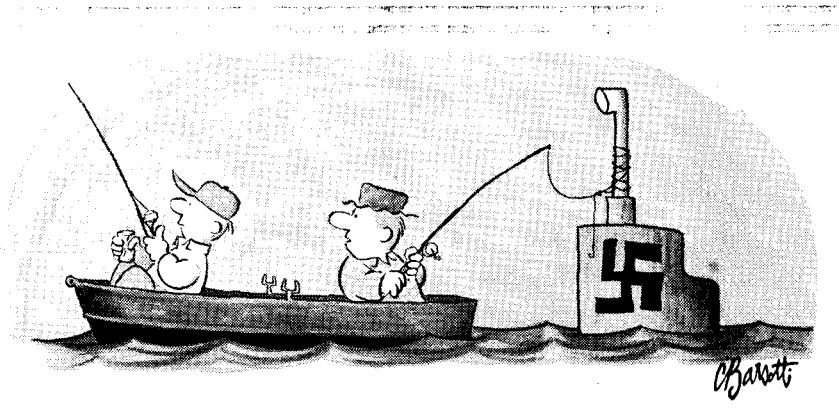
"Frankly, I've given up thinking about the bomb—I've got enough worries here at home."

"I wish you'd leave the theater like other people and merely hum the tunes!"



"I don't mind telling you, Reverend, we feel He's played mighty square with us."

"♫ I got ♫ the ♪ whistle."



"Harry, you're not going to believe this. . . ."

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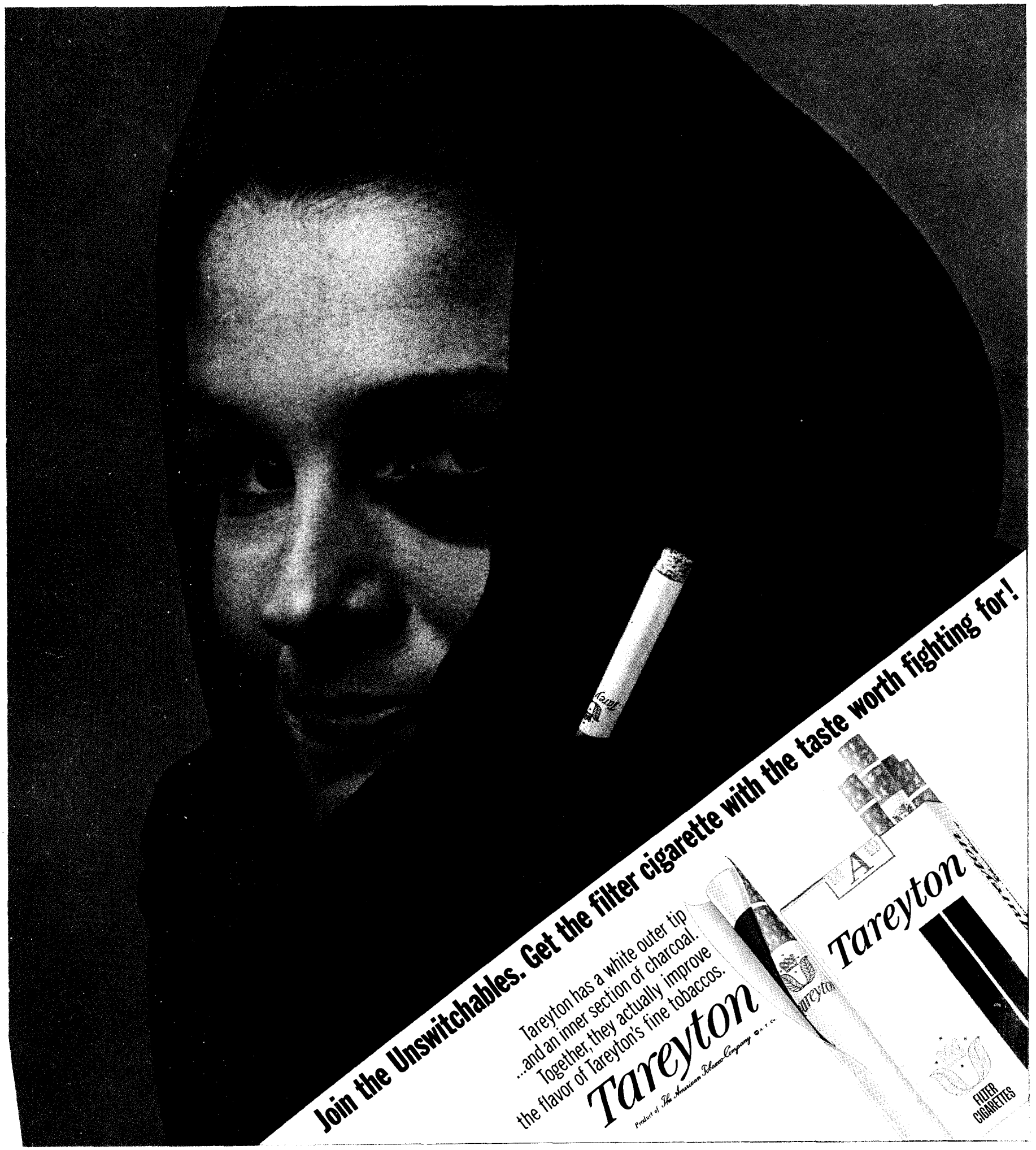
"Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch!"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Tareyton has a white outer tip ...and an inner section of charcoal. Together, they actually improve the flavor of Tareyton's fine tobaccos.
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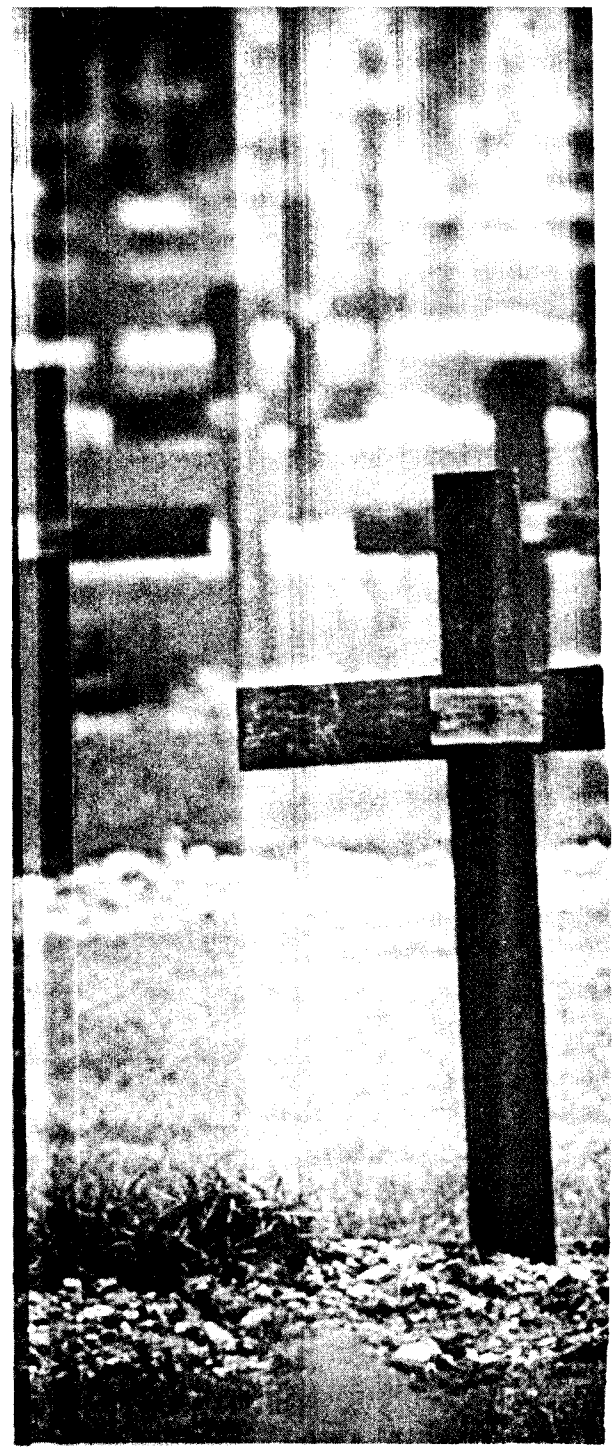
STILL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT



In the Great War, three million men fought and died along an almost unwavering trench line that stretched 400 miles from the North Sea to Switzerland. Nearly a half century later French children are still being killed by hidden shells, and old soldiers still come back to the vast graveyards that will be remembered always as Ypres, Verdun and Belleau Wood.

By Gene Smith

Photographs by Erich Hartmann

In the beginning, French soldiers stepped into battle singing LA MARSEILLAISE. *Toward the end of the carnage, they marched to their graves baaing like sheep. Like this poilu, all "Died for France."*

Only in the late afternoon does the road in Joncherey come alive. The cows amble back from the fields, driven on their way by old women and little boys. The few automobiles and tractors crawl behind the slow cattle, and chickens scrabbling in the mud run clucking away. When the cows are in their barns, the road falls silent. After nine o'clock it is completely empty and not one car an hour goes by.

The First World War began on this road. There is a monument on the exact spot. It celebrates Jules André Peugeot, corporal of the 44th Regiment of Infantry. On August 2, 1914, some 30 hours before the declaration of war between Germany and France, Peugeot and four other soldiers gave some letters home to the local mail carrier. There was a house then, and the daughter of the house went across this road to the spring which supplied the family and the soldiers with water. At the edge of a field she saw horsemen in spiked helmets. The girl ran, screaming, "The Prussians!" Corporal Peugeot came out of the house carrying a rifle. He stood on the slight rise where the monument now stands and saw a German officer on a horse coming toward him at a gallop. He raised his rifle and shouted, "Stop there!"

The German, Lt. Camille Mayer, had a revolver in his hand. On it was written in Latin, "For the War." He fired it three times. Peugeot fired back. Mayer swayed in the saddle. His horse kept going. Peugeot turned, reeled and fell.

It had been a very hot summer, and the roads and fields of this wet region were drier than usual. So when Peugeot collapsed across the threshold of the house, and Mayer slid out of his saddle, each found dust rather than mud.

After Mayer's patrol scattered into the woods, the two dead soldiers were picked up and put on a bed of straw in the local garage. They lay side by side for several hours. Then they were buried.

Peugeot in civilian life was a schoolteacher. His mother was a schoolteacher too. He was 21 years old. Mayer, the official French report said, was 20 to 22 years old "at the most." His horse was taken by the French military authorities and given the new name, "Joncherey."

Today the curé of the town, Father Marcel Holder, does not speak of the Boche and the Frenchman, or even the German and the Frenchman. Only of the two boys who killed each other.

LE MOULIN DE LA CAILLE: "THE GREAT FIGHT"

The wind always blows here; it was a good place for the windmill they called Le Moulin de la Caille—The Windmill of the Quail. There are no cars on the dingy winding road, no passersby or

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Three generations later a child of France puzzles over a German name on a wooden cross. No flowers and few monuments grace the German cemeteries maintained by the French.

motorbikes. It is said that along the line of the Western Front from Belfort to Ostend there has been an emptiness and silence since 1918, and in this place it does seem so. There is nothing nomadic about the French, and no new people have moved here. Most of the boys who lived here in 1914 are now dead, and their sons and daughters who-might-have-been have never lived. So it is very quiet where the French and the Germans fought the battle of Le Moulin de la Caille.

The storehouse of the mill stands, although the mill has fallen into ruins. The son of the farmer who owned it in August of 1914, when the Germans came, can remember very well how it was in his father's day: there were the same trees, and the stream was the same. Perhaps the area under cultivation was larger, and less of the countryside was given over to forest. Perhaps it was less lonely.

The French lived in the mill. Across the nearby stream a worker with a scraggly moustache and sunken cheeks was cutting hay with a scythe. When he saw the Germans, he came running to the mill, banged with his scythe on the door and cried, "The Germans!" The French captain came out and ordered his men to turn over the carriages and carts here by the stream so that there would be a barricade. The captain was around 35 years old, and his name was Japy.

The French got down by the carriages under this red tile roof which juts out from the walls in order to protect the wood piled up for winter, and they began to shoot. The Germans fired back. *Look, here are the bullet marks on the wall.* It was very hot and about three in the afternoon. They fought for five hours or so, until dusk.

The next day the French left the Moulin de la Caille and went back about a mile and began to cross this canal. They thought the Germans were still back by the mill, but the Germans had followed them. They were wading through the water when the firing began. It was a carnage. The farmer's son has a thin, lined neck, and it works as he talks. He says the water was red—really red. And Captain Japy was dead. When Lieutenant Bolle came from Belfort, the Germans fired at him, and he lost his arm. And so it was over.

Captain Japy's widow lived until a few years ago. All through Poincaré and Clemenceau, through Léon Blum and the Popular Front, through Pétain and the *Résistance*, through Liberation and Indochina and Algeria, she lived on, coming Sunday after Sunday, birthday after birthday, Armistice Day after Armistice Day, to visit the place where her husband died for France. She never remarried.

Lieutenant Bolle recovered from the loss of his arm and became a teacher and head of a boys' school in Beaucourt, a few miles away. He lived until very recently. His wife remained friendly with Madame Japy, and each Armistice Day they went together with all the other people to hear Professor Bolle, for so he was called, deliver a speech at the little monument by the Moulin de la Caille.

The one-armed professor's war had lasted less than one hour, but for 45 years he gave a talk each November 11. The newspaper always reported that he was eloquent when he described the fight as "glorious" and said that France was proud of her "beautiful soldiers" who fell there. There is still fired a salvo of 100 shots at dawn, and girls still sell decorations made by the Friends of the 235th Regiment of Infantry who, as it says on the monument, VALIANTLY FOUGHT TO FORBID ELEMENTS OF THE 29TH AND 30TH DIVISIONS OF GERMANY ACCESS TO THE SOIL OF FRANCE.

During the day the wind sweeps around the little monument with the names of the dead men, stirs the bouquets gathered by the children in the early morning hours and stings the eyes of those looking at the raised lettering: TIME REMOVES EVERYTHING BUT THE MEMORY.

When the day is finished, there is a dinner and the distribution of prizes from the lottery which has raised money for the Friends of the 235th Regiment of Infantry, which fought and lost 164 soldiers of France at this skirmish, this one of a

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This article, with its poignant memories of the first Armistice Day, is excerpted from the October, 1965, issue of AMERICAN HERITAGE, The Magazine of History. *Copyright © 1965 by American Heritage Publishing Co., Inc. Copyright © 1965 by Gene Smith.*

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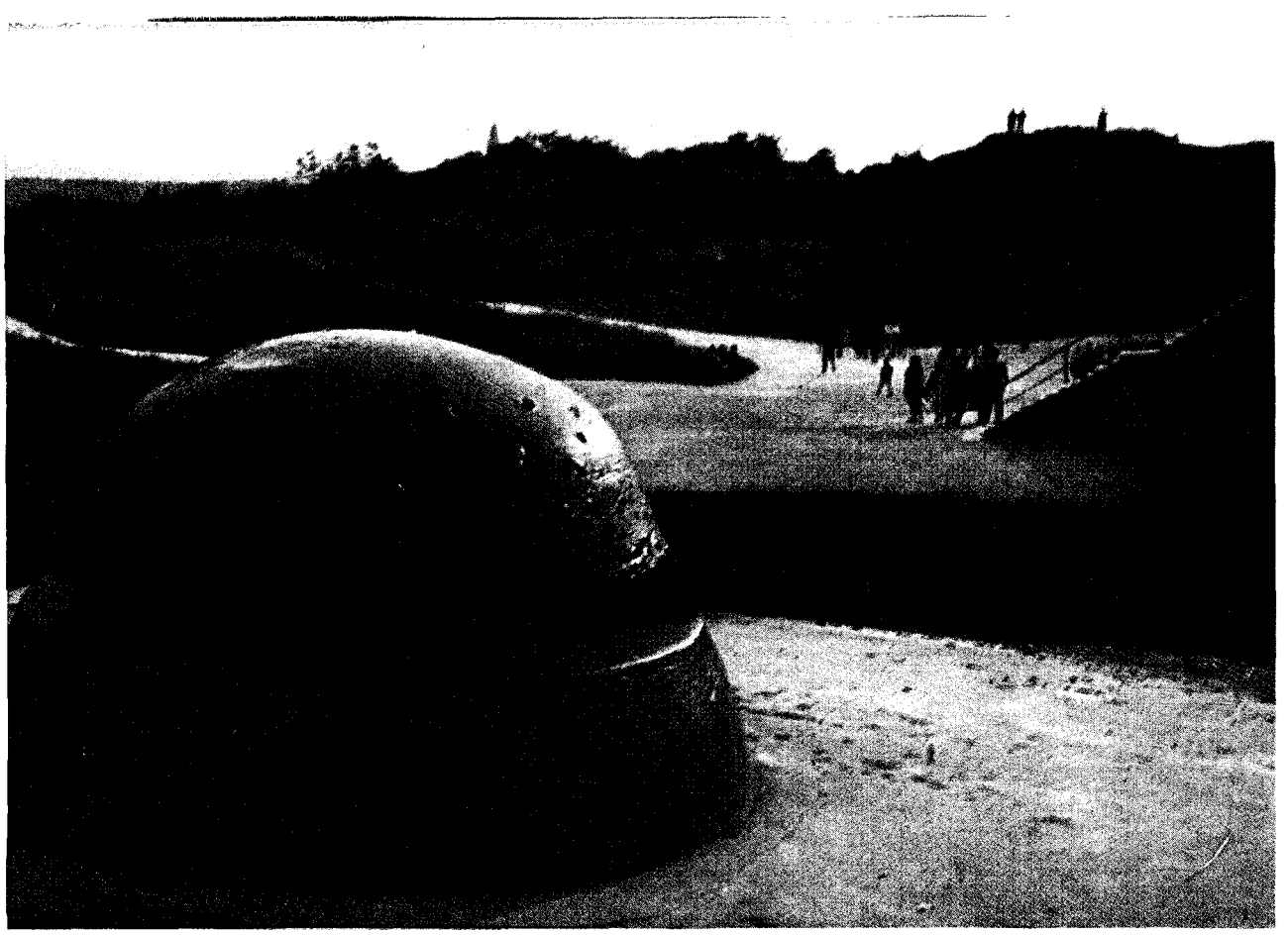
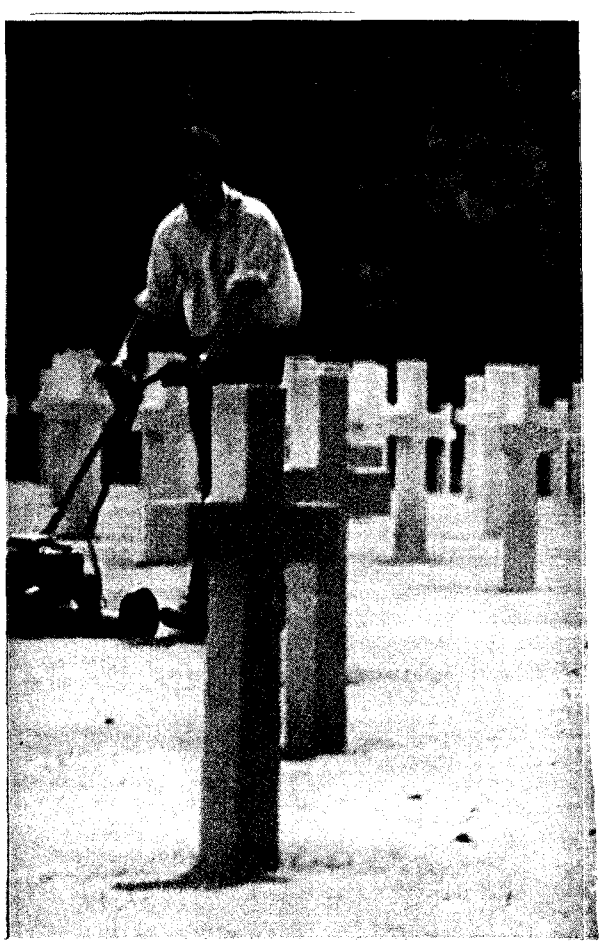


These old forts with their underground chambers once symbolized the French cry at Verdun: THEY SHALL NOT PASS.



Once Belleau Wood and its cemetery was a main tourist site.

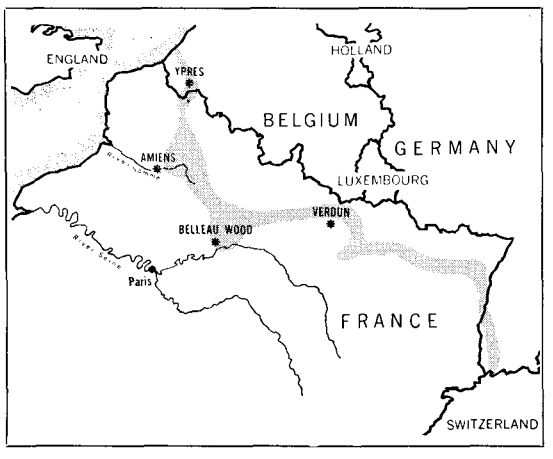
million tiny encounters, this unimportant affair which France and the world have long forgotten, but which in this place near the town of Montreux-Jeune is called the big battle, the great fight.

OH VERDUN!

All along the dull road up from Bar-le-Duc there are concrete posts with concrete helmets on top and raised lettering saying that this is *La Voie Sacrée*, The Sacred Road. At Souilly, Pétain's headquarters building is unchanged from the way it looks in the pictures that show him standing on the steps to watch the youth of a nation go northward to its fate. Seventy percent of the French Army went up this road. Night and day the trucks went grinding by; battalions of men stood and flung crushed rock under the tires so that they would not sink into the mud. This was the only road the Germans were unable to shell, because it was beyond the range of their guns.

Today it is strangely silent, but the visible signs of battle are still present. Here are the long trenches, 12 feet deep then, six feet now since nature has half filled them up; here are the craters with cows scrambling up their sides; here is the metal used for protection against the shells and now used to roof sheds and support garden walls.

In these fields it is impossible to walk for long without seeing rusted metal protruding up through the wet moss. If you leave the road and go past the signs warning of *Danger de Mort*—Danger of Death—you will soon lose yourself in the scrub pine planted in the '30's, when experts finally decided the soil was too gas-and-shell-corrupted to reclaim for agriculture. Under trees or in stream beds are rusted grenades and shells as terrifying as coiled snakes. Dig and you will find bullets, shell fragments, broken rifles, sardine tins, decayed canteens. It requires but a few minutes of work to hold in your hand what was last seen two generations ago by a boy in field gray or horizon blue. Now he is an old man in Leipzig or Nancy or, more likely, he is known as the grandfather or great-uncle who perished at Verdun.



Map shows the famous battlegrounds at Ypres, Amiens, Belleau Wood and Verdun. The gray area depicts the front which, with few exceptions, did not vary more than 10 miles in width for four agonizing years.

The name on the signposts, seen from a moving car, catches the eye as the car sweeps past Verdun. In the city itself, in one of the long, deep galleries of the citadel where the French troops found rest during their infrequent respites from the ever-wet trenches (it always rains here), there is a one-eyed veteran. His glass eye never moves. He gives foreigners a piece of paper typed in their language, which asks that they not forget to tip him.

Inside the gallery there are eight coffins covered with oilcloth flags. (No cotton or silk would last long in this dank, wet place.) On the wall there is a great sign: THEY SHALL NOT PASS. By the third coffin from the rear a mannequin stands. It wears the uniform of the 132nd Regiment of Infantry, complete with helmet and cartridge cases. The hand holds a bouquet of plastic flowers resting on the coffin.

All is as it was when, on November 10, 1920, a young soldier from the regiment's honor guard selected for France her Unknown Soldier from among eight Unknowns. When he had placed his flowers on the third coffin from the rear, it was taken out and, with the great and the mighty looking on, carried to Paris, and buried beneath the Arc de Triomphe. The other seven were taken to a cemetery just outside the city, where they lie in a semicircle with the information on a plaque above them that among these could be your father, your son, brother, husband, friend.

Past the seven is the road up to the right bank of the Meuse and the heights where for 10 months Crown Prince Wilhelm's army sought the city. The Meuse itself is a dreamy stream where old men equipped with immensely long fishing poles troll in the afternoons. The charmless and dull villages up on the heights are composed of a few score houses each, and the narrow roads are never free of the droppings of the cows. Signs say: THIS GROUND HAS BEEN THE CALVARY OF SOLDIERS. EVERY SQUARE FOOT BEARS THE MARKS OF ITS BLOODY PROGRESS. COMPLETE SILENCE IS REQUESTED OUT OF RESPECT FOR THE THOUSANDS BURIED HERE.

One comes to a village signpost which says Fleury. The town is on all maps. But there is no town. It is gone, along with the other lost towns whose only physical reminders are that now and again, struggling through the thick undergrowth off the roads, someone will turn over a piece of red tile with his foot. Immediately after the war, when all this was wasteland and the returning refugees smoked constantly to dull the odor of rotting flesh, the government published notices saying that those who had lived here must not return. It took a lot of convincing before the people of Fleury finally gave up and settled elsewhere. Each year for decades they returned on one day, prayed at the little chapel erected in the woods, and elected a new mayor. They put up a sign where once their main street had been: HERE WAS FLEURY.

Past the sign is a great cemetery. On a hill facing the graves is the *Ossuaire*. In the rear are a score of windows at waist level. One must bend and shade the eyes to see what is there. Bones are there—the bones of 150,000 unidentified men of both sides. Here is a window: See the neat piles of leg bones. Another: arms. Another: skulls. Another: skulls. In this one a spider is weaving his web between the eye sockets. Through other windows in the ossuary one sees bones piled in unsorted confusion. This collection is ever-growing; often a wild boar rooting in the earth will show where more bones lie. Or during a forest fire a 75-mm. shell will blow up, 50 years late, and uncover more Unknown Soldiers.

Beyond the ossuary is the Trench of Bayonets. A shell buried alive a squad of French soldiers here. Only their bayonets protruded above the ground. The soldiers are still there, and their rusting bayonets and rifle muzzles also. Imagination looks down and unearths the lower part of the rifle and the hands and body of him who last touched this weapon. One sees his helmet and decayed rags of blue and metal buckles and the boots. Down there will be ammunition attached to the rotted leather belt, some coins, perhaps a

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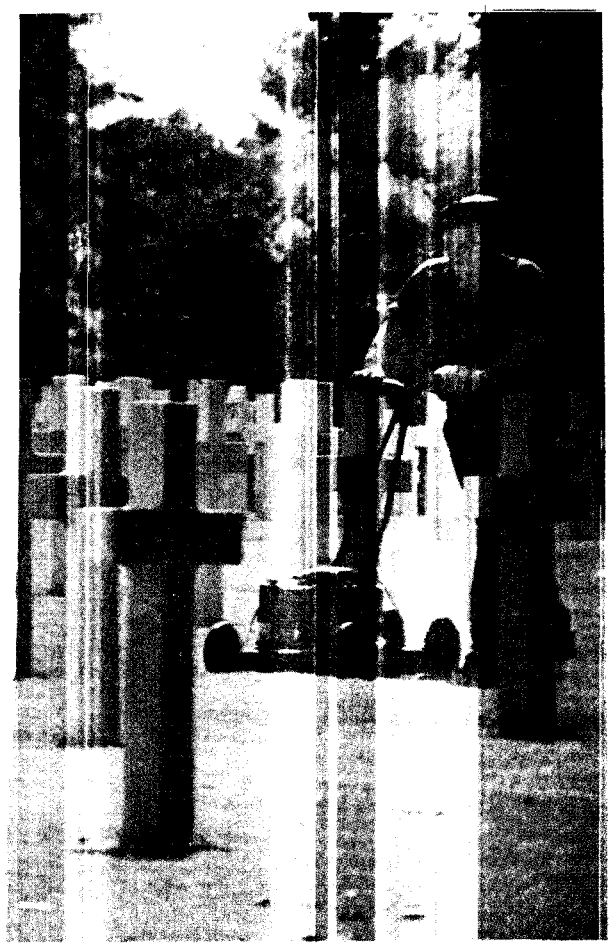


Then came another war and now the Americans go to Normandy.

pipe. Above is a concrete roof, erected by an American benefactor. Here is Grandmother, or perhaps it is Great-aunt, coming from the car where she sits in the back with the children while the parents have the honored seats in front. By now they are all thoroughly bored with her stories.

A horn blows commandingly from a bus with German license plates; it signals that its passengers must climb aboard so that they may ride to Fort Douaumont. The fort today is a giant formless ruin with a few scarred gun turrets on its top. Near it is the little ravine through which the Germans came in 1916 to capture it and stun a France that believed Douaumont to be the strongest land fortification in the world. (A generation of German schoolboys grew up playing The Capture of Douaumont.) The ravine was called Strawberry Ravine, and the fruit still grows there and is sweet. At the top of the fort one looks out over much of the battlefield; standing on it as nobody safely could for years, one listens for the terrible guns lined up wheel to wheel that made this the most shelled part of the world's surface and left this endless ugly collection of pockmarks.

Across these wet fields under these dripping skies the trench lines wind off among the barbed-wire entanglements; in the muddy bottoms of those trenches and over the top strands of that wire France died as a world power. Ever after they haunted France, those dead adolescents and young men of this area little larger than New York's Central Park. (In 1940 the Germans crossed in a quarter of an hour the fields their fathers were never to cross.)

The neatly paved roads—for there are numerous tourists—are the only flat surface in this area. Everywhere else the tortured land rises and dips unevenly. The topsoil has in many places simply vanished, and it is said that any man who lived through Verdun must never have stood still. For every square inch was hit not once but dozens of times. But alone in the deserted scrub pines of *Le Mort Homme* or in the silent, ever-wet ruins of Poivre it requires the most intense effort to realize that this dead place was the scene of a great turning point of history.

Joncherey is different; the name is not famous, nor the event which took place there. Joncherey is not in our blood; it was not at Joncherey that perished the legendary officers of the Great War who went into battle carrying their canes and saying to their men, "My dear friends, I will ask you to join me singing *La Marseillaise* as we go over the top." That was reserved for Verdun, that and the disappearance forever of all that was represented by France's glorious uniform of red pantaloons, and Germany's martial spiked helmets. Madelon and Germania flocked to the stations to kiss the warriors—"*A Berlin!*" "*Nach Paris!*"—and in the end the trains stopped at Verdun. After terrible Verdun, after the mules drowning in this shell hole, after the disemboweled boys screaming in this fallen-in dugout, the 19th century was over, and history was back on the track for what the 20th was meant to be.

There is a guide who lives in the city of Verdun. His name is Charles Dreyfus. He is vaguely related to the Captain Dreyfus of The Affair. He fought in the war and afterward worked to clear the heights of the live shells, dead animals, human bodies. Now he takes tourists around. For the Americans he explains in his accented English just how it was. With the Germans he is completely correct and precise. The French say, "My grandfather. My uncle. My father. Oh Verdun!" and there is very little that he has to explain.

THE DUGOUT OF THE CROWN PRINCE: "I WOULD KNOW IT"

Ex-Sergeant Major Polle of the 82nd Regiment of Infantry is looking for the place where he was wounded. His daughter is with him, and his spinster sister. (His wife is long dead.) He was back looking in 1961 after an absence of 45 years, but he could not find the exact place. Now he has come from Lille to try again.

There was a quarry nearby, he remembers, and a little hill. The trenches of the Germans were not farther away than the length of an average living room. You could hear them tramping their feet to keep warm, and once he and the others spent half an hour standing up in the little no-man's-land talking with the Germans. They traded newspapers and tobacco back and forth, but a French officer saw the meeting and said, "You have a choice: get back down into the trench or be shot down by our own fire." So there was no more fraternizing.

Ex-Sergeant Major Polle was wounded when the Germans dug down and planted a mine. When it went off, he was knocked off his feet. The Germans came pouring into his trench, and one of them fired a revolver at him as he lay on his back. The ball took him in the breast and went right through him. But he lived. Now in a light rain he looks for the precise spot in this formless forest which is marked on his daughter's Michelin map with the notation that the dugout of the crown prince was located here.

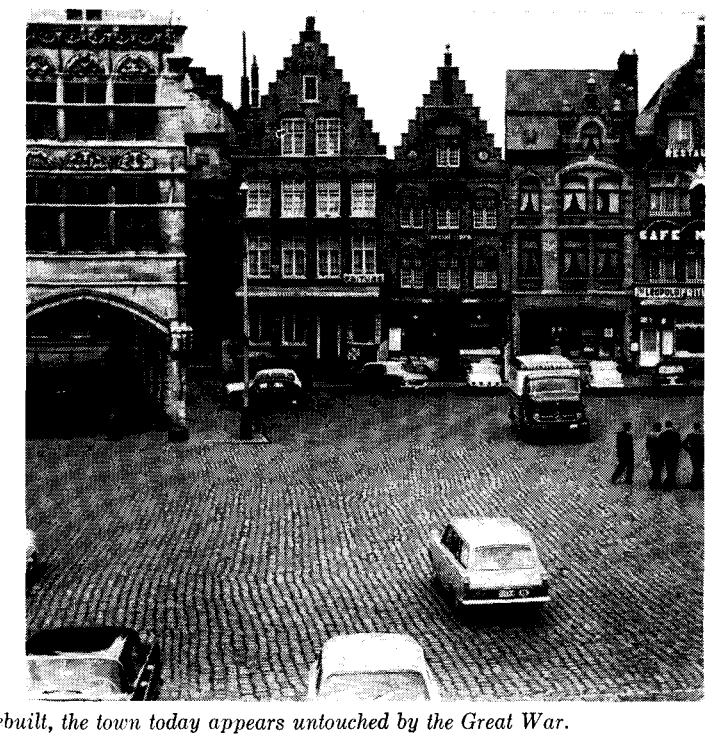
During the visit three years ago Monsieur Polle went with his daughter through a town where he remembered the name of a girl who had nursed him before he was evacuated back to a hospital. He even remembered what her house looked like and managed to find it again. The people in the house told him that she was long dead.

Now he is back. He is sure he would know the place, for all the decades that have passed. He would know it even though his eyes are too weak to read his daughter's map. And why does he want to find it? He is silent. He is always that way, says his daughter. But why does he return?

"Well . . . I will not come back again. I don't have much time to live. It reminds me of my youth. I was near death here. Now I am near death again." He looks out into space. He raises his hands in a tiny gesture. "Why indeed? But I want to find the place."

He sits down on a folding chair taken from the trunk of the car and drinks a little wine and eats some cake. His daughter tells how the old people kept artillery shells on the mantelpieces of the houses of her childhood, polishing them so that they gleamed. Now not so many people do it. But still children find hidden shells in the forests and take them to their little secret hiding places and try to open them. Each year in the school—Mademoiselle Polle is a mathematics teacher in Lille—posters are put up with pictures of shells and grenades and warnings to the children that if they ever come across these things, they are to tell an older person. But the children play with them nevertheless. Everybody in France has long grown accustomed to two-paragraph stories in the newspapers saying the First World War has blown off the legs of another child.

Monsieur Polle gets up and wanders through the old overgrown trenches and to the dugout of the crown prince. His daughter scrambles down to look at the pictures on the wall that some German drew of his sergeant or officer. But Monsieur is too old to go down the steps, and he is growing tired. Gently his daughter suggests that



In 1914 British cavalry pass through Ypres. Later smashed to rubble and then rebuilt, the town today appears untouched by the Great War.

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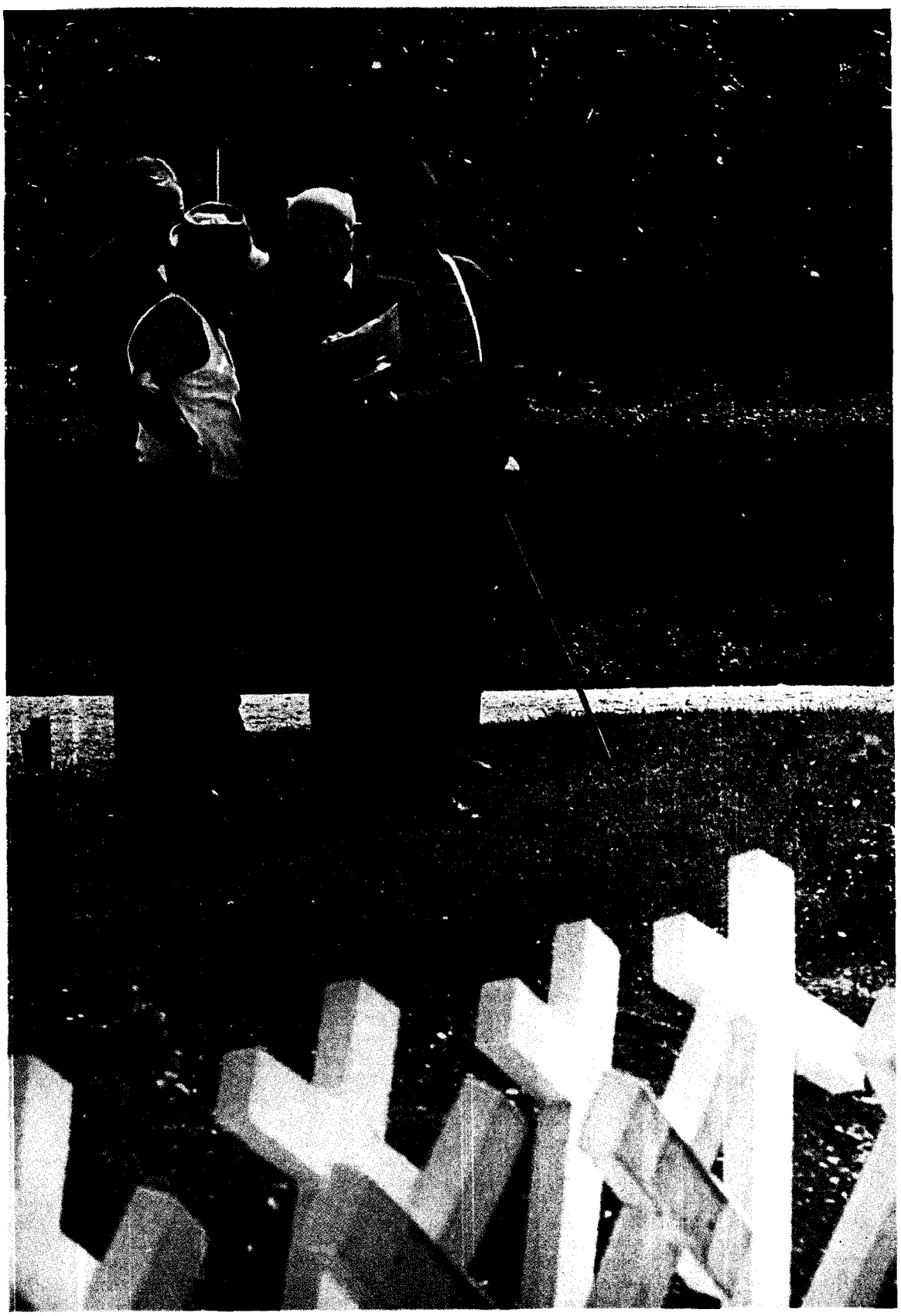

French caretakers listen to German veteran of Verdun as he points out his trench and says, "I lay there for four months."

they drive on to visit some of the graveyards. And so they go to the Forestière Cemetery a mile or two away. By the entrance is the cemetery register, and she takes it out and reads off the names of men in his regiment. "Did you know this one, Father? This one?" But he does not recognize any of the names.

So they drive on until they reach the tiny hamlet of Le Claon. He tells her to drive up a dirt road toward a little ridge. He was in the house there, he says, when the company was taken out of the line. They stop in front of the house, and an old woman comes out. Heavy, wearing an old smock, she keeps one hand in the front pocket and rustles some papers. The ex-sergeant major asks her if she was here during the war. She says she was. The daughter says, "My father was in the 82nd. He was in this house."

The old woman begins to smile. Her hand shakes the papers in her pocket. She knows the 82nd, and all the others. She recites the numbers of all the regiments whose men were here. This house on her property was the hospital, and when boys died there, they were buried under this apple tree. At the end of the war there were 15 graves—or maybe it was 16. They are all gone now, removed to a big cemetery. Perhaps Monsieur remembers her farm as being grander then, when all three houses were occupied, but now she is all alone, and that is why things are not so neat.

He asks her if the cooks didn't work here, and she says that is true, they did. They had big fires going up on the ridge, and at night men would carry food up to the line. They used to give her food to do their washing, and so she was never hungry in the war. They would come into the houses and sing and dance and play jokes on her. She laughs, and he laughs with her in his quiet way.

Does he remember when the people were forbidden to sell more wine to the boys because they drank so much? They spent all their money on the wine; it was expensive but it was better than the army *pinard*. Indeed he remembers, and it was good wine too. And does he remember how the boys said, "Well, if you don't let us buy wine, we won't go back to the line"? Yes, he remembers that also. She laughs; he laughs. She ends her laughter and says, "Poor boys. The war lasted so long." The old man gets into his daughter's car, and the old woman comes to the car window and says, "Thank you for coming." His daughter reaches out and touches the old woman.

THEIR NAME LIVETH FOREVERMORE

There are several stories about how the *Chemin des Dames*—The Ladies' Way—got its name. One version has it that the road was constructed for the riding pleasure of two daughters of a French king. Another is that the women of nearby towns made it their favorite place for a Sunday promenade. It is some 15 miles long and runs east-west in the center of the triangle of Reims-Laon-Soissons.

Along the *Chemin des Dames* in the spring of 1917, Gen. Robert Nivelle finished the destruction of France that was begun at Verdun. Promoted to commander in chief because of minor local successes at Verdun, Nivelle flung his army up the steep slopes leading to the road and into the very teeth of the enormously powerful German fortifications there. In a few quick days he threw away France's last great battle. Oceans of blood poured forth into the cabbage fields, and when he was finished, France's army was in rebellion. He had placed his men, at terrible cost, in a position militarily wrong and difficult to defend. It would have been far better to have withdrawn to the ridge lying south, but the name *Chemin des Dames* held the French on the road. They had spent too much to give it up.

The emphasis of the war shifted north and west to where the British were. The *Chemin des Dames* became known as a quiet sector, and after a time British troops were sent there to rest after their battles. But in 1918, in Ludendorff's last great offensive, the Germans suddenly came pouring south, scattering the weak French and the few British and heading toward Paris.

In their rush the Germans rolled over the road just east of the *Chemin des Dames*. A section of that road, now N 44, was held by a few British troops, and most of the British along that road that day are still there. At the entrance to the cemetery is a large stone upon which is written THEIR NAME LIVETH FOREVERMORE. The same kind of stone with the same words is in every British Western Front cemetery save for the very tiny ones. It is called the Stone of Remembrance. In every cemetery, regardless of size, there is a stone cross—the Cross of Sacrifice.

In this cemetery, as in all the others, there is a book kept in a metal container built into a little sheltered place by the entrance; the one here explains that this cemetery was created after the Armistice by collecting bodies from the immediate area. Five hundred and forty identified soldiers and two airmen from the United Kingdom are buried in La Ville-aux-Bois—Pontavert Cemetery, and 413 men who are unknown. The cemetery is enclosed by a hedge and planted with poplars, birches and thorns.

There is another book, the visitors' book. Ever since this cemetery was set up, there has been a visitors' book in which one is requested to sign his name and add any comment he likes. Every few years a book is filled up with several hundred names and comments, and is taken away and put in the Commonwealth War Graves Commission files. And a new one is substituted. There are more than 1,000 British cemeteries; there are tens of thousands of filled-up books.

In the visitors' book of La Ville-aux-Bois—Pontavert Cemetery last summer, W. C. Balfour, who served with the 2nd Middlesex in 1918, wrote, "Thanks my pals are here." A Frenchman wrote, "Remembrances of a poilu of 1914–18." Also in French: "Respects of a little girl nine years old." A group of Germans from Munich visited the cemetery together and wrote, "Brave dead soldiers." . . . "Brave soldiers." . . . "Rest in peace soldiers." Mostly the people were from England; they wrote, "Very well kept. Thank you." . . .

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'Thank you." . . . "Beautifully kept—thank you." Frederick Ronald Ransome wrote, "I have been so moved to visit my father's grave." His father is among the Knowns. Two people with the same last name of an Oxford boy: "I shall always remember." . . . "I shall always remember."

BELLEAU WOOD: WE ARE PROUD TO BEAR THE TITLE

Most of the survivors of this war now in U.S. Veterans Administration hospitals suffer from one of two ailments. One group is composed of those who were gassed and have been out in civilian life during the intervals when the coughing and gasping abate somewhat. Now, when they are no longer young, the good intervals grow shorter and shorter, and so the wards are growing more crowded as the war recedes into the past.

The other group is made up of men who went as boys to France in 1917-18 and through the quiet sectors up to the front. At the front (and sometimes even before it was reached) something happened to this group. One by one those slated to spend young manhood and middle and old age in hospitals manifested the first signs of illness. They began to talk too much. Or they fell silent. Whizbangs came over, or machine guns rattled, and the men were medically beyond reach—"shell shock." They were taken back to the United States and today in the VA hospitals they watch television or play volleyball and work in the gardens. Relatives come now and then, and sometimes people who want to do something for them put on musical shows or take them in buses for a picnic. The broken men rush for the hot dogs and anxiously ask, "Buddy, will there be enough?"

Once they formed up with the others who went on to life and the postwar world and who would wait expectantly for the American Legion conventions so they could use their electric canes on girls who were infants at the time of the Armistice. Those who would never drop paper bags filled with water from hotel rooms marched with those who would; they wore choker collars and wide campaign hats with bright-colored cords; they sang, "Goodbye Broadway, hello France"; they sang, "There's a long, long trail a-winding into the land of my dreams." Many of them arrived at the long fields south of the *Bois de Belleau.*

In that wood were the Germans who had poured over where La Ville-aux-Bois—Pontavert Cemetery is now. In that wood were machine guns with cross-fields of fire, and mortars, and riflemen shooting from bunkers and behind rock emplacements. The doughboys and leathernecks—mostly the latter—came walking through the fields with their heads bent down against the steel flying at them, and made for the shattered trees. In the ruined towns of Lucy-le-Bocage and Bouresches they froze when the big shells thundered over like express trains rushing through an endless tunnel to land with explosions that lit up the landscape. Their ration parties lumbered up Gob Gully past broken trees from which dangled horribly wet legs trailing undone puttees to the ground. Rifle grenades came down and lifted the horses up and left them as great hulks of meat, grinning in death with the lips drawn back in the last act of life: A scream very like that of a woman in agony.

The boys crossing the fields up to the woods were not the U.S. Marines and prewar soldiers of legend; there had been no drinking in tough bars for them, no street brawls under tropical moons. For the most part they were college boys enlisted from their campuses to make the world safe for democracy. They came to these insignificant towns and this little meaningless road and did their fighting and went to their graves at home or in the great cemetery beyond the wood, or to their madhouses, or to civilian life and, within a very few years, to a terrible feeling that it was all a bunch of foolishness.

They came and went. Belleau Wood remained.

Today Belleau Wood is the property of the United States Government, a gift of France. It has a new name given it after the fighting: *Bois de la Brigade de Marine.* During the '20's and '30's it was the place every American tourist visited. Parisian cab drivers had a fixed price to take ex-soldiers there. Then came another war, and today the tourists go to Normandy. But Belleau Wood is still beautifully tended. There is not a stray leaf or twig anywhere. The trees planted to replace those murdered by the screaming shells stand in long, orderly military-like rows.

You can stay for two hours in Belleau Wood, where once the Yanks held the way to Paris, and see no one. Perhaps in the cemetery one or two gardeners are working, but the woods themselves are empty. It is as if unseen workers appear when the sun goes down and pluck the weeds and cut the grass between the endless straight lines of trees. In a clearing are old guns, painted black against the elements, rearing their noiseless mouths to the sky. They stand there silent and dark, waiting—and no one comes.

Can there ever have been here what is called a great and glorious moment in history? Under the stones in the great cemetery are there really splintered and gashed bones, are there really the young buddies of the fat and bald old men laying off the calories and watching the cholesterol? Is it all true what Grandfather says, that here in this disciplined quiet place Maj. John Hughes sent word to headquarters that "I have every man, except a few odd ones, in line now. We have not broken contact and have held"? Where was it—was it here by this silent black mortar?—that 23-year-old Laurence Stallings, who would live to lose a leg and write *What Price Glory?,* lay cowering but remembering that his general told him he must "pick up a rifle and lead with steel"? Is it in this quiet path with these carefully heaped-up leaves that the dead men lay piled one on the other as a barricade, and the bayoneted ones gasped out their last breaths and, finally, Maj. Maurice Shearer sent word: "Belleau Woods Now U.S. Marine Corps Entirely"?

Or was it all a dream of long ago, an episode invented by the history professors to fill a paragraph, saying that the American action and demeanor were bracing to the faltering Allies, that the Americans showed substantial dash in their charges? Was it all in never-never land, far from the America of today with its superhighways and television? Did America really produce in these fat old men and mental cripples the wonderful soldiery of what began as the last gentlemen's war, the last gallant war, the last splurge of romanticism and legends and plumes? Did it all really happen?

THE SOMME: DOUGLAS HAIG

Rolling Picardy is all flat with neat stone houses and long haunting roads going up to the horizon between the tall, swaying poplar trees under which the British marched. In Amiens, the base for the entire British effort along the Western Front, there remains one thing utterly unchanged from the time of the war (until 1939, "The War"). It is Godbert's Restaurant. In those days the rear-line officers always made for Godbert's when they had a few hours free, appreciating the attractive entrance and the tasteful, quiet paved yard where the staff cars could be left in safety.

Today the yard is still quiet, and the entrance is the same as it was. There was, and is, a lobby and two rooms. At the desk where the cheerful little fat *patronne* sat, the *patronne's* daughter sits now. The food was excellent then, and still is—Michelin gives it a high rating. At the beginning of the war Godbert's was unknown to the great of this world, but since then it has played host to many famous names. "The Prince of Wales was here," says the *patronne's* daughter in frightful English, "when he came to dedicate the memorial at Thiepval. And the King of England was here. He sat right there. And during the war and after, Doolis Hay was here." Doolis Hay? "Yes, he was here when I was a child, and I saw him."

Out along the roads east from Amiens and Godbert's, thin metal canisters of unexploded mustard gas lie under the soil and corrupt the growth of trees whose roots burrow down and break through. It is impossible to plant a straight row of trees along the Somme. The gardeners of the Commonwealth War Graves Commission have long since given up hope of ever seeing a straight row. Too much stuff is down there. "Stuff" is the canisters and boots and shells used to fill up the holes made by other shells. And the bodies of those who answered Lord Kitchener's call: "Your Country Needs You."

Along the Somme the best, finest, sweetest of England's youth perished. They were all volunteers. In their long lines they rose from their

1914: British armor on a road near Ypres. 1964: The same scene 50 years later. (In 1940 the house on the right was again hit by German shells.)

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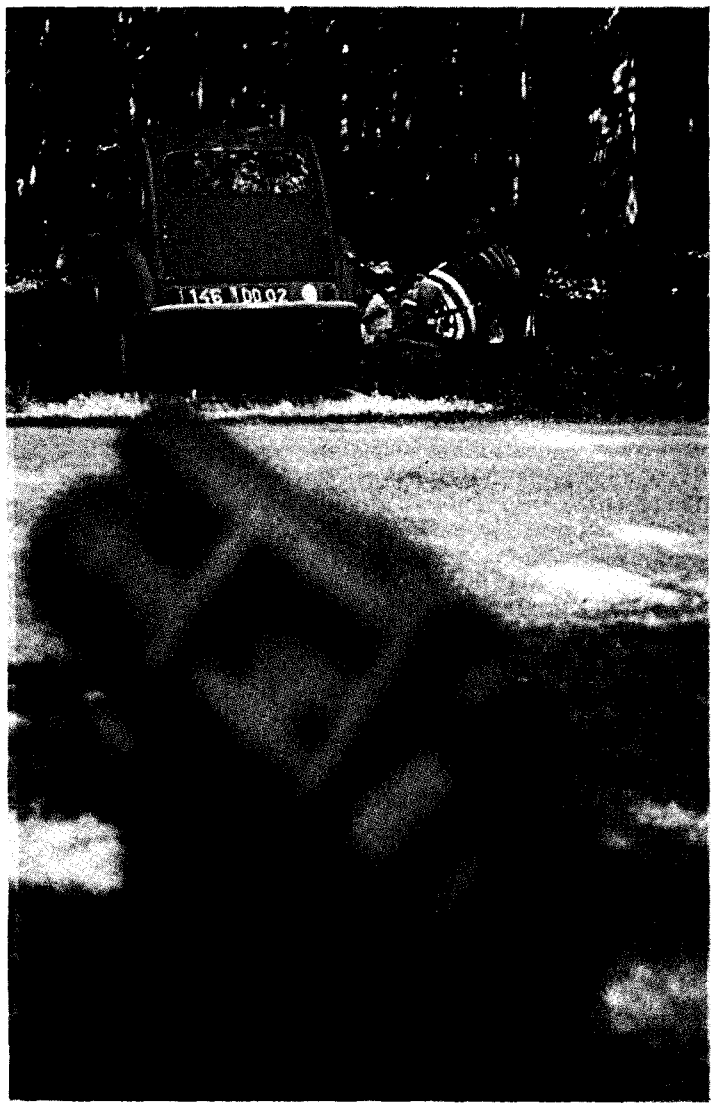

A now-silent mortar guards an outing in Belleau Wood.

trenches on the first day of July, 1916, and strode forward dress-right-dress and died that way—in long, perfect ranks, bayonets fixed, each man just so, with leather polished and metal gleaming. Some were picked up afterward. Some were buried by later shells and only now come to light. You can sometimes tell who they were by their rings and watches and identification disks. Their pens, in some cases, it is said, still write with the ink put there half a century ago. That first of July was the worst day in the history of British arms.

English people come past the Somme on holiday these days, heading back from their vacations on the continent. Knowing vaguely that Uncle Will died somewhere around here, they halt their cars and go out and wander among the graves—A SOLDIER OF THE GREAT WAR. WORCESTERSHIRE REGIMENT. KNOWN UNTO GOD; A SERGEANT OF THE GREAT WAR. ROYAL IRISH RIFLES. KNOWN UNTO GOD—and look for Uncle Will's resting place. They don't find it, of course, and eventually they end up in the Commonwealth War Graves Commission office in Albert, where they learn that in this tiny area of northern France, there are not tens, but hundreds of thousands of graves.

The C.W.G.C. officials and gardeners try to help them, and proudly report that every man who died for Great Britain and the Empire has his name written somewhere on a memorial. Either he is under a stone with his name on it, or there is a stone that says he is KNOWN TO BE BURIED IN THIS CEMETERY, or one that says he is believed to be. Or in one of the great arches across France and Belgium it is written that he is Missing.

Almost 50 years have gone by since the Armistice, and the veterans have their "ticket" and their pension, and so they come out from Canada and Aussieland and Blighty. They wander through the graves with their old war books and maps They smile and nod at the gardeners trying to help the failing trees, whose growth is being ruined by the debris of half a hundred years ago. Sometimes on the roads they pass cars with "D" for Deutschland above the license plates, and these people also are looking for cemeteries. Their cemeteries, severe and cold, are maintained by the French at the expense of the present German government. There are no flowers in them and very few individual graves. Most of Germany's dead are Unknown. Their symbol is the piece of sculpture done by Käthe Kollwitz, whose son died in this war. Her work shows the mothers and fathers of Germany with heads bowed and eyes on the ground, where their sons lie beneath the words: GERMANY MUST LIVE THOUGH WE MUST DIE.

The Britishers go through Albert and pass over roads where the hundreds of thousands marched and the great guns rolled and the poor silly cavalry horses galloped, on to where Peel Trench was, and Centre Way, and Dead Mule Corner. Out past the town you can see at plowing time just where the trenches were, for though they are filled in now, the contrasting whitish earth flung up by the shovels digging breastworks has spread out, so that a trench five feet across is a thick line of 20 or 30 feet, winding across the leveled surface.

Ever there is that immense Western Front silence that speaks of what was lost in those years, and which haunts all who come here. On the slight rises you can stand up as no soldier could have stood and see graveyards in every direction. But you hear nothing save now and then a distant car or tractor. There is nothing else. Delville Wood, where the South Africans met a terrible fate, is an empty park now. Only a lone sheep, belonging perhaps to an absent gardener, grazes there. Flies light on its droppings as once the flies lit on the dead men, revolting the live ones as nothing else did, not the rats, nor the stench, nor the bloated corruption of those who once were laughing boys singing that it was a long way to Tipperary.

And indeed they sang. As in all the Hollywood musicals of the '30's, they sang. For this was the Western Front of the Great War where the legions went forth in their millions with the bands playing before them. It was really that way—going to the slaughterhouse of their generation, they made music. And under these white stones are the torn, broken skulls of the boys who packed up their troubles in an old kit bag and who sang of roses blooming out of the bitter soil they marched across.

The Stump Road Cemetery, one of the hundreds, very small, lies along a road so narrow that only one vehicle can pass. An Englishman wrote in the visitors' book last summer: "'*I consider the machine gun to be a greatly overrated weapon.*' Douglas Haig, Field Marshal."

YPRES: KENNEY

In the years just after the war all of the salient was mud. The roads had vanished, and rotting horse carcasses lay everywhere, providing limitless food for the giant rats. Overturned gun carriages lay half in and half out of the stagnant pools of water in the shell craters. It was difficult to cut down the few remaining trees; saw blades broke when they bit into the bullets and pieces of metal in the trunks. Machine guns rusted in the collapsed tunnels and dugouts, and Chinese laborers, brought over for military construction work, lived in the cellars of the ruined houses, forgotten by the departed British.

In the midst of all this were the peasants coming back to reclaim their land. Belgium in those days had a kind of prosperity, for there was work for all. Laborers blew up the thick bunkers with shell powder and used the concrete for new roads. Gangs of men made a living by flattening out fields as rough as the surface of the ocean during a storm. They did not charge the farmers for their work; their profits came from selling the metal under the mud. That metal filled trains pulling out of Ypres for 20 years

By the time of the depression, the salient was functioning as a farming area. But during the early '30's, Belgium had thousands of unemployed. And so they came back to the fields and dug down farther than the earlier workers had gone. They used the long bars made for cleaning machine guns, shoving them down four or five feet and then examining the tip. Yellow meant copper was underneath; rust meant iron. Vast ammunition dumps were found, with thousands of live shells, and a great home industry grew up. Its workers were men who knocked the detonation tips off the shells and poured out the powder and sold the metal. (Sometimes the trick did not work, and scores of men died in accidents.)

Some of the shells were too dangerous to disassemble, and for these there were special fields where each day, just before lunch and just before dinner, red flags were flown to warn people away as Belgian Army experts detonated the shells and sent new blasts over the fields with the terrible names: Passchendaele, Wytschaete, Polygon Wood.

Throughout the '20's and '30's the armaments industry took most of the metal with which the Royal Artillery had all but broken the Bank of England. Then came the Second War, and the business of collecting the old metal ended. But suddenly in 1950 the price of scrap in Europe doubled overnight: The Korean war meant cannons would be firing. Suez drove the price up also in 1956, but then it sagged, and it is not high now. Still, however, men on the dole in the slow winter months head out to the fields. During rainy periods the metal seems to rise to the surface, cleansed of its clinging soil and shining dully. Traditionally in Belgium the proceeds from its sale go for drinking money.

There is something else the Belgians find: men. In the winter of 1964 seven bodies turned up during the construction of a new foundry. Four bodies were found in February and three in March. The group of four were sitting on their heels with pis-

Long ago British Tommies died on this hill in Flanders Fiele

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tols in their hands and grenades strapped on. The uniforms were still identifiable—good British material. They had been about to go on a raid and were crouching in their trench when a shell came over and killed them by concussion and covered them with earth. Then there would have been other shells tossing up more earth and hiding the place where they were. So the four sat for 50 years, holding their pistols and waiting for the foundry to be built so that they might come to light and be taken to a British cemetery.

Ypres has always been the focal point for the British coming over to the continent to tour the battlefields and cemeteries. Beginning with the summer of 1964, commemorating the 50th anniversary of the war's outbreak, Ypres received a record number of visitors. For men who served in the salient, the city offered a handsome certificate with the ex-soldier's name on it. The city also held a little reception for those coming in organized groups. Some of the British wore their old uniforms, and some wore gilded British Legion outfits complete to clanking spurs and swords and silver braid down the sides of tapering breeches.

In the silence of the great graveyards and memorial temples they moved, medals tinkling, to seek the graves of friends, and then adjourned to little roadside taverns where they were expected and welcomed. Inside they got slightly potted, and their voices rose, and they took out their old paybooks and pictures of their companies and showed them around. There was always a refrain repeated endlessly as they pointed to the pictures of their pals: "He's dead . . . he's dead . . . he's dead."

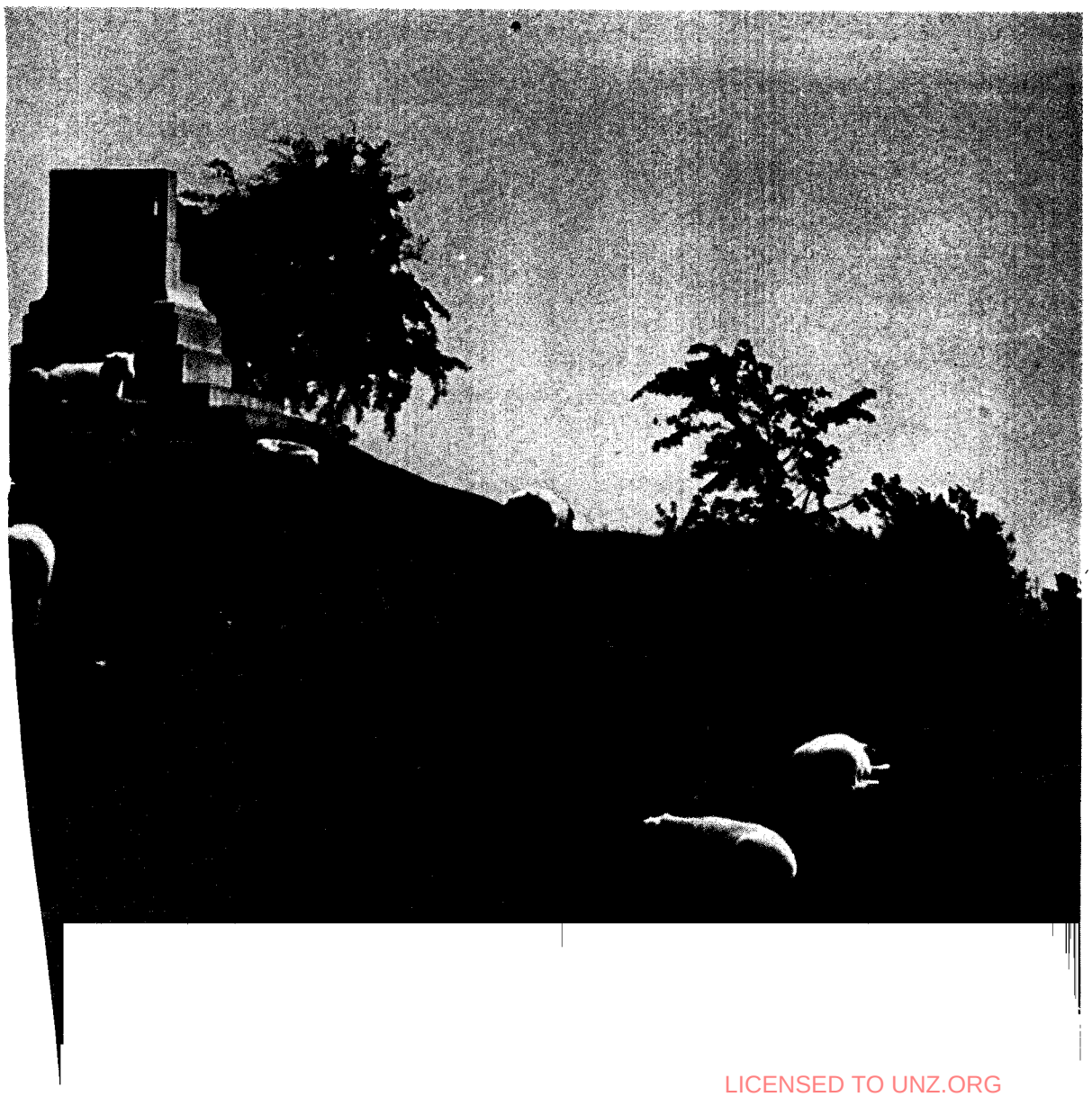
At the end of the long day and the many taverns, the singing in the buses rushing along the salient's roads grew somewhat raucous, and men got out harmonicas and danced in the aisles. Some shouted in their Tommy French at passing women, and grew maudlin: "I live in England, but my heart is out here." Others cursed the bloody Germans, or the wife of my bloody colonel, "I was his batman, and she said she'd take care of me if I took care of him, and I did till he got his, but she went away to the South of France, and I never heard from her again. . . ."

One man who came back to Ypres was quieter than most of the others. He was A. J. Arpal, who wore in his lapel the insignia of the Old Contemptibles Association, and who had seen it through from the very beginning. He had never been back since the war, but now with his grandchildren in school and his wife dead, he joined a tour which went all over the British zone, transportation, hotels and meals provided for a week, at a price of only 18 quid. Arpal was a cavalryman.

For Arpal the symbol of that war has always been Kenney. Kenney was a laughing boy, 22 or 23, and always wore his cap to one side. Arpal has thought of him a lot in these 50 years while he has turned gray and a grandfather, and Kenney has remained young in his lost grave in Belgium.

Arpal and Kenney were moving up in file early in the war, and there was a volley of shots from beside the road. Kenney was knocked out of his saddle, and Arpal thought to himself, Thank God he wasn't dragged by his horse. Arpal and the others leaped into a ditch and opened fire. By the next morning the Germans were gone, and Kenney was still lying in the road. Arpal saw at once that it wouldn't have mattered a damn if his horse had dragged him or not, for he must have been dead before he hit the ground. When they opened his coat to get his letters and things, they saw a Union Jack sewn into his collar. They buried him, but his grave soon disappeared in shellfire. It was for Kenney's name that Arpal looked when he came back to Ypres and saw the giant memorial where the names of the missing are inscribed in stone. Arpal wandered through the tens of thousands of names and saw all the ranks of all the familiar British regiments, and those of the strange ones like the 9th Bhopal Infantry with its ranks of subahdar, jemadar, havildar, sepoy. Finally he found Kenney's name, and all the noise and traffic faded away. He had found Kenney. That was at the Menin Gate.

ow there is only this forgotten monument, tended by grazing sheep, and the immense, everlasting silence of the Western Front.



YPRES: THE MENIN GATE

The road goes eastward through the dreary little red-brick Belgian towns so like the industrial slums of England, and finally ends at the French border. At the road's beginning in Ypres is the Gate. They dedicated it in 1927. On the outside facing the road is inscribed:

TO THE ARMIES OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE WHO STOOD HERE FROM 1914 TO 1918.

Inside: HERE ARE RECORDED THE NAMES OF OFFICERS AND MEN WHO FELL IN THE YPRES SALIENT BUT TO WHOM THE FORTUNES OF WAR DENIED THE KNOWN AND HONOURED BURIAL GIVEN TO THEIR COMRADES IN DEATH.

Kipling wrote the words. Underneath them are the names of the missing.

The featured speaker on July 24, 1927, was Field Marshal Lord Plumer. Bandy-legged, with a puffy face, not looking like a soldier, he stood with the King of the Belgians before the giant audience that had come from England. The reporters that day wrote that most of the people were aged women, shabbily dressed. The Southern Railways ran special free trains to the coast for them—first-class carriage only. The women bore rambler roses, snapdragons, lilies from their English gardens. They sat in the hot sun facing the Gate, with their backs to the Menin Road leading out to the salient, and six pipers of the Scots Guards standing on the shell-shattered medieval ramparts by the Gate played *The Flowers of the Fields*. Buglers of the Somerset Light Infantry sounded *The Last Post*, and to the reporters it seemed as if in the throbbing silence, when the calls faded away, there must come some sound, some sign, from the salient up the road. Lord Plumer cried, "They are not missing; they are here!" and the mums in their funny hats and long, black stockings put their hands over their faces.

After that, every night at eight in the winter and nine in the summer, Belgian buglers sounded *The Last Post*. In 1940 the Germans came down the Menin Road and took Ypres. For four years the buglers were silenced. But 15 minutes after the last German was rounded up in 1944, the long notes of *The Last Post* quivered from under the Gate.

Delegations come out from England, elderly men marching out of step and carrying old regimental flags. Age has shrunken most of them and they look somewhat foolish as they line up in ragged files. Cars and trucks rattle under the Gate as they wait for the police to halt the traffic. When this is done, the flag-bearers go out and stand in the road. In this silence the sound of shuffling feet mixes with the dull rumble of idling motors. Someone shouts, "Attention!" and the skinny old men square-bash to something approaching the posture they were able to attain when all here, the living and the missing, were young. Belgians—sometimes soldiers, sometimes members of the Ypres Fire Department—come marching out into the street to face the flags.

There are often as many as four buglers. They raise silver bugles given by the British Legion. Some of the old men salute in the British palms-out way. Others take off their hats. The beautiful trilling brings to mind hazy pictures of Indian garrisons and Sandhurst and Salisbury Plain; all the calls are sounded: *Reveille, Mess Call, Defaulters Call, Lights Out—The Last Post*. When the final note dies, the Belgians lower the bugles smartly, stand for a moment, and then wheel to the right and march to the curb. The traffic is already rolling under the Gate as the old men start to furl their flags. Some of them walk back to look at the names on the walls yet again—Arpal for one last moment lets his eyes rest on Kenney—and then the buses pull up to the curb. □

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NEW YORK FIGHT

continued from page 31

Then there was Representative William Fitts Ryan, often called the most liberal congressman in America because his voting record lies somewhat to the left even of Americans for Democratic Action. Ryan is earnest and evangelistic in manner but bears a disconcerting resemblance to comedian Joe E. Lewis. He spent a great deal of his campaign time with his shoes off and his pants rolled up wading around in grottoes investigating water leakages during the city's fight against a serious drought. He ran next to last.

Mayor Wagner's candidate for mayor, Paul Screvane, attracted a certain amount of liberal support because he began his career in city government as a garbage collector for the Department of Sanitation. ("How can you get more man-of-the-people than that?" one of his supporters asked.) But along the way, during World War II, Screvane rose from private to colonel in the Army. At city hall, where he was Wagner's council president, he was known as "the chicken colonel." On the stump he displayed a short-tempered tendency to chew out nice old ladies who asked embarrassing questions about things like the budget deficit or the water shortage. He came in second.

The man who won, Abraham Beame, is nicknamed "the little bookkeeper."

"Bobby Kennedy is frozen here in New York," says a top Democrat. "He thinks he'll be able to pick up the pieces, but he doesn't know quite where to begin."

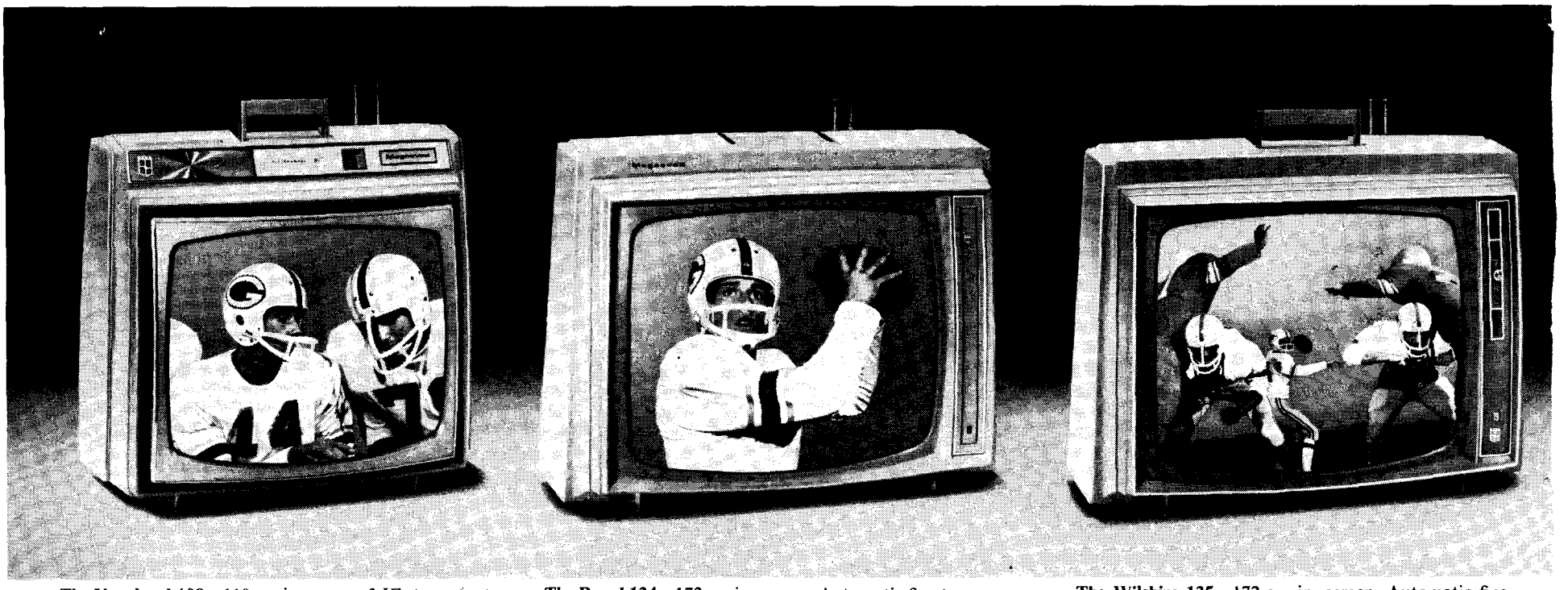
He is so short that he is always having to lower microphones to the last notch. As New York City comptroller for the past four years he has fought a losing battle to keep the books balanced at city hall, for which he is generally admired, and his campaign language is an engaging Brooklynese. "The mayor is further removed from the people than what he used to be," Beame told one Manhattan rally.

"Abe Beame is the complete clubhouse politician," says one relatively impartial Democrat. "He grew up in the Madison Club over in Brooklyn and waited his turn like a clubhouse politician should." It was the clubhouses that turned out the machine vote that won the primary for Abe Beame. On primary night he climbed up on a White Rock soda crate at his headquarters in order to be seen and heard. "The treasury of the national Republican Party has been opened, and the objective is city hall," he declaimed in his best clubhouse style. "Let this be our rallying cry: 'Repel the invaders!'"

The campaign has posed a nice problem of calculation for Robert Kennedy. He has worked for Beame hard enough to look like a loyal New York Democrat, but not so hard that his own prestige would slip badly in a Beame disaster. Lyndon Johnson has been even more cautious. No politician is more sensitive to prevailing winds, and the President is on the phone every week or so with his own key man on the spot, the Democratic National Committeeman, Edwin Weisl. He has pondered Weisl's advice and decided to avoid this particular snake pit. Taking the easy way out, he sent Hubert Humphrey to help Beame. "Johnson's afraid of Jewish liberals," one New York politician explained. "He doesn't know what to make of them. In fact, the whole eastern, liberal, intellectual establishment frightens him. He figures Hubert is more at home with these people. Johnson also has more to lose than Kennedy, who doesn't run again until 1970. Johnson runs in 1968, and the Republican nominee might just be John Lindsay."

This all adds up to something less than a rah-rah, can-do spirit. One thing that the Democrats are worried about, of course, is their record. This summer, while trying to conserve driblets of water at home in response to the unprecedented drought, New Yorkers watched huge mains breaking all over town, flooding streets and subway tunnels. At the same time the dust count in the city air reached five million particles per cubic foot, and one air-pollution expert figured that simply breathing in New York filled the lungs with as many cancer-causing substances as two packs of cigarettes a day. The city boasts the world's largest collection of heroin addicts, 30,000 or more, who account for an outsized proportion of the ever-increasing crime. The welfare rolls keep climbing while manufacturing jobs leave the city at the rate of 14,000 a year.

The party that has long been charged with tackling these 20th-century problems is handicapped by an antiquated organizational structure. At the roughneck clubhouse level it has hardly changed in the 30 years since Jim Farley, that big, pink, laughing man, ran it from the high-domed office of the Postmaster General in Washington. (Farley in fact is campaigning for this year's slate of candidates and at age 77



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seems perfectly at home.) It is a system of regional satrapies and political clubhouses almost guaranteed to produce political hacks. "The kind of bright young man the party needs," says an insurgent Democrat, "is not going to spend ten years climbing the clubhouse steps every Friday night to sit on a straight chair waiting for the privilege of an audience with Mr. Big." New York's Mr. Bigs have in common a thickness of skin, a generally conservative ideology when they have any ideology at all, and a fondness for the things of this world.

Charles Buckley of the Bronx remains, at 75, the most formidable of these old-style leaders. He grew up on construction gangs and has a talent for the withering profanity that, according to his chief aide, Henry McDonough, is "the language of the trade." Buckley votes his state legislators in a block. He helped make a president in 1960, when he came out strong and early for John F. Kennedy, a favor that the Kennedys have repaid with a flow of testimonial letters and a series of visits to the dinner Buckley throws for himself once a year. His holdings include the Tremont Savings and Loan Association and a handsome horse farm in Rockland County. "Charles Buckley stays in politics because it is his life," explains McDonough. "Money he doesn't need. Moneywise he is a very wealthy man."

Robert Abrams, a typical young reformer, woos a voter in the Bronx. He whipped the boss's candidate, won a seat in the state legislature.

Though Adam Clayton Powell outrages sensibilities everywhere else, he still runs Harlem, where his constituents take delight at the ease with which he thumbs his nose at "whitey." Powell's fondness for things material has been inscribed across the volumes of trial testimony that record his difficulties with the Internal Revenue Service. In Brooklyn, Stanley Steingut has taken a political dynasty into the second generation. A wealthy lawyer, he now runs the Madison Club, which tutored Abe Beame and where Stanley's father, Irwin Steingut, was boss for many long years.

The most bosslike boss in this crowd is Carmine DeSapio of Manhattan. He has a long, saturnine face, crossed with dark glasses and rising from a trim figure in superbly tailored suits. DeSapio is one of the abler of the breed, but he has had a lot of bad publicity. For one thing, a paper sack containing $11,000 was found one night in the

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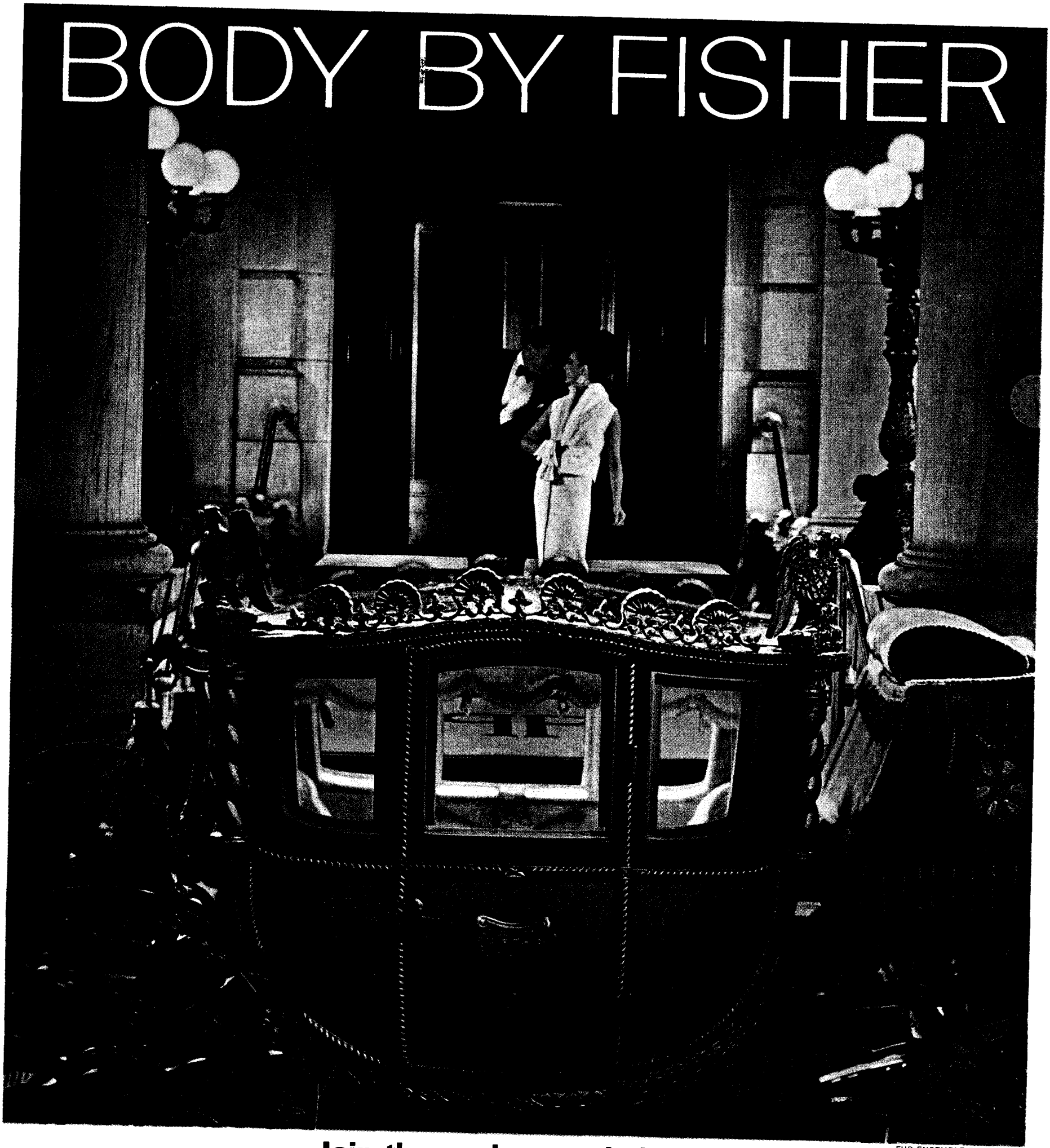

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back seat of a cab he had been riding. DeSapio thought deeply and then speculated that some other passenger must have left it; the money was never claimed. Perhaps because of the dark glasses DeSapio became the symbol of bossism and was defeated for party office by a peasant uprising in his native Greenwich Village. He is now a shadowy figure of influence somewhere in the background, and he is getting rich in insurance.

As is natural in a state where the numbers racket and bookmaking are vast enterprises that flourish with little police harassment, rumors abound of ties between the underworld and the politicians. Such rumors are rarely proved. When the State Crime Commission asked in 1952 about a meeting in the Hotel Biltmore attended by DeSapio, gangster Frank Costello and a couple of judges, the commission was told that the topic under discussion was raising funds for Italian orphans.

When seen in massed ranks at election-year rallies, New York politicians do not exude an air of greed, or an excess of any other emotion. They are becomingly modest, even shabby, in dress, and they have the kind of bored and cynical faces that look particularly ridiculous under the traditional campaign boater. If lawyers, they expect to start their careers with a small but steady flow of surrogate-court patronage in return for their clubhouse labors. This leads with seniority to a post on one of the various city commissions, say, followed by a secure old age in a judgeship, of which the city has 176. The more typical product of the clubhouse way of life is not root-and-branch corruption but gray-faced mediocrity.

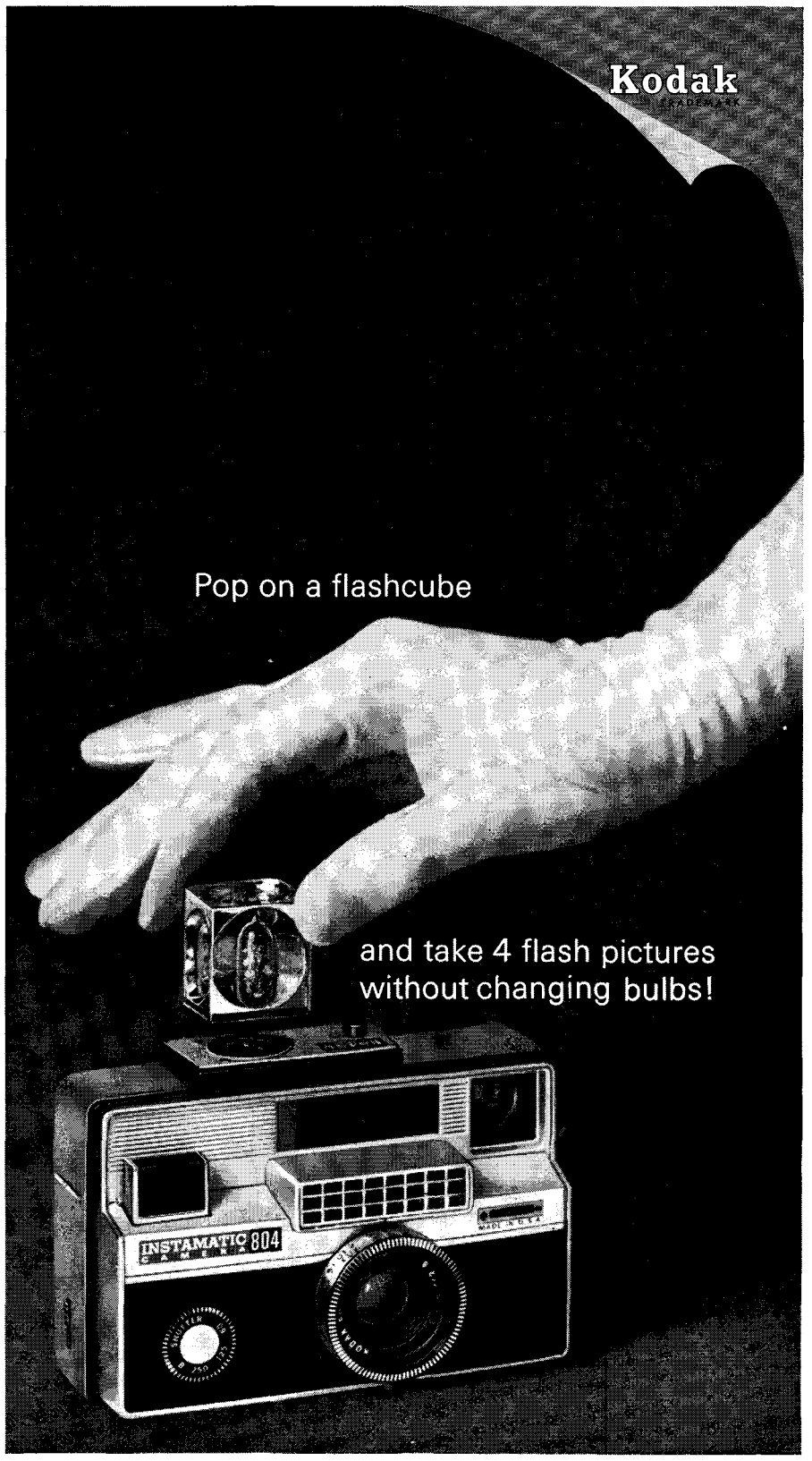
Many men have aimed lances against this system; historians generally rank Fiorello LaGuardia (1934–46) the most successful. Certainly the most unlikely is Robert Ferdinand Wagner, he of the appealingly sad basset face, who like LaGuardia will have held the mayor's office 12 years when he gives it up this January. It has been a strange career. The clubhouse bosses picked him from relative obscurity because of his name (his father was a New Deal senator) and then after two lackluster terms the bosses decided to dump him. Suddenly this sleepy-eyed man turned and bit their hands. Only a few months before, he had called Buckley of the Bronx "the greatest Democratic statesman of our generation." But, in one of the most remarkable campaigns on record, he ran as a "reform" candidate against the bosses—in effect against his own record—and won.

That was in 1961, and most of the confusion that still clouds New York politics dates from that extraordinary event. Until Bob Wagner came along to hoist their flag, the Reform Democrats of New York were an amateurish band of A.D.A. liberals whose most important asset was Eleanor Roosevelt. In the kind of battle dearest to her heart, Mrs. Roosevelt could be counted on to turn up at odd hours on desolate street corners to campaign for people nobody ever heard of, running for positions nobody understood. When Wagner with a bland and superlative gall declared himself a Reform Democrat, "What could we do?" asks one founder of the movement. "Some of us thought he was some kind of bell goat leading us someplace to chop off our heads, and some of us thought he meant it." What they did, of course, was to run along with so important a fellow, and they made good breakthroughs, dumping DeSapio in Greenwich Village and winning control of almost half the Democratic Party machinery in Manhattan.

Once Wagner was settled in at Gracie Mansion for another four years, however, he simply tossed the boss issue into the trash can as so much campaign nonsense. "You go out to the regular clubs in Brooklyn and half the guys you meet are on the public pad," says a reform leader. "Wagner could pick up the phone tomorrow and fire them all, if he wanted to. But all that Bob Wagner has been interested in is keeping all the balls in the air, playing reformers off against regulars and maintaining his personal power as maximum leader."

Wagner's one patrol in strength outside the city ended in unqualified disaster. In response to polls which seemed to show that the man to run against Governor Rockefeller in 1962 was "a Jewish candidate of the highest caliber," Wagner ignored the advice of upstate leaders and tossed the nomination to Robert Morgenthau, an attorney who had a famous name going for him and not much else. He ran poorly even in the Jewish districts. "The ticket was so bad, guys were asking how they could get off it," says Michael Prendergast, state Democratic chairman. "I told them the only way was to die."

New York bosses' Abraham Beame campaigns for mayor in Brooklynese.



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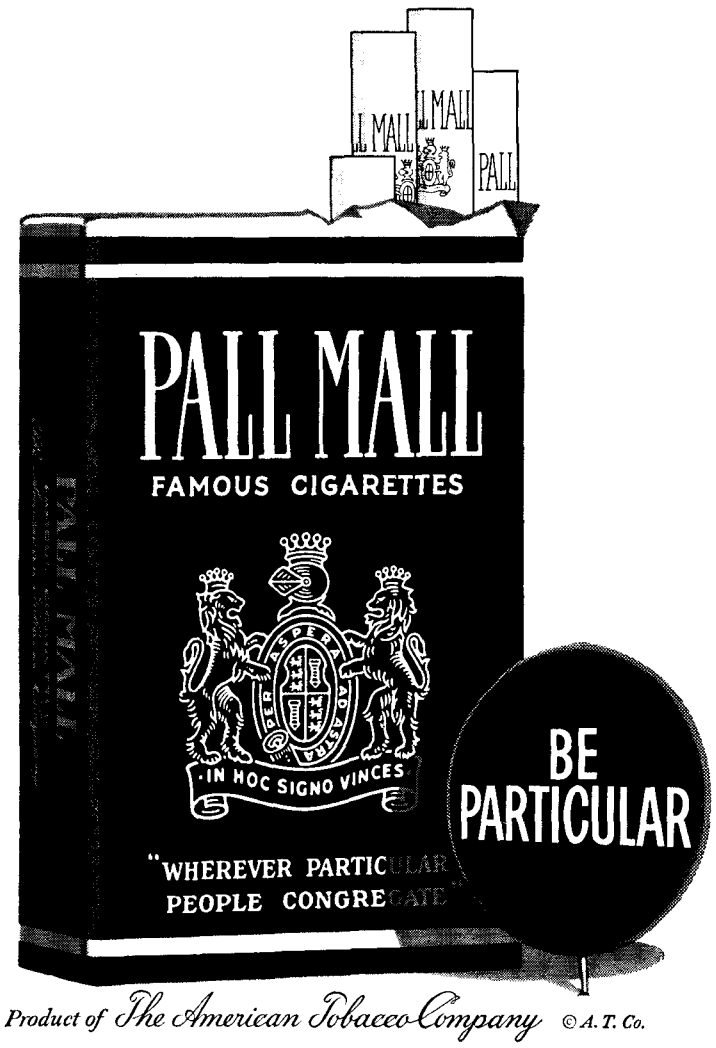

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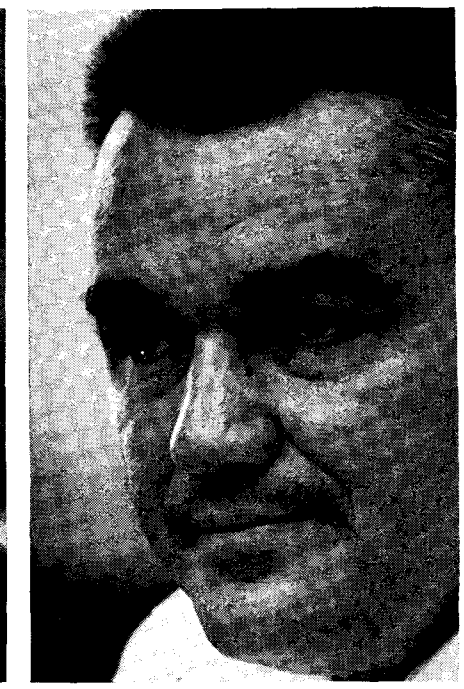
Reformer Edward Koch ousted once-powerful boss Carmine DeSapio in Greenwich Village.



Boss Jack English is for Kennedy. "People," he says, "want someone to take charge."

NEW YORK FIGHT

Not until last year, when Robert Kennedy crossed the border, did Wagner again feel the hot blood of combat coursing through his veins. The reason was perfectly simple. Here came Bobby sauntering into the state to pluck like a ripe plum the one job that Wagner, in imitation of his father, had always coveted and now would never hold. Long after Kennedy had lined up enough votes to insure his Senate nomination at the upcoming state convention, Wagner kept him waiting on tiptoes for his formal endorsement. As a final snub, Wagner let Kennedy, Ethel and a horde of reporters scuff heels on the green grounds of Gracie Mansion for an hour before he returned from a weekend in the country to receive them. It was not a moment that two proud men are apt to forget. Two months after the Democratic sweep in November, the bad feelings exploded in the leadership fight in Albany.

Legislators from the city machines and from upstate, all friendly to Kennedy, rudely dumped Wagner's candidates for the senate and assembly leadership. In three weeks of bitter charge and countercharge, the mayor introduced a new term—the "lulu"—to public political language. As every Albany legislator knew, but the public did not, a lulu is a cash payment of $1,000 a year "in lieu of" an expense account. Wagner charged in high dudgeon that in Room 939 of Albany's Dewitt Clinton Hotel, Democratic state chairman William McKeon offered two of Wagner's key men a total of $10,000 in lulus and double lulus from the public till to change their vote. "Tantamount to a bribe," Wagner cried. McKeon denied the whole thing, and the State Commission of Investigation merely found there was no crime. In the end Wagner won the leadership fight through Republican votes, apparently as part of a deal that included passage of Rockefeller's record budget and a statewide sales tax. Democrats of all factions looked so inept that almost nobody noticed the generally sound legislative record they later compiled.

After this foray Wagner retreated behind his private barricades once again. He thoughtfully pondered the Lindsay candidacy and announced he would not run for reelection. Much of his energy went into the courtship of a handsome blond socialite named Barbara Cavanagh, and he married her in July. He came back from his Florida honeymoon and endorsed his deputy, Paul Screvane, for mayor. But Wagner said such pleasant things about all the other candidates that the endorsement fizzled. And he afterward barely lifted a finger to help. He developed a sudden passion for baseball and spent a lot of time out at Shea Stadium. Backed by almost all the bosses, Abraham Beame beat Screvane by 59,000 votes out of 738,000 cast.

With the apparent disappearance of Wagner from his vague and shifting middle ground, the battle within the party has clarified and sharpened. This basic fight now is between the regular clubhouses and that band of liberal, middle-class eggheads, the Reform Democrats. Given their first big boost by Wagner, the reformers are an interesting crowd who have begun winning some striking victories on their own.

"A surprising number of us got into politics through the Citizens for Stevenson movement," says Edward Koch, the young lawyer who has now beaten DeSapio three times for district leader in Greenwich Village, most recently this past September. "We went to DeSapio's club, and it was really strange, with these dozens of pictures of him all over the place. The women sat on one side of the room and the men on the other. We couldn't work with a club like that. Like most of the conservative bosses, DeSapio was sitting on his hands in 'Fifty-two. With his magnificent speeches, Stevenson took politics out of the ordinary venal atmosphere, and we saw that it could be a noble profession. Citizens for Stevenson in the Village became the Village Independent Democrats."

"I was in Europe, and I heard that exciting things were happening," says Russell Hemenway, now executive director of the citywide reform organization, the Committee for Democratic Voters. "People said when you get home join Marietta Tree's club, the Lexington Democratic." With the dazzlin Mrs. Tree (who was one of Stevenson

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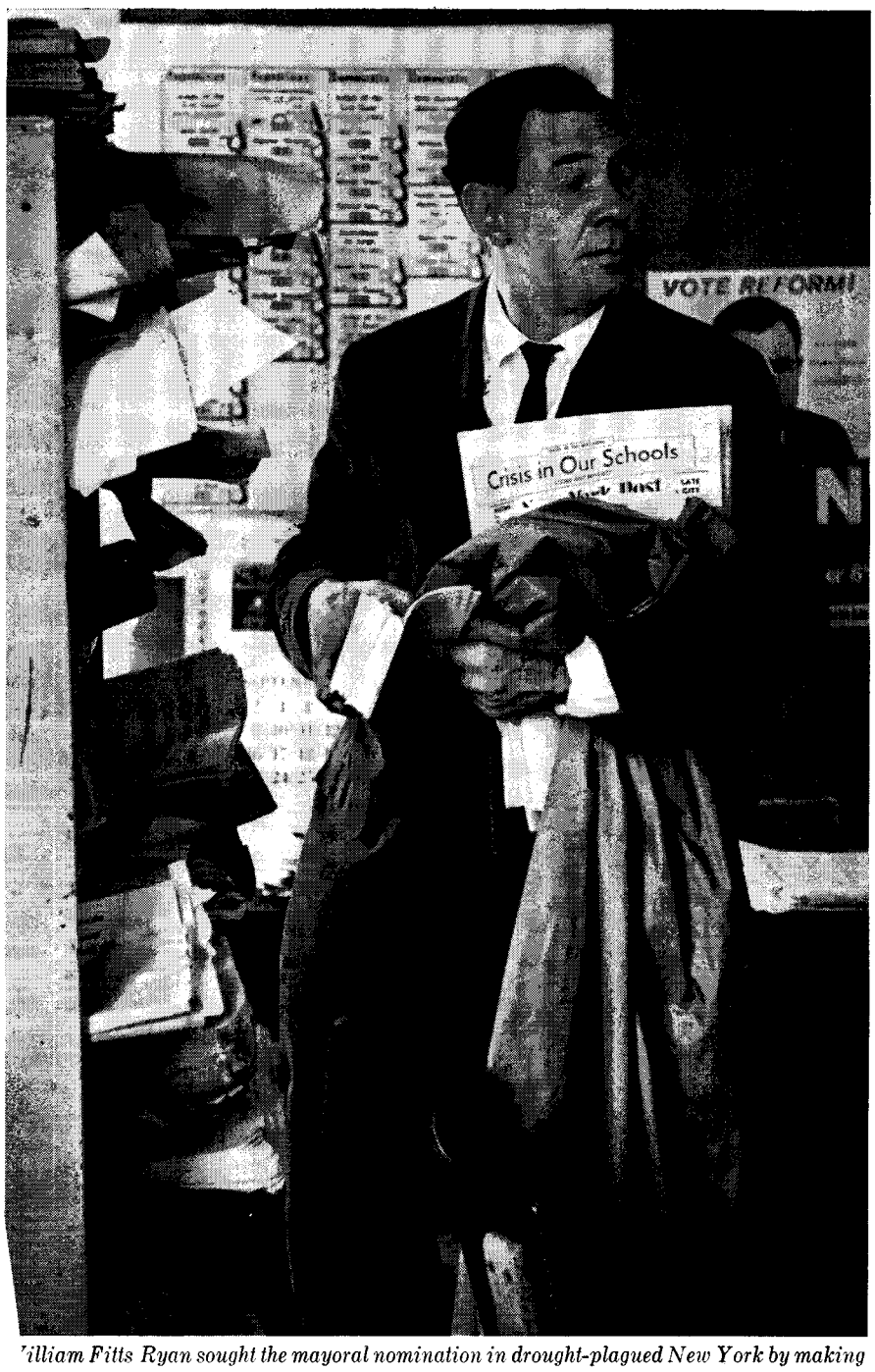
closest friends and was with him in London when he died), Eleanor Roosevelt and former Governor Lehman as founders, the Lexington attracted suave young men from Wall Street and Madison Avenue, as well as actresses, models and socialites. Its atmosphere is scented with Parisian perfumes rather than the usual cigar smoke, but the Lexington Democratic won control of the party on the Upper East Side and still functions as a nerve center and social club for the whole reform movement.

"Our basic premise," says one reform leader, William Ginsberg, "was that to improve the quality of government we had to take over the party machinery at the grass-roots level. The district club is the building block. We were not looking for a knight on a white horse. LaGuardia in New York and Richardson Dilworth in Philadelphia were both examples of a reform movement dying as soon as the reform mayor left office, because there was no grass-roots control. The other main premise was complete democracy in the clubs, control by the membership rather than the district leader. This," Ginsberg adds, "gets pretty hectic at times."

The reformers won a congressional seat on Manhattan's West Side in 1960 with William Fitts Ryan. In 1961, with an assist from Wagner, they beat DeSapio, won 40 percent of the seats on the Manhattan Democratic committee and gained a toehold in Queens. Last year they moved into the black, tenemented hillsides of the Bronx to take on Charley Buckley.

Buckley had been a U.S. Congressman for 30 years, chairman of the powerful, pork-barreling Public Works Committee for 14 years, and a friend of Presidents. He just could not take the reformers seriously. "They're just a bunch of agitators," he said. His opponent, tall and aristocratic Jonathan B. Bingham, out of Groton and Yale, was "just a stiff. If I had to pick an opponent, I'd pick Bingham. Look at his middle name—Brewster. Now isn't that pathetic?" As for the charge that eight staff members of the Public Works Committee were political cohorts who almost never left the Bronx to journey to Washington where their duties lay, Buckley replied, "None of the employees is a relative. They're all good Democrats, the kind of people I like to take care of." Buckley's top lieutenant, Congressman James Healey, hardly bothered to campaign against his own opponent, reformer James Scheuer.

That "stiff" named Bingham beat the astonished Buckley by 4,000 votes, and Scheuer beat Healey by 2,000. The reformers also won control of one



William Fitts Ryan sought the mayoral nomination in drought-plagued New York by making refooted inspections of broken water mains. A liberal congressman and reformer, he lost.

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Democratic organization, the Seventh Assembly District East, but only for two days. Buckley then merged it with the Seventh A.D. West, which he still held, an imaginative maneuver that has been tied up in the courts ever since. In this year's primary the reformers scored heavily again, winning the nomination for borough president, five of the twelve nominations to the state assembly, three out of four state senate seats and a spot on city council.

In the 89th Assembly District, surrounding Bronx Park, 27-year-old Robert Abrams showed how the reformers do it, and on a shoestring. A neighborhood boy who worked his way through Columbia College and New York University Law School, Abrams on his first time out in politics this summer boldly challenged John T. Satriale, who as chairman of the powerful Ways and Means Committee in the state assembly was a key patronage man in the Buckley organization. For the campaign, Satriale had at his disposal the state limousine that came with his job; Abrams equipped his family's 1956 Chevrolet with a loudspeaker and took to the streets. A friend on Madison Avenue designed his literature and got it printed at cut rates. Abrams could not afford postage, and so his friends stuffed the propaganda under doors and slipped it under windshield wipers.

"The only man fighting for my opponent is his paid stooge handing out literature there on the corner," Abrams barked over his loudspeaker. "He gets $5,000 a year from the public payroll. How much longer are we going to tolerate boss rule in the Bronx?" Abrams's own propaganda stand was manned by his grandmother. "I have a certain built-in vote," he explained. "People who play mah-jongg with my mother, and people who have known my pop for thirty years. He's a waiter in Junior's Delicatessen up the street there and my best campaigner. The name I keep hammering away at is not Satriale but Buckley, Buckley, Buckley." The strategy worked. On primary day the mah-jongg players and pop's customers beat the powerful Mr. Satriale 4,335 votes to 3,446. "I'm going up to Albany," Abrams grins, "and raise a little hell."

The recent round of reform victories, according to Russell Hemenway of the C.D.V., "sounds the death knell for Charley Buckley as county leader." Buckley's aide, McDonough, disagrees. Perched behind his boss's big double desk at party headquarters, a place of flaking paint and folding chairs for hangers-on, he explained: "These reformers don't want to do the groundwork of politics. They won't start at the bottom. They call our people ward heelers, but I can tell you these are honest, God-fearing people. Reformers are opportunists, lawyers out for publicity and that kind of thing, and when they reach a certain station in life they are content with, they lose interest and the movement goes down the drain. Whereas an organization like ours is more or less perpetual. I can tell you this, that Charles Buckley will never quit under fire. It's like Churchill said, he didn't become prime minister to liquidate the British Empire." He stopped and stared out over the bleak rooftops of the Bronx. "I guess that isn't a good comparison, is it? The British Empire is pretty much gone."

McDonough touched some weak points that many reformers concede. They are not broadly enough based. Just as the regular clubs are apt to be dominated by conservative Roman Catholics of Irish or Italian background, the reform clubs are heavily middle-class Jewish, with an important sprinkling of Protestants—Ivy Leaguers and expatriates from hinterland America.

"The old clubs are working class, conservative, hierarchical, with seniority playing a large and important role," says Patrick Moynihan, who holds a doctorate in political science and had been nurtured as Assistant Secretary of Labor in Washington before his defeat in the primary on September 14. "The reformers bring to their clubs all the aggressions of middle-class life—get ahead, get the highest marks. They tend to operate by rules rather than friendships. They are quite surprised when they learn that people from the regular organization consider them pushy and ill-mannered. It is a matter of two different life styles. I predicted several years ago that the reformers would take over neighborhoods where the middle class is strong. I predict that the movement will have great difficulty spreading beyond these neighborhoods."

And of course a reformer can always get clobbered if he is so foolish as to believe that television, the advent of the 20th century and all that have changed the basic rules of the game. On the predominately Jewish Lower East Side in Manhattan last year, a young reform candidate named William Haddad, a Jew who had been No. 2 man in the Peace Corps, was tooling along quite confidently in his campaign against the aging incumbent, Leonard Farbstein. Then, with sudden and incredulous horror, Haddad heard about the story sweeping his district: that he was actually an Arab named El Haddad, and that his middle name was Fuad instead of Frederick. Before Haddad could counter these slanders, Farbstein had rolled him under at the polls.

The reform movement will doubtless keep growing, at least until it runs out of natural places to colonize. The reformers were elated this September by winning two assembly seats and one state senate seat in Negro sections of Brooklyn, indicating that their techniques can work in slum as well as middle-class areas. Reform may well win control of half the city's assembly districts—the basic political building blocks—within the next few years. It will of course have to move beyond this to alliances with regulars to wield city or statewide power. So far it has shown an opposite tendency—to splinter. In the September primary for mayor about half the reform clubs cast their lot with Wagner's candidate, Paul Screvane, who had a real chance of winning, while the rest stayed pure with reform Congressman Ryan. Many of the reformers will defect to Lindsay in November.

Practical politicians naturally deplore the notion of a party split into two factions, regular and reform. The logical middleman in all this of course is Bobby Kennedy himself, who enjoyed early and enthusiastic support for the Senate from both that ultra-reformer, Congressman Ryan, and that ultra-regular, ex-Congressman Buckley. He played the role of healer well on primary night, journeying with his wife Ethel in the late and small hours through all four campaign headquarters, smiling and spreading words of comfort and praise.

In his huge golden-carpeted office at the Joseph P. Kennedy Jr. Foundation, with the city spread out neatly 30 floors below him, Bobby's brother-in-law, Stephen Smith, politely understates the family role. "A senator doesn't have much clout," he explains, using the politicians' term for power. "The clout is at city hall." But Jack English, Democratic leader of suburban Nassau County and a key Kennedy man, says, "People are ready to unite. They want someone to take charge."

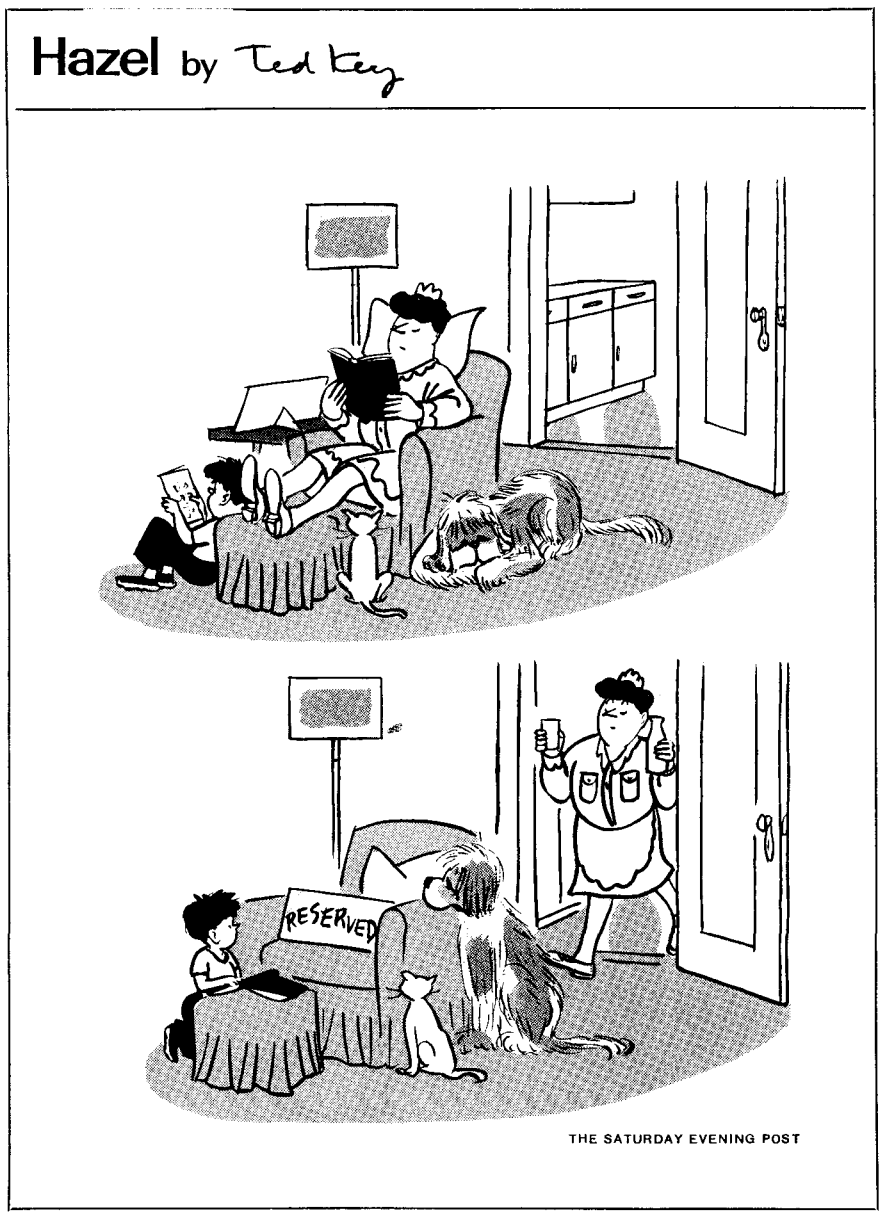
Kennedy hopes that growing party strength in suburbia and upstate will provide a new middle group of leaders like English to link the warring New York City factions. The Democrats picked up nine congressional seats outside the city in the Johnson sweep last fall, as well as electing state assemblymen in counties where, as one party worker put it, "I thought it was unconstitutional for Democrats to win." Redistricting this year under the Supreme Court's one-man, one-vote decision seems to assure Democratic control of the assembly, with the state senate nip and tuck. "Five county leaders from New York City sitting around a room don't make a statewide party," says Jack English.

As might be expected of so aggressive a man, Bobby has made a stout corps of enemies during his single year in the state, as well as many allies. "His local gauleiter is Steve Smith," one anti-Kennedy Democrat explains. "It's the old Kennedy pattern: Don't trust anybody unless they're family. During the discussions for a new state Democratic chairman last summer, Bobby out of the blue said, 'What about Steve Smith?' Everybody thought he was joking and laughed. They settled on John Burns from Binghamton. He's a good man. He's got twelve kids, and he needed the job. It pays $30,000 a year. Then the Kennedy people tried to promote Smith for a second spot on one of the tickets for mayor. That's the way they think. If there's a vacuum, you rush in and fill it and worry about tidying up the debris later."

The unanswered question is why the New York Democrats need outside infusion at all. "Of course we're bankrupt for talent," one county leader growled, "or Kennedy couldn't have come in." Where are the latter-day Lehmans and Roosevelts?

"I honestly don't know," says Pat Moynihan. "The party, and the reform clubs in particular, ought to be just churning out bright people, and they aren't. I have a standing motion before my own club, the Samuel Tilden. Instead of taking our annual charter flight to Europe this summer, let's go to Minnesota or Wisconsin, just for once, and find out how they did it out there. At the rate we keep chewing each other up, heroes are hard to find."

"It's a tough town and a rough business," adds Stephen Smith, after a reflective look down from his 30th-floor window on the bustling new Kennedy domain, "and it's greasy up there at the top of the pole."



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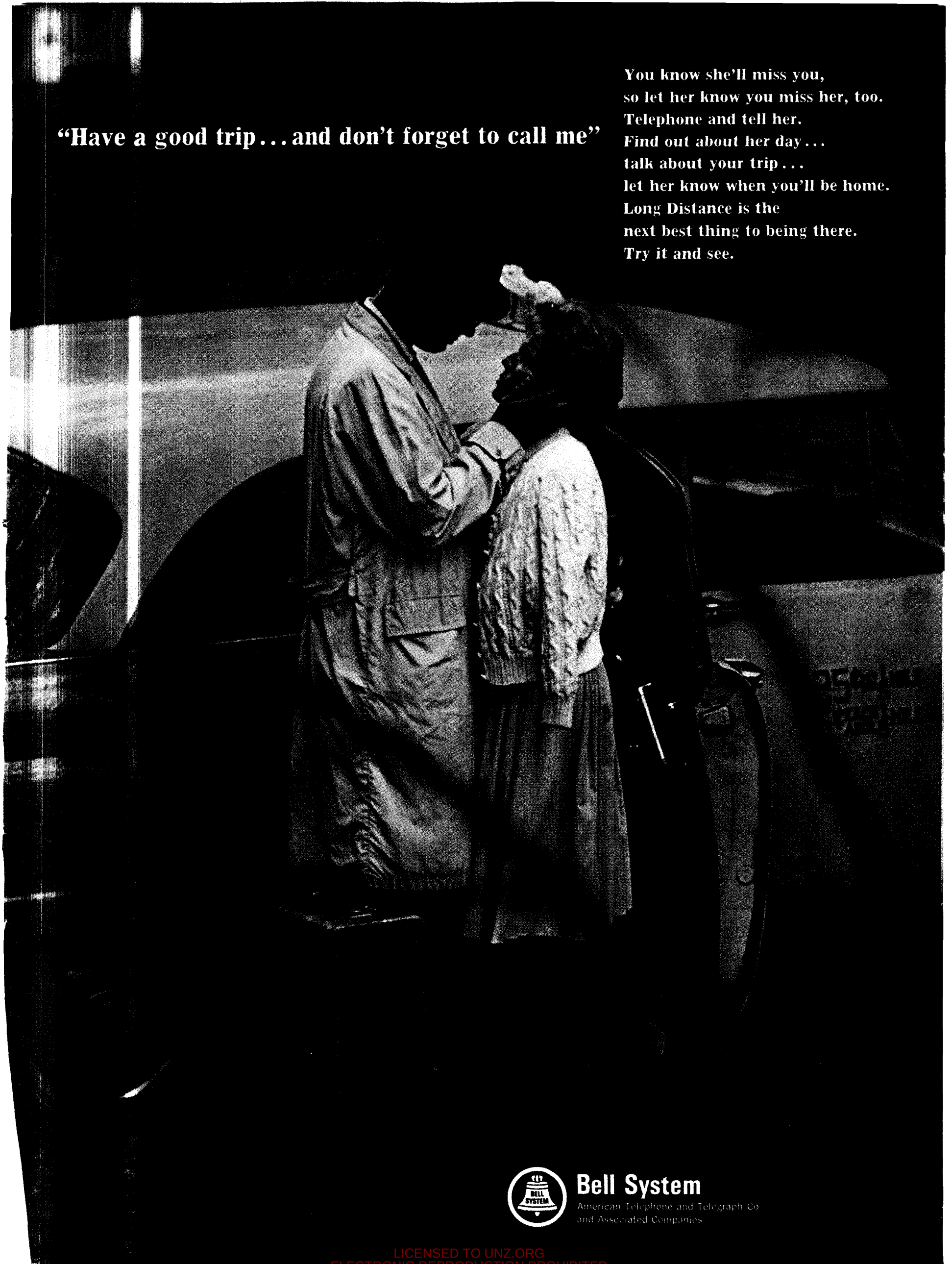
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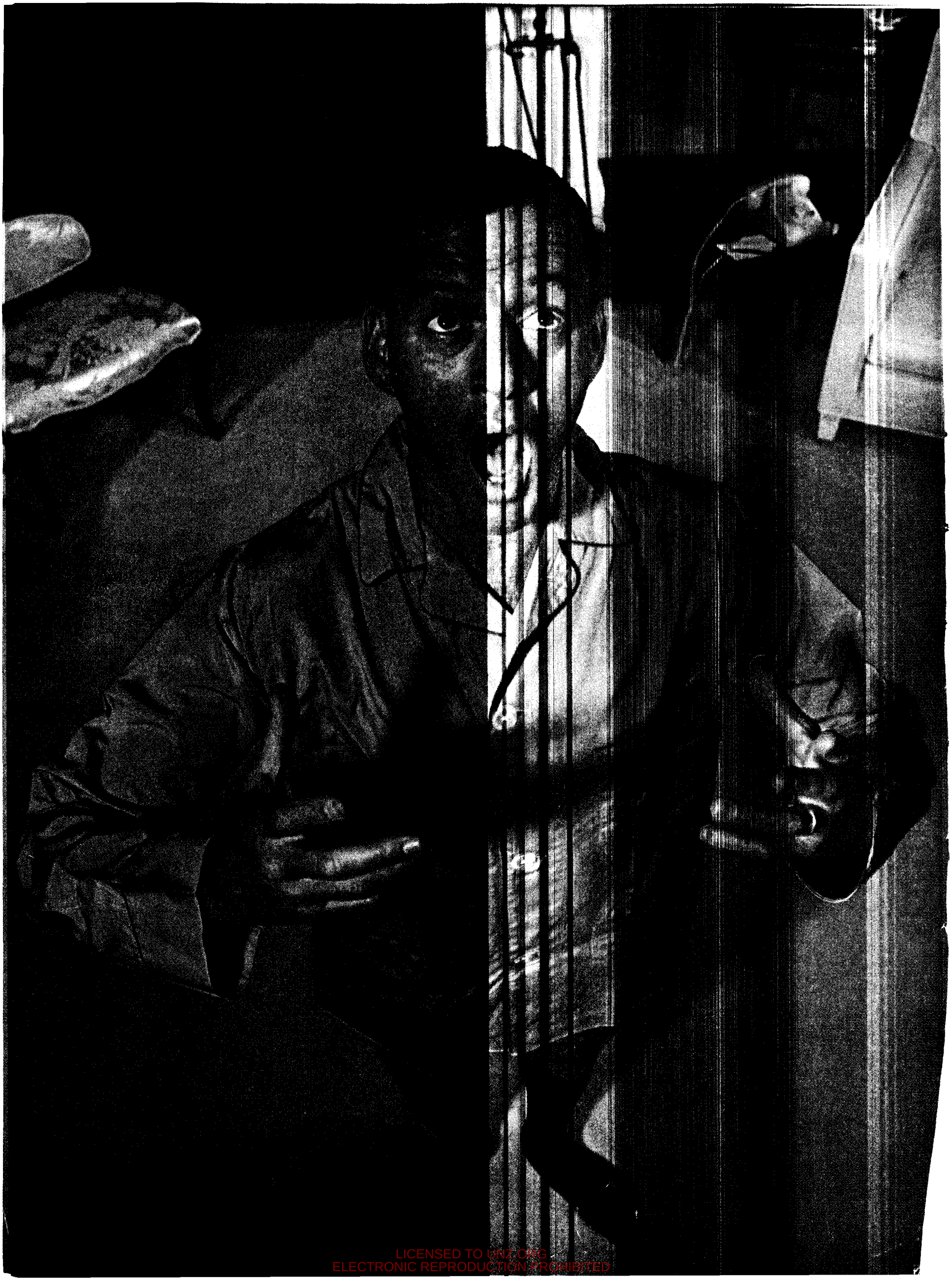

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Good-bye to a second banana

By RICHARD LEMON

Tony Randall makes almost one million dollars a year as a comic actor, yet he prefers singing opera and dreams of stardom in Chekov, Shaw and Shakespeare.

Almost any afternoon this week—or next week, or last week, or any week during the past 19 years—Tony Randall, a pleasant-looking actor who earned close to three quarters of a million dollars last year—will take his regular place in the middle of a large living room overlooking New York's West Side Drive. At the piano a tall, large-browed voice teacher named Henry Jacobi will tap a note, shut his eyes, match the note with his voice, and conduct it upward with his free hand. Randall will inhale, fold his arms on his chest, and then, eyes popping and face contorted with determination, unleash an ear-splitting series of wails and bellows. Under Jacobi's direction he will keep up this nonsensical yowling for 45 minutes, looking all the while like a respectable young banker unaccountably auditioning for a Japanese *samurai* epic. If the exercises have gone well, that night his wife won't be able to stay in the same room with him—or, rather, with his larynx. "My voice sometimes gets away from me," Randall concedes. If it doesn't get away, Mrs. Randall will remain in the room, and her husband may read aloud in stentorian tones. He is currently reading *Candy*.

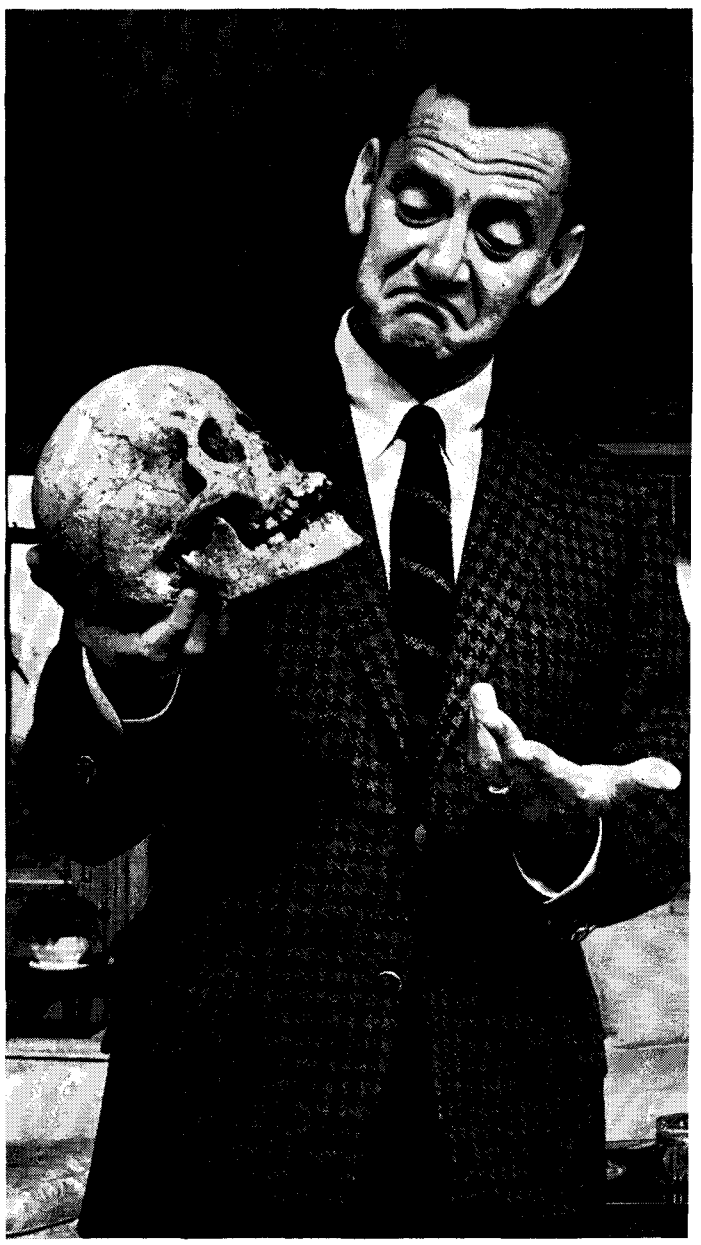
The next morning Randall will take a cab to the barny old Henry Hudson Hotel, walk downstairs to the Health Club, put on swimming trunks, and start lifting weights. In the ensuing hour he will lift about five tons, lying flat on a reclining board, standing, stooping, and with a harness around his forehead, all the while grimacing and giving off rhythmical wheezes ("Oosh-WHOO!"). When he quits, he will have systematically exercised, among other muscles, his biceps, triceps, upper pectorals, latissimus dorsi and external oblique. Then, refreshed, he will have a sandwich and go to Jacobi's studio for another session of bellowing.

During the 19 years he has been performing these physical and vocal contortions, Tony Randall has hoisted the rough equivalent of a U.S. Navy destroyer and bellowed the equivalent of about 40 seasons at the Met, and he has done it mainly for the sake of art. "An actor's body and voice are his instruments," he maintains. "You've got to keep training them." Today Randall is one of the most skillful and busiest comic actors in the world. He gets upward of $150,000 per picture, and last year he made four of them, plus a number of TV appearances to plug them. He has become famous as the winning sidekick in Rock Hudson-Doris Day comedies, which have made him easily the highest-paid second banana in history, and he can afford to indulge some expensive tastes. He lives in a splendid apartment overlooking Central Park, collects modern art, and flies all over the world to catch opera singers he admires. He even enjoys his exercises, and gets the same sort of kick out of hitting B that a duffer gets out of laying an approach shot a foot from the pin. "Nineteen years ago I had no voice at all," he says. "Now you hear that 'top' and it's really brilliant, and it's entirely a manufactured product." He is equally proud of his muscles. "Feel that," he told a startled luncheon companion recently, planting his elbow in the middle of the table and flexing his bicep. "Hard, huh? A guy my size, one hundred and fifty pounds, lifting fifty pound weights—that's abnormally strong."

Randall has recently been waging a vigorous battle to destroy his second banana image. The first of his four movies last year was a fantasy called *Seven Faces of Dr. Lao*, and in it Randall played all the faces, from the Chinese Dr. Lao through Medusa to the Abominable Snowman. *Dr. Lao* proved that Randall can handle seven roles in a single movie, but today there is almost no demand for actors who can play seven roles in one movie. In fact, there is much more demand for actors who can play the same role in seven movies, as his success in the Rock and Doris pictures has shown. *Dr. Lao* was followed by *Send Me No Flowers*, a Rock and Doris comedy, and that was followed by *Fluffy*, a mild piece of slapstick for children in which his costar was a lion. But in his next picture Randall is back at the makeup again as Agatha Christie's famous detective, Hercule Poirot, in *The Alphabet Murders*.

In further pursuit of importance, Randall has currently been offering himself to stage repertory companies, where his Hollywood success works not for but against him. He has offered his services to Tyrone Guthrie's Minnesota Theater company, the Shakespeare Festival in Stratford, Conn., and the Lincoln Center Repertory Theater in New York, and they have all turned him down. For four years he has been trying to persuade Lee J. Cobb to play Othello so that he can play Iago. When he isn't working on Cobb, he works on Paul Muni. And when he isn't working on Muni, he is trying to persuade his friend Herman Shumlin to produce Shaw or Chekov on Broadway. "Tony loves the money from the movies," Shumlin said after a recent Randall siege. "But I think if a distinguished director started a repertory company in Omaha and asked him to go out there for two years at seventy-five dollars a week, he'd be off like a shot." Instead, however, Randall will be back on Broadway next January with Thelma Ritter in a comedy titled *UTBU*, from Unhealthy To Be Unpleasant.

After 20 years as an actor and 10 as a success, Randall is still theater-struck in the grand, old, but vanishing tradition. For Randall the theater is not a place of bright lights and autograph books but a world in which a man puts on makeup and strange clothing, speaks in a voice that you don't hear on the street, becomes somebody else for a few hours, and thus adds to the life and experiences of the audience. The actors he most admires are generally old-time: John Barrymore ("An actor of genius with a gorgeous voice and beautiful diction"), Jane Cowl ("Great voice. A technical marvel. A great beauty. I carried her picture for years"), Muni, with whom he appeared on Broadway in *Inherit the Wind* ("He sometimes brought the audience to its feet cheering twice during the second act"), and Charlie Chaplin ("My wife says I never take her to see anything but *City Lights*"). He speaks fondly of great orators like William Jennings Bryan, who won a Presidential nomination with his impassioned "Cross of Gold" speech,



His irreverence to Yorick's skull belies a passionate interest in the classic theater, and Randall is ready to play the Melancholy Dane for peanuts on any stage.

Photographs by Philippe Halsman

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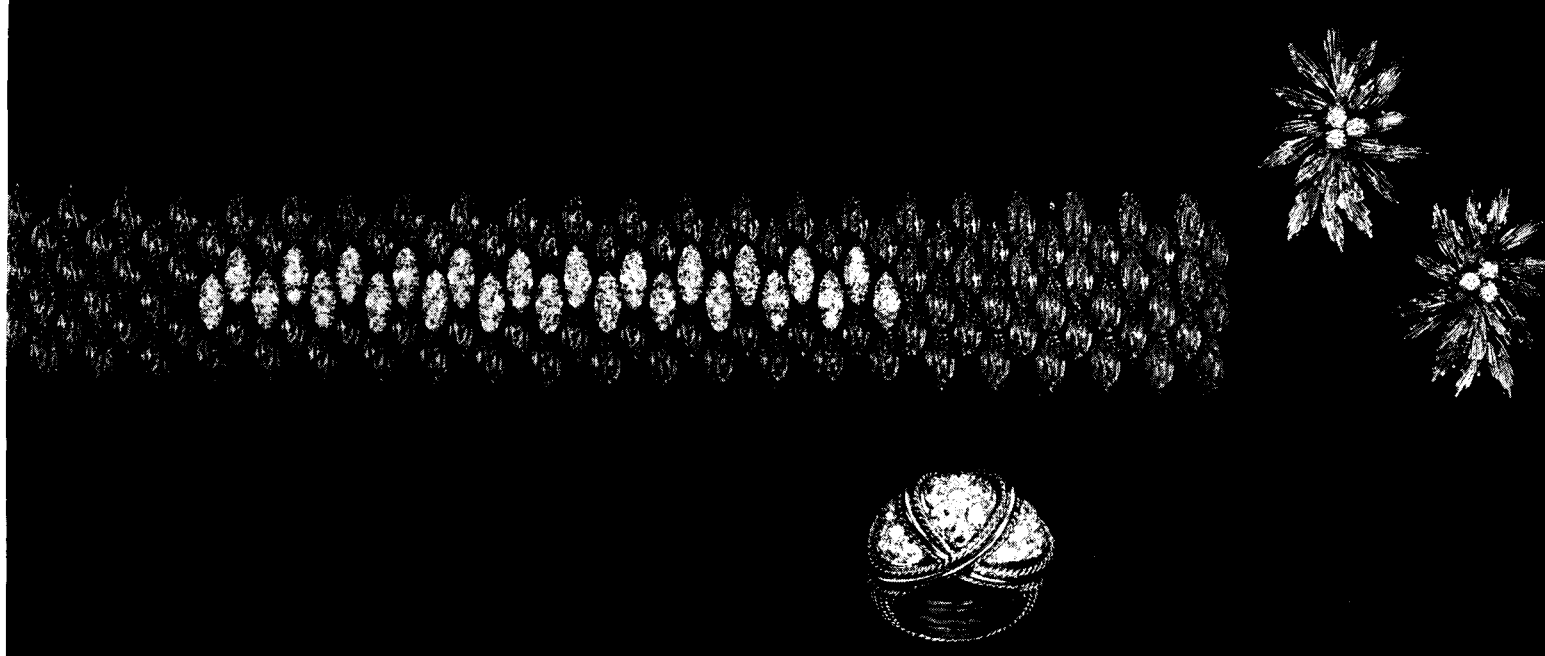

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delivered without a microphone to the Democratic convention. He loves to put on makeup. "It makes me feel like an actor," he says.

So far, Randall's artistry has found its outlet almost exclusively in comedy, and he has perfected the role of the would-be hot shot who gets clobbered while Playing the Game, the nice guy who won't ever get ahead in business because he is too obviously trying. Unfortunately for Randall, Americans tend to assume that being funny is just a natural trick some people have, like whistling through your teeth, and that to regard such carryings-on as acting would be a slight to the profession.

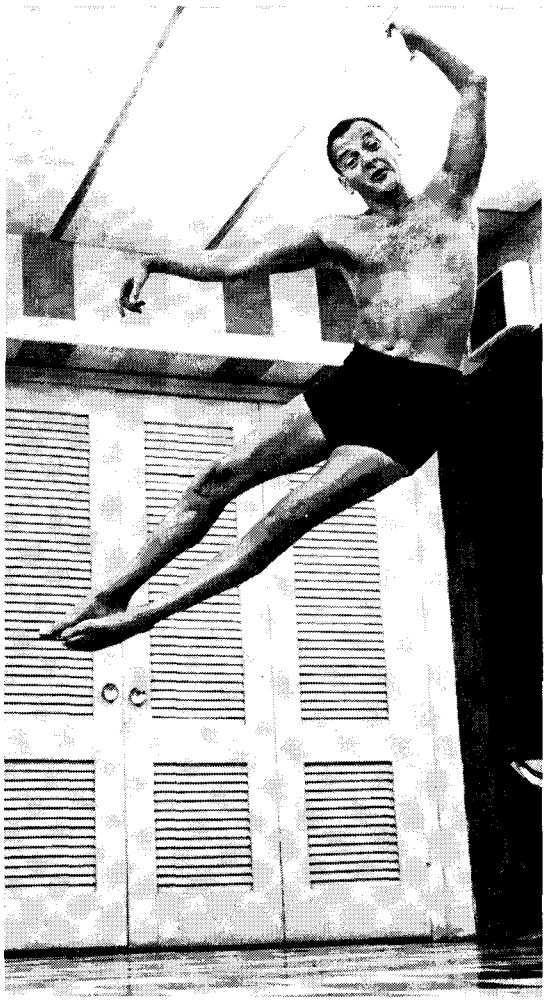
There are, to be sure, certain aspects of Randall himself that have probably hampered him in his campaign to get taken seriously. The most important of these is his face. Randall not only looks like a comic actor, he looks like three comic actors. He has been dogged throughout his career by a resemblance to Orson Bean and Jack Lemmon, and even his sister once thought she was watching Randall when Bean appeared on television. In the early '50's Randall and Lemmon were cast in a Broadway revival of *Room Service*, and Randall told the director he was crazy to put two such look-alikes on stage at once. The director thought it over, decided Randall was right, and fired him. Offscreen, Randall's face is the genial, everyday sort that is frequently taken for somebody else's—especially clothing salesmen's. "I can't walk into Brooks Brothers without somebody trying to buy a shirt from me," he says.

To make a serious image even harder to attain, Randall occasionally sounds like a character who has fallen out of a story by James Thurber, and his zealotry, like his voice, sometimes gets away from him. He is almost certainly the only man alive who has bothered to record a parody of Guy Lombardo's singing brother, Carmen. "Very few people dug it," Randall concedes. Although his skills are impressive, he often chooses to talk about their more bizarre manifestations. "If a part calls for a headache, I can produce one that will almost kill me," he says. "That's what we call acting technique. I can also induce indigestion terribly." Unfortunately, his inductive powers work in one direction only, and without powders or tablets he is unable to induce instant relief.

Then there is the trouble with birds. "Birds attack me," Randall says, in a matter-of-fact way. "People find it hard to believe, but they dive at me. On Fire Island I have to carry a stick. My wife says, 'If you didn't carry that thing, they wouldn't bother you. They think you're after them.' The fact is they're after *me*. One of them will get between me and the sun and then tell the others, 'Here he is, here he is.'"

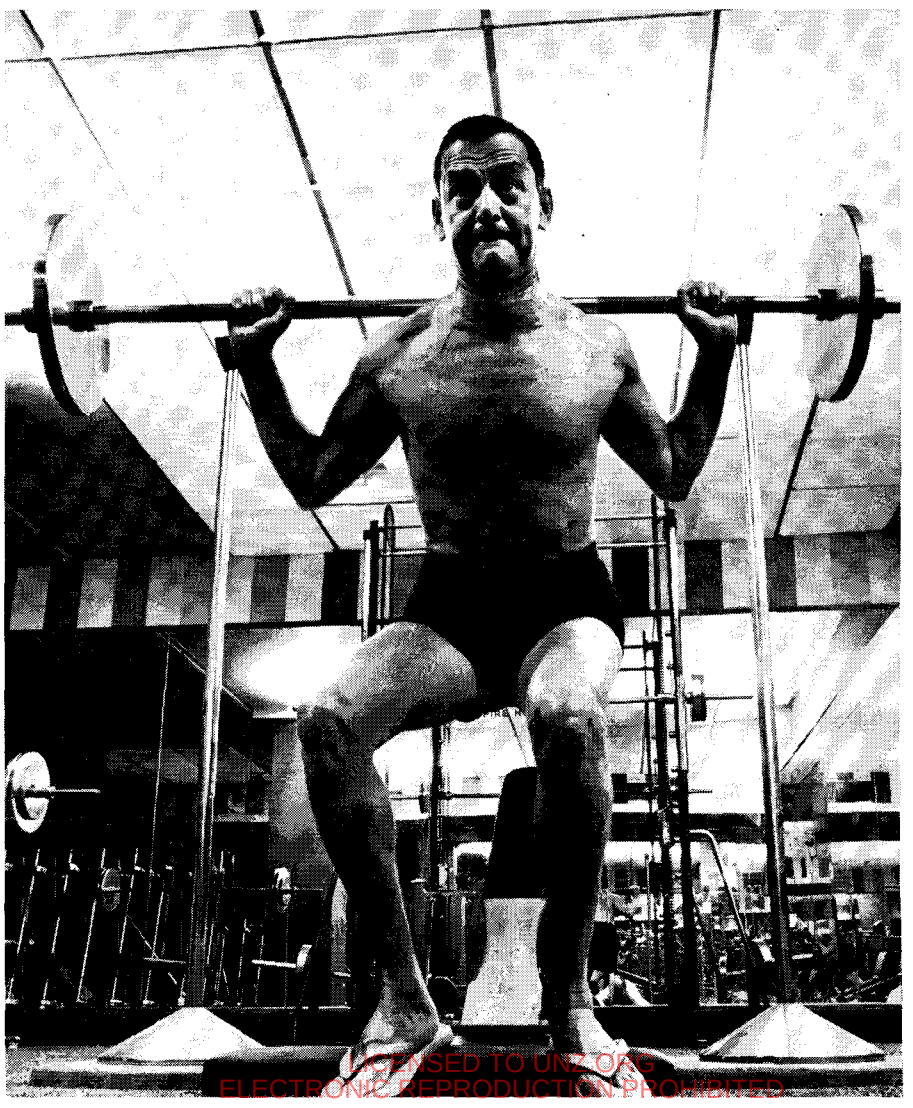
Despite these eccentricities, Randall is far from the sort of fall guy he plays onscreen. He and his wife Florence live in a quietly elegant five-room apartment ("It's a humble place, but we like it") which is furnished with antiques picked by his wife and paintings picked by Randall—Raphael Soyer, Graham Sutherland, Reuben Tam, Stuart Davis and Georges Braque.

An avid learner, knowledgeable on an awesome variety of subjects from stereophonic systems to changes in ice-cream manufacturing, Randall saves his keenest enthusiasm for the human race. He loves to listen to it, tape-record it, watch it, portray it, and, according to his lights, improve it. He is active in New York City's Reform-Democratic movement and in SANE, the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy.



In his gym sessions Randall seldom clowns it up. He has applied the same credo for 19 perspiring years: Strong muscles and a big voice are an actor's primary assets.

No aspect of the human animal fascinates Randall more than its voice. "The most beautiful instrument of all is the human voice," he said recently. "That's the one all the others are trying to imitate." In search of this instrument at its best, he has flown to Milan just to hear Joan Sutherland sing once in *The Huguenots*, and he regularly flies to Chicago for a night at the opera.



Randall approaches these specimens of vocal excellence the way a lepidopterist approaches a rare butterfly, and to capture permanently what he hears, he has become a tape-recording fanatic. At the opera he always sits in a box, where it is possible to hide a tape recorder under the chair and, when the lights go down, drape the microphone over the edge. As Randall notes, "it's stealing," but he has yet to get pinched. "I've taken this into the Met right under [manager Rudolf] Bing's nose," he says proudly.

If Randall today has a passion for permanence, it may be because his life has been characterized by change. He was born in Tulsa, Okla., grew up in Manhasset, Long Island, and Miami Beach, where his father owned art galleries, then moved back to Tulsa at 13, when his parents were divorced. He studied dramatics for a year at Northwestern, then switched to the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York, and was beginning to land small roles when he was drafted into the Army. He came out of the Army as a First Lieutenant in 1945 and launched himself on a classical stage career, but his first real fame came as a regular on the *Mr. Peepers* TV show, which fell somewhat outside the classical tradition. After that he landed the choice role of H. L. Mencken in Shumlin's production of *Inherit the Wind* and stayed with it for 17 months, but except for a short-lived musical called *Oh Captain!* in 1958, he has not got back to the stage or to straight drama since. In 1957 he played the lead in the movie version of *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?* which established him as a comedian, and in 1959 he made *Pillow Talk*, the first Rock and Doris picture. It became one of the highest grossers in Universal studios' history, and he was on his way in a direction he had not anticipated.

Randall hopes that *The Alphabet Murders* will reestablish the fact that he also works very well alone. As Hercule Poirot, Agatha Christie's famous Belgian detective, he gets to wear a jaunty moustache and a receding hairpiece, and develops an accent redolent of *saucisson*. Poirot is the most promising leading role Randall has had in a decade, and it might change his image as well as his appearance. In the meantime the discordance of being rich, famous, respected, and frustrated sometimes gets him down.

"You'd like for once to deal with a writer whose mind dwarfs yours, whose heart is bigger than yours, who would challenge you to come up to his level," he said in a coffee shop recently, before leaving to make a comedy spy movie in Morocco with Robert Morley and Senta Berger. "Did you know that there's never been an unsuccessful Hamlet? But I offer my services and they turn me down. Herbert Blau [co-director of the Lincoln Center Repertory] said he'd call me when he got to town and he hasn't called yet." He managed a matter-of-fact sigh.

At this point a fan at the next table reminded Randall of a famous *Lover Come Back* scene in which Randall gets drunk on liquorized mint candies. It was the funniest thing the fan had ever seen in pictures. Randall thanked him and smiled. Then he excused himself to (1) tone up the old latissimus dorsi, (2) check on tickets to *Die Walküre* at the Met, (3) tape a *Password* TV show to plug *Fluffy* and (4) talk to Herman Shumlin about producing *Uncle Vanya* on Broadway next year. □

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Editorials

Miss America

It is easy to talk about Miss America in terms of myth and fairy tale. She is indeed a sort of fairy princess, or a Cinderella, picked from the midst of nowhere and suddenly elevated to a fantasy throne. And, as fairy tales are old-fashioned, there is something reassuringly old-fashioned about the selection and coronation of Miss America.

In the pleasantly smiling face and flowing figure of Debbie Bryant is a refutation of practically everything that has happened to American women in this century. There never was a suffragette movement, and Carrie Nation never existed. There is no hint of "feminine mystique," no neurasthenic complaints about the role of women in politics and business. In fact, Debbie Bryant looks like a girl without a problem in the world.

The pageant implies, then, that our dream girl needs only to be beautiful. It is an old-fashioned view, but a pleasant one. The pageant makes a few concessions to modernity, of course. A beauty queen nowadays is supposed to display "talent," but the demands are scarcely greater than those of Amateur Night at the Bisons' Lodge Auxiliary. It is hard to imagine a contestant gliding onstage in Atlantic City and playing the Beethoven *Violin Concerto.* Talk of public service is also expected from our beauty queens. Their announced goals usually seem to involve "helping people" or "contributing to life," but nobody takes these announcements any more seriously than the display of talent. Miss America is not really supposed to be anything but a pretty girl.

Pretty, but not a *femme fatale.* Nobody is supposed to embezzle funds or abandon his home for the sake of a Miss America. Her beauty is of a special kind—serene, wholesome and uncomplicated. When we find this dream girl, we reward her as the American dream requires. We provide her with a new car and a college education and we send her around the country to meet people. We enjoy looking at her, and we expect her to enjoy it too. And after a year, as in many myths and fairy tales, we pick a new dream girl. From now until next September Debbie Bryant of Kansas City will be shaking hands and smiling as she makes her appointed rounds. We wish her all the best.

Our threatened way of life

If a recent poll by Lou Harris is to be believed, a phenomenal number of citizens seem to think that virtually any kind of unusual behavior is a dire peril to the American Way of Life.

The question was: "We would like to know whether you think each of these different types of people is more helpful or more harmful to American life, or don't they help or harm things much one way or the other?" Understandably, political extremism scored high in the list of threats, with 89 percent rating American Communist Party members harmful and 48 percent considering the John Birch Society equally menacing. The poll does not make it clear whether the alarmed citizens were simply alarmed or whether they thought "harmful" behavior should be forbidden, in violation of the Constitution. Our own feeling is that neither of these fringe groups has any momentous influence on American society, but it can certainly be argued that they are "harmful."

Aside from politics, however, the number of activities that seem to be considered "harmful" is quite appalling. "People who don't believe in God," for example, are condemned as "harmful" by 72 percent, a figure even higher than the one for prostitutes (70 percent). Fully 50 percent condemn "working career women with young children" as harmful, and no less than 36 percent apply the same condemnation to "women who wear bikini bathing suits." As for the younger generation, they catch it both ways—45 percent rating it harmful to be "more interested in athletics than studies," while 10 percent consider it harmful for students to "read books all the time."

It is possible that the American Way of Life consists entirely of neat little people leading neat little lives in neat little houses, but we somehow doubt it. Thomas Jefferson was something less than a steady churchgoer, Henry David Thoreau served time in prison, Mark Twain was a bankrupt, and General Ulysses S. Grant was an alcoholic—to name just a few of the unorthodox men who have helped make our way of life what it is. And it is, among other things, a strong and resilient way of life, capable of absorbing and surviving our oddities, aberrations and misdemeanors.

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